PHYSICAL CULTURE

25 CENTS

FOR MIND AND BODY

FEBRUARY

ZANE GREY TALES of the SOUTH SEAS IN THIS ISSUE

A MACFADDEN PUBLICATION

BANISH JANUARY COLDS

with the June-day health of Grapefruit!

Seald-Sweet*

FLORIDA'S • FINEST • GRAPEFRUIT

HERE in winter's sun-ripe grapefruit is a sparkling draft of summer health. Now, when your system gets run down because fresh vegetables are scarce, when you are most likely to have acidosis, eat plenty of luscious grapefruit. Its "freshness" vitamin puts summer health in your diet—its alkaline action in the body corrects acidosis—it helps to ward off winter colds. Grapefruit contains more mineral salts and essential vitamins than almost any food you can eat.

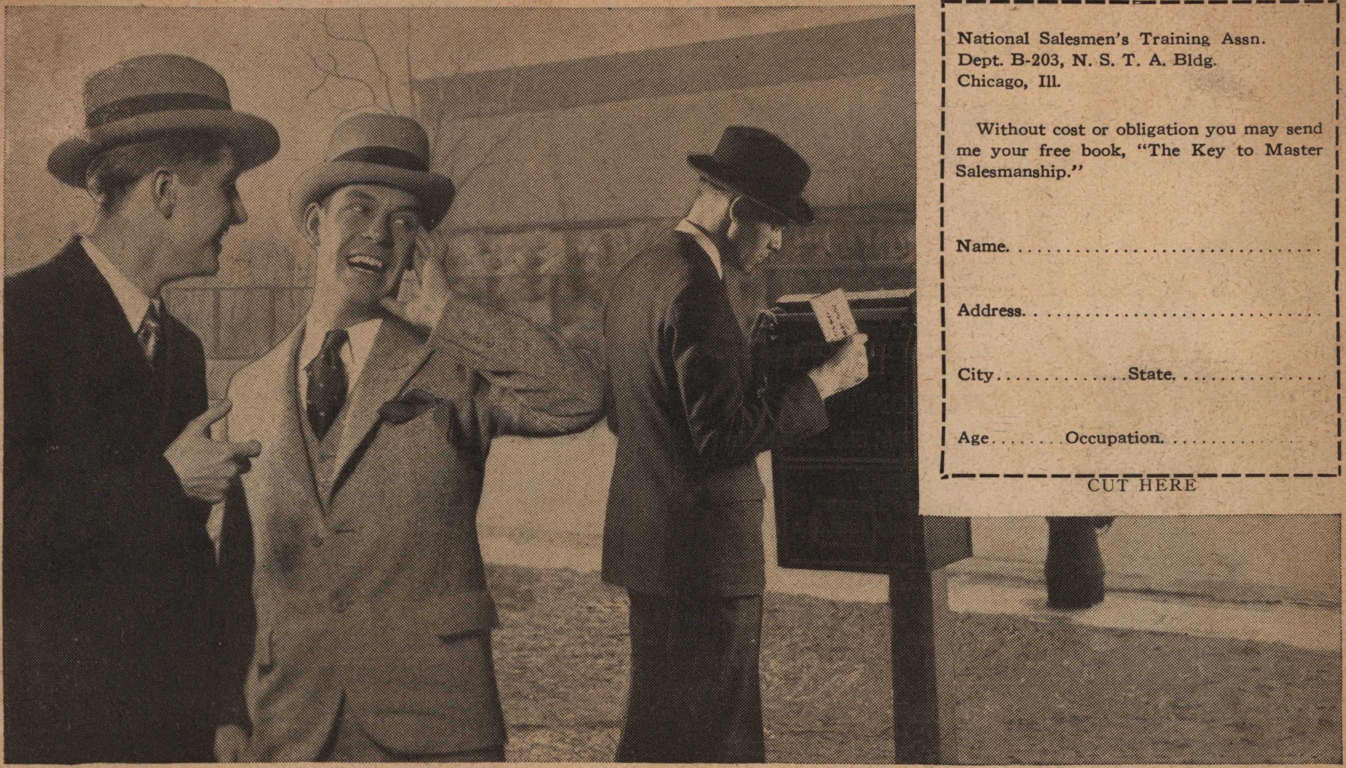
And the finest grapefruit from Florida's sun-drenched groves are labeled "Seald-Sweet." Insist on this name, it brings you the pick of the crop. Each Seald-Sweet is tree-ripened; heavy, plump and sweet — bursting with its rare-flavored juice. Serve half a Seald-Sweet for breakfast. Drink a glass of the clear juice. Peel off the tender skin and use the delicious segments for tempting salads. Eat Seald-Sweets two or three times a day to get the full benefit — to check acidosis and prevent the usual winter ailments.

Look for the name "Seald-Sweet" stamped right on the skin, and on the wrapper, to be sure you are getting the *extra* juice and superior flavor of Florida's finest fruit. Buy from your grocer today.

REDUCE WITH GRAPEFRUIT

Women particularly need Seald-Sweet protection in their diet. Acidity is one of the perils of reducing — and grapefruit counteracts acidity, supplies needed bulk and nourishing minerals with a minimum of fat-producing calories. Write the Florida Citrus Exchange, Tampa, Florida, for a free copy of the new Citrus Health Booklet.

* *"Seald-Sweet" has been tested and approved for purity and nutritional qualities by the Physical Culture Institute of Nutrition.* *See page 8.*



National Salesmen's Training Assn.
Dept. B-203, N. S. T. A. Bldg.
Chicago, Ill.

Without cost or obligation you may send me your free book, "The Key to Master Salesmanship."

Name. . . . .

Address. . . . .

City. . . . . State. . . . .

Age. . . . . . . Occupation. . . . .

CUT HERE

They Laughed When I Mailed This Coupon

..But It Brought Me The Book That Showed Me How to Make $10,000 a Year!

As I walked up to the mail box, Joe nudged Ed and winked broadly for my benefit.

"Sh!" he hissed in a loud stage-whisper. "This is going to be the big turning point in Frank Parker's life! He's writing for a book that tells how to get into salesmanship. Pretty soon he'll be earning so much that he'll make the rest of us look like pikers!"

Ed snickered.

"Won't it be grand!" he grinned. "Now he can quit punching time-clocks and eating 40-cent lunches." He raised his voice. "Drop me a postal some time when you get out into big business and start making $10,000 a year, will you, Frank?"

They both laughed uproariously. And probably it DID seem like a joke to them that a $30 a week clerk would have the nerve to think he could ever get anywhere or make real money without some special "gift" or "pull."

But they laughed too soon. They never dreamed that their prophecies spoken in jest would ever come true, Yet stranger things happen in real life than in all the fiction ever written. Just yesterday I sat down and wrote to Ed, who is still at the shop, dragging along at the same old job.

"Dear Ed"—I wrote. "Perhaps you remember the 'run-around' you and Joe Gibson gave me one day not so long ago. You asked me to send you a card when I 'got into big business and started making $10,000 a year.' Well, here's your card. Yesterday I was promoted to the job of Assistant Sales Manager of the Western Metal Works, at a salary that goes with it. So laugh THAT off! If you are ever over this way, drop in and see me! I'll loan you my copy of that book on salesmanship you used to think was such a joke."

Only a book! Just seven ounces of paper and printers' ink—but it contains one of the most vivid and inspiring messages that any ambitious man can read. Between its covers are disclosed hundreds of surprising facts about the highest paid profession in the world. It reveals the real truth about the art of selling. It blasts dozens of old theories, explains the science of selling in simple terms, and tells exactly how the great sales records of nationally-known star salesmen are achieved. And not only that—it outlines a simple plan that will enable almost any man to master scientific salesmanship without spending a moment on the road—without losing a day or a dollar from his present position.

A Few Weeks—Then Bigger Pay

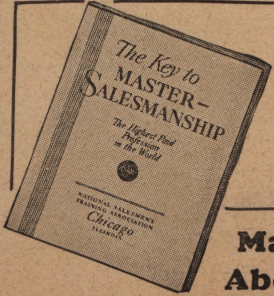
Reason it out for yourself. Salesmanship offers bigger returns and delivers them quicker than any other line of work under the sun. But many people have subscribed to the foolish notion that a man has to be "born" with some sort of "gift" for salesmanship. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Just like any other profession, salesmanship is governed by certain fundamental rules and laws—laws which you can master as easily as you learned the alphabet.

Right now an unusual demand for salesmen is being reported. City and traveling sales positions are open in nearly every line all over the country. For years thousands of leading firms have called on the N. S. T. A. to supply them with salesmen. Last year requests for over 50,000 trained men were received. This employment service is free to both employers and employees, and thousands have secured excellent positions this way.

Free To Every Man

See for yourself WHY "The Key to Master Salesmanship" has been the deciding factor in the careers of so many men who are now making $10,000 a year. See how Mark Barichievich of San Francisco, Calif., for example, jumped from $8 a week as dishwasher to $150 as salesman. Find out how F. B. Englehardt of Chattanooga, doubled his pay and commenced earning $7,000. Learn for yourself the REAL truth about the art of selling! If we were asking $2 or $3 a copy you might hesitate. But the book is now FREE. You do not risk one penny nor incur the slightest obligation. And since it may alter your entire future, it certainly is worth your time to fill out and clip the coupon at the top of this page. Why not do it now!

National Salesmen's Training Assn.
Dept. B-203, N. S. T. A. Bldg., Chicago, Ill.



Where Shall We Send Your Copy
FREE

Mail Coupon Above Today

PHYSICAL CULTURE

Founded by BERNARR MACFADDEN

In This Issue

Vol. LXV. No. 2 **February, 1931**

Ideal Manhood .... BERNARR MACFADDEN 4
Knight of Love, Courage and Compassion .... THE EDITOR 6

FICTION

What Did She See In Him? .... JOHN R. TUNIS 20
Homesick .... FORREST WILSON 27
Storm Drift .... ETHEL M. DELL 34
Angler's Hands .... LAURA MILLER 42
The Lady and the Pirate .... HOWARD ROCKEY 57

SPECIAL ARTICLES

Tales of the South Seas .... ZANE GREY 17
"Heroes"—1931 Style .... CAPT. CORNELIUS WILLEMSE 23
The Manliness of Lincoln .... IDA M. TARBELL 25

RECREATION

The Outdoors Girl of 1931 .... EDGAR FOREST WOLFE 37
"Anything but Golf" says Glenna Collett .... HEYWOOD BROUN 38
Bob-Bob-Bobbing Along! .... LEE TRENHOLM 40

HEALTH AND EXERCISE

Love .... BERNARR MACFADDEN 46
Rheumatism .... SIR W. ARBUTHNOT LANE 48
They'll Be Champions By and By .... BABY PICTORIAL 49
Bending the Twig to Incline the Tree
ETHEL REMINGTON HEPBURN 50
Your Shoulders and Your Personality ... CARL E. WILLIAMS 52
And I Was Going to Be a Gangster! .... CARL W. CATAIO 54
Tracking Down the Common Cold ... DEAN F. SMILEY, M. D. 55
The Charm of Culture .... CAROL CAMERON 56

THE PHYSICAL CULTURE INSTITUTE OF NUTRITION

February is the Party Month .... FLORENCE BROBECK 59
Is Your Family Starved for Salads? ... MARION ROUSE BUDD 60
Planned for You .... THE INSTITUTE STAFF 61
Whole-Wheat Flour Now Standardized 62
Tune In On Old King Winter's Vegetable Program
MILO HASTINGS 63

SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS

Our Mothers and Babies 10
Questions from Health Seekers 14
Ask Physical Culture 80
The Philandering Husband 82
The Joyous Physical Culture Life 100

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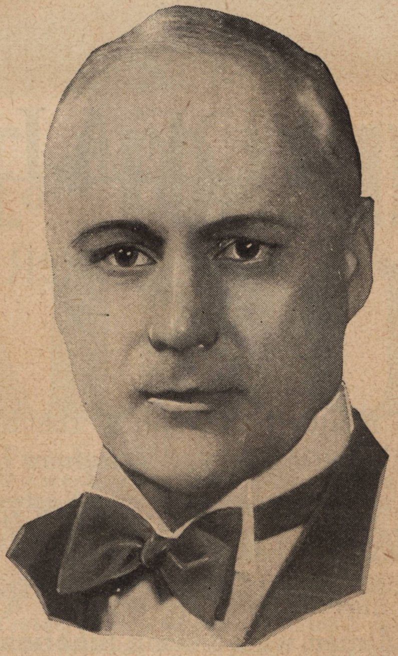
When I Learned Millions of Men Suffer with this Gland Disorder...



I Resigned as Executive of a Seven Million Dollar Corporation to Bring Men the News of this Great Drugless Home Treatment

Now...Men in Every Civilized Nation Are Taking Advantage of this Great Discovery

FOR many years I was a directing executive of one of the larger steel concerns in the Pittsburgh district. Then came an event that caused me to quickly resign from this lucrative position with its assured future.

For some time I had been consulting a scientist with regard to certain manufacturing formulas. One day, after such a discussion in my office, this man said, "You have many men working for you. Have you ever noticed how many men seem to suddenly grow old, go all to pieces in less than a year's time when they reach a certain middle age?" I told him I had noticed this in many cases. Further I said I was very much interested as I was nearing 40 myself.

Prostate Trouble

"Prostate trouble is the answer," he said.

"That hardly seems possible," I replied. "Why, I know of very few men who ever had that disorder."

"Yes, most men are like you—they know little about the prostate gland—yet highest medical authorities definitely say that nearly 7 men out of every 10 have prostate disorder after a certain age. Literally millions of men have prostate trouble without knowing it. Some confuse their trouble with kidney or bladder derangement. Others think that they are aging prematurely—that pains in feet, legs, back and head, and increasing frequent night rising are natural and nothing can be done about them.

New Easy Method

Then he told me of his discovery, a simple easy way to stimulate the prostate gland—and how he had placed it in the hands of physicians and afflicted men for conclusive trial. The results had been even more satisfactory than expected, in some cases almost miraculous.

He ended by saying, "Money and business experience is necessary to bring this discovery to the millions of men who need it, at a cost everyone can afford. You are just the man."

Amazing Results

My decision was made within a few days. Today I see that decision rewarded a thousand times over. Thousands of letters come to me from men telling of relief from most distressing conditions. Some tell how they have been saved from the necessity of the surgeon's knife in a painful gland operation. Others tell of relief after all other methods have failed. Many say they feel 20 years younger relieved from the torturous and painful conditions that often make life a burden for men of mature years.

Free Book—Mail Coupon

Are you aging too soon . . . getting up 5 to 10 times at night . . . are you on the down grade, half-living, blue, depressed, subject to chronic constipation, chronic fatigue, backache, and weakness? Then it would give me great pleasure to tell you, too, how this scientist's discovery can be used in your own home with the understanding that unless you feel its amazing benefits within a week's time, it costs you nothing. America's most noted sanitarium has advised it for home use.

You owe it to yourself to find out full details at once. If you will mail the coupon below you will receive free and without obligation, a copy of an amazingly interesting book, "The Destroyer of Male Health." Send no money. Simply mail coupon at once.

FREE TO MEN

W. J. KIRK, President

1138 Morris Ave., Steubenville, Ohio

If you live West of the Rockies, address The Electro Thermal Co., 303 Van Nuys Building, Dept. 11-R, Los Angeles, Calif. In Canada, address The Electro Thermal Co., Desk 11-R, 53 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

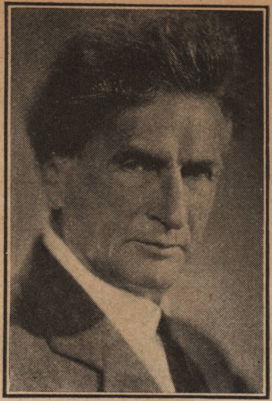
W. J. KIRK, Pres.
1138 Morris Ave., Steubenville, Ohio

Please mail at once a *free* copy of the booklet, "The Destroyer of Male Health," and all details about the new treatment. I'm not obligated in any way.

Name. . . . .

Address. . . . .

City . . . . State. . . . .



(Photo by Nickolas Muray)

IDEAL MANHOOD

By BERNARR MACFADDEN

THIS month we celebrate the birthdays of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln.

They were indeed outstanding specimens of ideal manhood.

Washington was an athlete; a masterful, powerful man whose brain functioned within a splendidly strong body.

Lincoln was a rail-splitter and a wrestler, a master of men, physically as well as mentally.

There was no glorification of gangsters in that period of our history. Men had to be made of stern stuff to come through the hardships that were endured in those pioneer days. But regardless of the changes in our environment, there should be no change in the type of ideal manhood.

The reincarnations of Washington and Lincoln would be outstanding types today. Success in whatever sphere they might be associated with would be assured them.

And, all indications to the contrary, the manly, upstanding type, the vigorous, courageous man, who will fight to the last for square dealing, will win in the end, even in these times when questionable characters roll up huge fortunes through bootlegging and other illegal measures.

Honesty still pays.

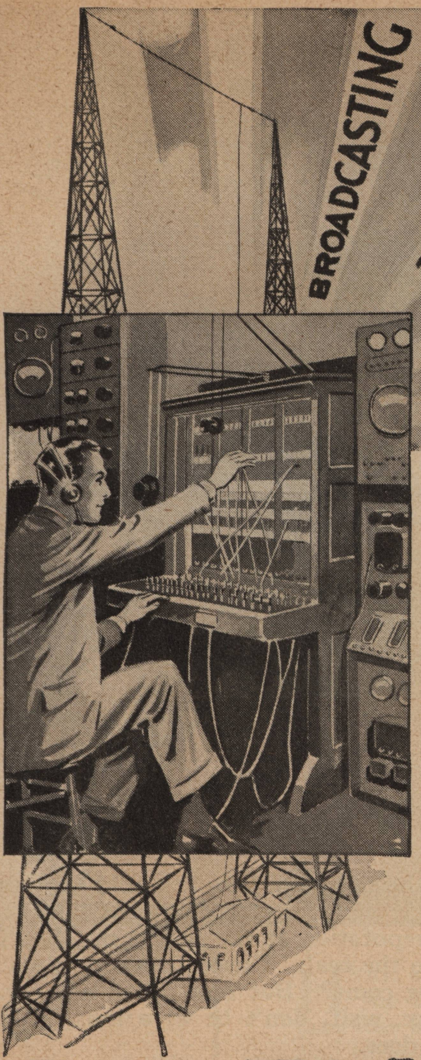
To deal fairly with your fellow men is still profitable; but it requires more than usual courage to adhere to these old-time ideals.

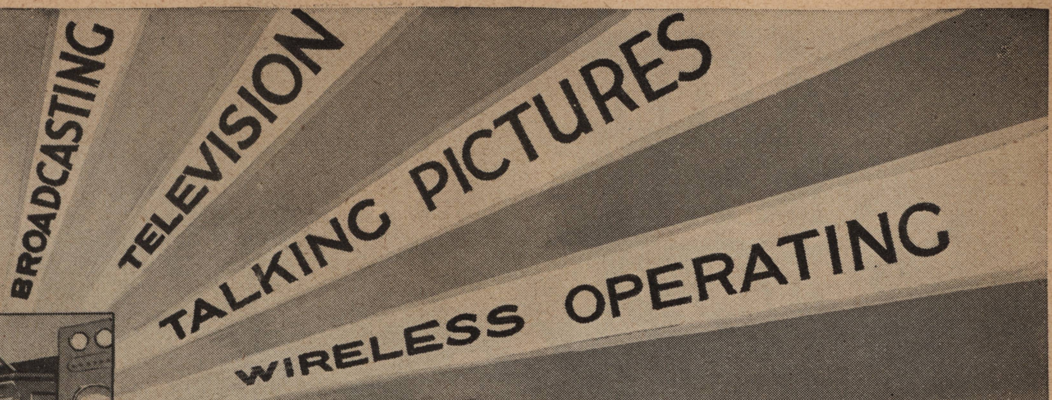
The cunning schemer, the trafficker in lawlessness, are often rewarded, but they never know what moment they will be caught and thrust into prison.

But the man who follows the straight road, who adheres to the habits of life that keep him clean and wholesome and strong in body and mind, will find life at times a joyous experience. He may have to fight many battles, but he should come out victorious.

Though we sometimes condone criminality, as a people we love justice and truth. We like the upstanding, square-shouldered man who can fearlessly look you in the eye and fight manfully for the rewards that are honestly won.

The old-time concept of ideal manhood is by far the best. It demands a rugged physical type that can come only through much outdoor life, and splendid care of the physical body in every detail, that should bring—through proper mental development—the master mind, the self-reliance and dependability that insure success and happiness—the great prizes for which we are all seeking.





WIN FAME and FORTUNE in RADIO!

Don't spend your life slaving away in some dull, hopeless job! Don't be satisfied to work for a mere $20 or $30 a week. Let me show you how to make real money in Radio—the fastest-growing, biggest money-making game on earth!

THOUSANDS OF JOBS ARE OPEN

Paying $60, $70 and on up to $200 a Week

Jobs as Designer, Inspector and Tester, paying $3,000 to $10,000 a year—as Radio Salesman and in Service and Installation Work, at $45 to $100 a week—as Operator or Manager of a Broadcasting Station, at $1,800 to $5,000 a year—as Wireless Operator on a Ship or Airplane, as a Talking Picture or Sound Expert—THOUSANDS of JOBS Paying $60, $70 and on up to $200 a WEEK!

Learn Without Lessons *in* 60 Days

You learn ALL branches of Radio at Coyne—**in 8 short, pleasant weeks**—NOT BY CORRESPONDENCE, but by actual work on actual Radio, Television and Sound equipment. We don't waste time on useless theory. We give you **just the practical training you will need—in 8 weeks' time.**

No Books - No Lessons

All Practical Work at Coyne

Coyne is NOT a Correspondence School. We don't teach you from books or lessons. We train you on the greatest outlay of Radio, Television and Sound equipment in any school — on scores of modern Radio Receivers, huge Broadcasting equipment, the very latest Television apparatus, Talking Picture and Sound Reproduction equipment, Code Practice equipment, etc. You don't need advanced education or previous experience. We give you—**right here in the Coyne Shops**—all the actual practice and experience you'll need.

TELEVISION

Is on the Way!

And now Television is on the way! Soon there'll be a demand for THOUSANDS of TELEVISION EXPERTS! The man who learns Television NOW can make a FORTUNE in this great new field. Get in on the ground-floor of this amazing new Radio development! Learn Television at COYNE on the very latest, newest Television equipment.

Talking Pictures

A Great Field

Talking Pictures and Public Address Systems offer thousands of golden opportunities to the Trained Radio man. Here is a great new field of Radio that has just started to grow! Prepare NOW for these marvelous opportunities! **Learn Radio Sound Work at Coyne, on actual Talking Picture and Sound Reproduction equipment.**

Coyne is 31 Years Old

Don't worry about a job! Coyne Training settles the job question for life. You **get Free Employment Help as long as you live.** And if you need part-time work while at school to help pay expenses we'll gladly help you get it. **Coyne is 31 years old!** Coyne Training is tested—proven beyond all doubt. You can find out everything ABSOLUTELY FREE. **JUST MAIL COUPON FOR MY BIG FREE BOOK.**

H. C. Lewis, Pres. ***Radio Division*** **Founded 1899**

Coyne Electrical School

500 S. Paulina Street Dept. 21-9H Chicago, Illinois

H. C. LEWIS, President
Radio Division, Coyne Electrical School
500 S. Paulina St., Dept. 21-9H Chicago, Ill.

Send me your Big Free Radio Book and all details of your Special Introductory Offer. This does not obligate me in any way.

Name..............................

Address..............................

City.................. *State*............

*K*NIGHT *of Love, Courage and Compassion*

Warwick Deeping has two enthusiasms, his garden and his tiny Cairn terrier

BEGINNING with the March issue, PHYSICAL CULTURE MAGAZINE will become the American vehicle for the new novels of Warwick Deeping.

This, the Editor feels, is the most important announcement he has ever made to his readers—important not so much because it guarantees the acquisition of some of the finest fiction being written today, as because it introduces into these columns the influence of one of the noblest personalities of our times.

Warwick Deeping is a great craftsman, it is true, but that is secondary; he is, in the first place, a *great human being*—and that is the main reason why PHYSICAL CULTURE MAGAZINE has chosen him as the very keystone of its new, expanded fiction program.

Readers of "Sorrell and Son," "Kitty," "Roper's Row" and "Exile" do not have to be told that it is the man behind these books whom they love. They fully realize that, thrilling as these stories are, they would never so stir and move them to the very depths of their beings, were it not for the great and compassionate spirit of the author that broods above the half-happy, half-tragic lives of his beloved people.

Speaking of his own writing, Deeping says:

"I wish the work I did before the war had never been written. I was living a sort of self-absorbed, dreamy, isolated life. The war pulled me out of that. I was seeing life, getting the realities, and having the romantic stuff knocked out of me. I felt I had to make a fresh start. I began in France—I scribbled in dug-outs, huts and billets. I came back feeling I had not got anywhere near where I wanted to get, *but that I had to get there.* I was after humanity, and the life of the day, and how it would express itself through me. It was a devil of a job trying to bury my little, old reputation at the same time that I was trying to evolve the real. I used to worry about it. Would the thing come? But now I don't worry. A voice says, 'Relax, wait, don't be in a hurry. It will come.' And it does.

"Of course one has personal tendencies. I believe in love, courage and compassion. I suppose that is why the people who are out just after cleverness fail to see that life is a complex of great simplicities. We are apt to look at little bits of the pattern, and not at the whole garment. And we still are children on the seashore.

"My ideals as a writer are to be simple and human. I do not believe in the miserable school, nor in a perverse and melancholy realism. The world is much happier than we think. And the more we open our eyes to its beauty, and to the rich color of its humanity, the more capable we are of realizing happiness. Walt Whitman had the great secret: *Be healthy, enjoy, love.*"

This is the fine creed of Warwick Deeping as he expresses it himself; it is writing from such an exalted viewpoint that has made of his newest novel, "The Ten Commandments," his masterpiece. This is the novel that opens in the March issue of PHYSICAL CULTURE MAGAZINE; it is the novel you will not want to miss a single word of; it is filled to overflowing with fascicating characters, moving episodes and rich emotional interplay—but, above all, does it breathe of those "large simplicities—love, courage and compassion."

THE EDITOR.

Warwick Deeping in the garden at Eastlands, his beautiful Georgian home in Weybridge

Your Art Ability Analyzed *FREE*

"Am earning $5200 a year. The practical course I took with Federal School made my success possible."
Lloyd Shirley

"The Federal Schools have the real method of teaching the fundamentals of art in such a way that your talent unfolds in spite of itself, in their hands."
Donna H. Barrick

"I opened my own Commercial Art Studio, and am earning at the rate of over $10,000 a year. Federal Schools will help anyone who loves the work."
Edwin McTeer

"I just received another check from Louisville, and an offer of a position there. The Federal School got me this position."
Grace Dunham

HERE is your opportunity to find out how much artistic talent you have. A simple, scientifically prepared questionnaire tests your natural sense of design, proportion, color, perspective, etc., indicating whether it will be worth while to develop your ability to draw. You will be frankly informed as to what your score shows. This analysis may show you the way to a bigger future—a real career.

Federal Graduates Are Successful

This fascinating free test was an eye-opener to many Federal School students and graduates who are now making $2,000, $4,000, $5,000 and $6,000 yearly. The Federal School is recognized everywhere by employers of artists, and by buyers of art work as the "School Famous for Successful Graduates." Big prices are paid for drawings and designs for advertising. They are a necessity in modern business.

Learn Commercial Art at Home

If you like to draw, an almost sure indication of talent, the Federal Course will soon develop your ability and put you on the road toward earning a good income. Many nationally known artists have contributed exclusive, illustrated lessons to the Federal Course, which has been prepared to train the student in the quickest possible time. No previous training is needed. You will receive personal, individual criticism on your work.

Send Coupon Today for Your Free Art Analysis Questionnaire

Just fill out and mail the coupon, stating age and occupation. There is no cost or obligation to you. We will also send book "YOUR Future" explaining the course and showing work of Federal Students.

Federal School of Commercial Designing
1216 Federal Schools Bldg.
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Send me your Art Analysis Questionnaire, without cost or obligation.

Name ______________________

Age ________ Present Occupation ______________________

Address ______________________

Federal School of Commercial Designing
1216 FEDERAL SCHOOLS BUILDING
MINNEAPOLIS MINNESOTA

SLEEPY by day

SLEEPLESS at night

At the office, do you nod at your desk? At home, do you toss wide awake in bed? Don't wonder what's wrong. Simply change from the coffee you're drinking now to Kellogg's Kaffee Hag Coffee.

You'll notice a difference immediately. For Kellogg's Kaffee Hag Coffee will not keep you awake at night. It can't, because the effect of the drug caffeine is removed.

Start tonight with a cheery cup of Kaffee Hag. It is *real* coffee—not a substitute. It is rich in wonderful flavor and aroma. . . . It is fragrant, friendly and satisfying.

In fact, you will find that Kellogg's Kaffee Hag Coffee is a beverage for even the most critical coffee lover. A wonderful new blend of the world's choicest coffees has been perfected by Kellogg in Battle Creek. Nothing is removed from the beans except indigestible wax and the drug caffeine. All the delicious flavor, aroma, and cheer are retained. You can't detect a difference in taste. Kellogg's Kaffee Hag Coffee is a peer of the world's best coffees. *Its price, too, has been materially reduced.*

Physicians prescribe Kellogg's Kaffee Hag Coffee. It is accepted by the American Medical Association.

If you think that coffee keeps you awake at nights, try this "coffee that lets you sleep." Sold by your grocer. Or the coupon will bring you a ten-day trial of Kaffee Hag Coffee.

KELLOGG COMPANY, Dept. T-2, Battle Creek, Michigan

Please send me, postpaid, sample can of Kaffee Hag Coffee. I enclose ten cents (stamps or coin). (*Good in U. S. A. only.*)

Name ______________________

Address ______________________

* Kellogg's

KAFFEE HAG COFFEE

Not a substitute—but
REAL COFFEE *that lets you sleep*

• • •

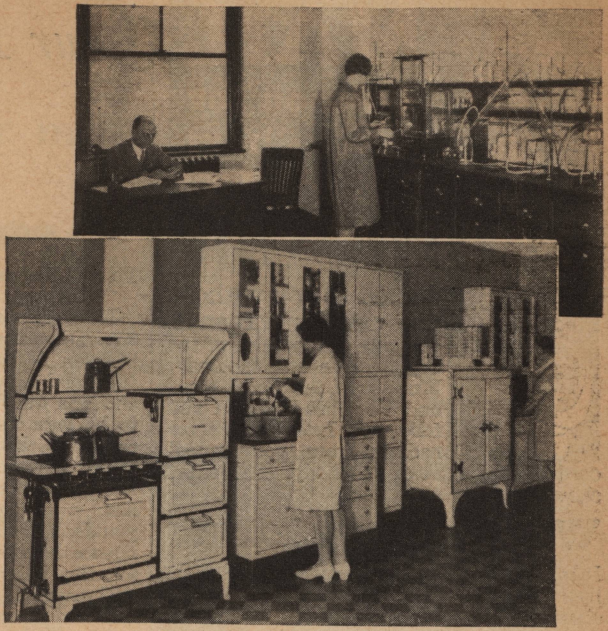
A RADIO FEATURE

Every Sunday evening Kellogg's Kaffee Hag Coffee presents to you the popular Slumber Music, a distinctive program of the sweetest music ever written. Tune in and enjoy it over WJZ *and associated stations of the N. B. C. from* 10.30 *to* 11.00 *(Eastern Standard time).*

* *Kellogg's Kaffee Hag has been tested and approved for purity and nutritional qualities by the Physical Culture Institute of Nutrition.* *See Page 9.*

We Invite You

To Consult the Physical Culture Institute of Nutrition *About Your Food Problems* . . . .



TOP—Physical Culture Institute Food Testing Chemical Laboratory

BOTTOM—Physical Culture Institute Testing Kitchen

And to Send for This FREE Food Folder

Health-building begins at the dinner table, or more accurately in the kitchen. By this we mean that nutrition is the most important thing to consider—for your health depends largely on what you eat.

So that you may really eat for health and follow the newly discovered scientific facts about nutrition, the Physical Culture Instute invites you to write and ask any questions about kinds of foods, their brand names and their place in the nutritively-balanced diet.

Tasty Meals-Plus Health and Economy

If there are "finicky" eaters in your family and you want to give them the right foods which at the same time will tickle their palates, by all means let us help you. The work that the experts of the Institute of Nutrition are doing also enables you to save money by knowing the right foods to get. The first step is to get this free food chart together with any particular booklets that interest you and follow monthly the famous Physical Culture Institute menus based on scientific information which give you the most delightful meals and at the same time will build the most health per dollar expenditure.

Requests for information on special diets for individual use will be answered personally by the Institute authorities under the direction of Ira D. Garard, Ph. D., Director of the Institute, and Marion Rouse Budd, Nutritionist.

A copy of the Institute of Nutrition Food Chart will be sent you gratis upon written request. It contains a primer of food facts, various foods grouped into the six chief food classes with their nutritive and vitamin properties and a list of food products which have been chemically analyzed and approved for nutritive qualities by the Institute. You will find the information contained in this chart of great value in aiding you to follow the Institute menus given on page 70 in this issue of Physical Culture and in helping you understand their health value.

Other Institute Nutrition Helps

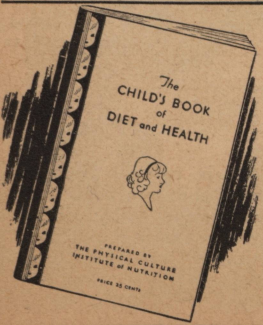
The Physical Culture Institute publishes several helpful booklets covering the various phases of nutrition for different applications. They are sold at a nominal price to cover cost of printing and mailing as shown in the list below.

Important among these booklets is "The Child's Book of Diet and Health" which is a complete guide for raising healthy children. It gives menus by age groups and many recipes which will delight your children. It tells how and what to feed children from birth to fifteen years of age. It contains suggestions for weaning the baby, hours for sleep and play, how to guard against common ailments. It includes exercises for various ages, growth and weight charts, rules for health of mind and body, cleanliness, hygiene and much other information of great help to every parent.

Eat Balanced Meals for Buoyant Health

Follow the Institute of Nutrition menus given on page 70. They are scientifically planned for you by nutrition authorities. They are economical, delicious and easy to prepare. Remember, you must eat properly if you want buoyant health. So do not hesitate to write for any information about foods and their nutritive properties.

When writing to the Institute and ordering booklets and the free Food Chart please PRINT your name clearly and address the Physical Culture Institute of Nutrition, 1429-H Graybar Building, New York, N. Y.



"The Child's Book of Diet and Health" is a valuable guide for rearing healthy children. It is scientifically correct and follows the most approved as well as the most modern school of child feeding. Be sure to send for your copy at once. Price 25c.

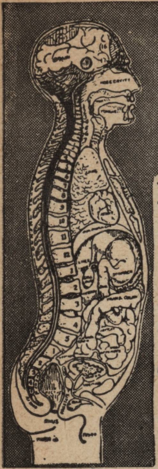
OTHER HELPFUL BOOKLETS

(Send U. S. Stamps)

- ☐ **The Child's Book of Diet and Health**........25
  A valuable guide for every day use.
- ☐ **Food Chart, With List of Approved Products**........free
  A food chart for planning balanced menus.
- ☐ **Constipation and Food**........10c
  Tells what to eat to relieve this unhealthful condition.
- ☐ **Safe and Sane Menus For Weight Reduction**........10c
  A sure safe way to reduce weight.
- ☐ **Attractive Dishes Made from Left-Overs**........10c
  Suggestions for eliminating waste from your food bills.
- ☐ **Fifty Wholesome Pastries and Desserts**........10c
  Healthful sweets that are good to eat.
- ☐ **What You Should Know About Vitamins**........10c
  Explains these valuable food elements and tells where to find them.
- ☐ **Economical Meat and Meatless Meals**........10c
  A variety of nutritively-balanced menus.

THE PHYSICAL CULTURE INSTITUTE OF NUTRITION OPERATES TESTING LABORATORIES AND KITCHEN—AT YOUR SERVICE

MAIL Coupon for Body Chart



If you will mail the coupon below, this Anatomical and Physiological Chart will be mailed to you without one cent of expense. It shows the location of the Organs, Bones of the Body, Muscles of the Body, Head and Vertebra Column and tells you how the nerves radiate from your spinal cord to all organs of the body. This chart should be in every home.

Where Is That PAIN?

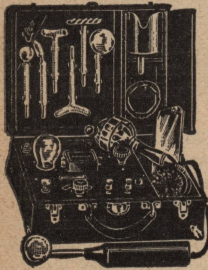
It may be in the neck, back, hips, stomach, liver, legs or arms. Wherever it is, the chart will help to show you the location of your ailment. For instance this chart will help you locate vermiform appendix pains. Hundreds of lives might have been saved if people had known the location and character of the pain and had received proper attention.

Stop that Pain

Violet Ray—Vibration Ozone—Medical Electricity

The Four Greatest Curative Powers Generated by This

Great New Invention!



Elco Health Generators at last are ready for you! If you want more health—greater power to enjoy the pleasures and delights about you, or if more beauty is your desire—*write!* Ask for the book on these inventions which has just been prepared. It will be sent to you without cost. It tells you how Elco Health Generators aid you in leaving the lethargy and hopelessness of bad health and weakness behind forever. Re-vitalize yourself. Bring back energy. Be wholly alive. Write today!

Here's What Elco Users Say—

"Wouldn't take $1000 for my Elco." "Has done me more good in 2 weeks than doctors did in three years." "Cured my Rheumatism." "My Eczema gone." "Cured my stomach trouble." "Cured my weakness." "Now I sleep soundly all night." "Thanks to Elco my strength and vigor are back." "No more pain." "Colds never bother me now." "Chronic constipation banished."

Elco Electric Health Generators

Free Trial

These great new inventions generate Violet Ray, Vibration, Electricity and Ozone—combined or separate. They operate on the electric light in your home or on their own motive power at less than 50 cents per year. Elco Health Generators are positively the only instruments which can give you in one outfit Electricity, Violet Ray—Vibration and Ozone—the four greatest curative agents. Send the coupon below. Get the Free Book NOW!

MAIL COUPON for FREE BOOK

Do not put this paper down without sending the coupon. Don't go on as you are with pains and with almost no life and energy. You owe it to yourself to be a better man or woman. You were put here to enjoy life—not just to drag through it. So do not rest another day until you have put your name on the coupon here. That will bring the whole story of these great new inventions. Do it today—now.

Lindstrom & Co., [*Makers of Therapeutic Apparatus since 1892*]
2322 Indiana Ave., Dept. 57-22 Chicago

Please send me your free book, "Health—Power—Beauty" and full information of your 10-day Free Trial Offer.

Name..

Address..

Our MOTHERS *and* BABIES

Helpful Experiences and Lessons in Baby Care

A "Regular Feller"

To the Editor and Fellow Readers:

Here are some snapshots of one John Dempster Kane, 2nd. He was born on April 21, 1926, at Strong Memorial Hospital in Rochester and was the first baby to be born there. Because of this, he received extraordinarily fine attention. The first two weeks, as you doubtless know, influence the child's health for the following two or three years.

I had always been quite an addict of the "P. C." habit, and had considered naturopathy seriously and sympathetically for some years before marriage, although I confess I never called it by that uneuphonious name.

Sunny had prenatal suggestion and care, which consisted of pleasant walks in the sunshine, light, nourishing food and no medicine. So he came into the world without the usual drug complex which some mothers insist on bequeathing to their offspring.

He is now four and a half years old and is attending kindergarten. He has not been Binet-ed for two years now, but due to the educational requirements in this city he will be before long. I am not worried. His clothes are all size six, but I believe they deliberately mismark clothing to give the mothers something to boast of.

Mrs. J. Dempster Kane.
Rochester, New York.

Ride 'em, cowboy! One look at John Dempster (Sunny) Kane, 2nd, and you know that he is the sort of boy who runs, jumps, climbs and, in short, is a "real" boy

"Believe It or Not—"

To the Editor and Fellow Readers:

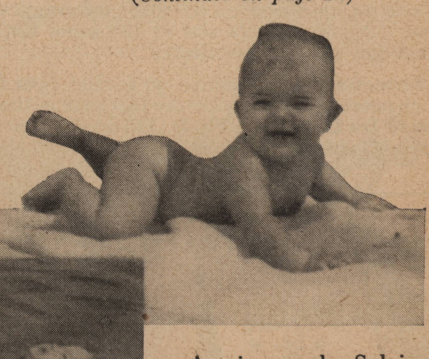
My husband always said that any children of his should know how to swim by the time they were a year old. He himself is a splendid swimmer, an all-around athlete and an ardent physical culturist.

Shortly after we were married we were swimming together at a popular Florida beach resort. We were far out beyond the breakers when we noticed a crowd gathering on the beach. We swam in to see the excitement and to our horror found there had been a triple drowning. Three little girls, the oldest nine years, members of a Sunday school picnic, had been playing in the water along the edge of the beach. They had stumbled into a slough, of which there are many along that portion of the coast, and drowned before anyone heard their cries or came to their rescue.

Witnessing this tragedy made my husband more determined than ever that any children of ours should know how to swim as young as possible. Before our baby was two weeks old my husband said he meant to fill the bathtub and put her in it. I carefully explained that one gave very young babies sponge baths for at least a month. A month before he could begin the swimming lessons? Never! However, by violent protests I managed to curb his eagerness for almost two months. I had bought a patented tub and dressing table arrangement and meant to get some use of it! But at seven weeks he filled the bathtub, took the baby in

(*Continued on page 12*)

Mrs. Cynthia H. Erickson of Chicago, Illinois, with her small daughter, Sylvia. Read her unusual account of the baby's aquatic accomplishment



At six months Sylvia was photographed "in swimming" by her proud father. She thinks it's fun, too

Join with 1000 other men and women . . .

Accept free trial membership in Putnam's new 15-Minutes-of-English Club

. . . for quick mastery of Correct English and Fluent Speech

New method gives mastery of every phase of written and spoken English in only 15 minutes of leisure time daily. Ends embarrassing, costly mistakes. Five volume CLUB SET makes a five-step short-cut to your greatest business and social advancement. NOT a "correspondence course" —CLUB SET is complete in itself—Sent FREE for five days' trial of plan.

HERE is *your* opportunity to acquire the poise and the self-confident bearing that is yours when you KNOW you are using correct English. A new nation-wide "Club" is being formed and *you* are invited to be one of the first 1,000 "Charter Members." The new 15-Minutes-of-English Club shows you how to overcome every weakness in your spoken and written English—quickly, easily—in only 15 minutes a day of your leisure time.

Here is the *true secret of getting ahead!* Every successful man or woman has used this great aid to business and social advancement. More than anything else, your language reveals your true culture and refinement. As the photographic scene at the right shows, even what you may now consider "little" mistakes may be causing others to form a poor opinion of you—may be holding you back from your greatest advancement.

An important social function that could mean so much to their advancement—but their very first words showed glaring errors in English. All who heard them couldn't help feeling that they were not accustomed to associating with people of culture and refinement.

THE 15-Minutes-of-English Club offers you this mastery of correct English and fluent speech through the remarkable five volume CLUB SET. Read in the panel on the left of this page how this Club Set covers *all* your needs. Whether your "weakness" is in English, in Pronunciation, in Vocabulary, in the ability to write the many forms of Social Letters, or to influence others through effective Speech-Making—the 15-Minute Club Plan is ready to help YOU.

The five-volume Club Set allows you to concentrate upon *your* special weaknesses and to correct quickly all your errors. This is not a long-drawn-out "correspondence course" that you must arbitrarily follow through from start to finish, with "home work" and "examination papers." You receive the five volumes all at one time. You use them first to check and correct your present mistakes and then for handy reference—showing you always, to meet all situations, the correct thing to say and how to say it!

You have always wanted the certainty that you were speaking correctly, the freedom from embarrassment caused by mistakes in English, the ability to express yourself clearly and most effectively. Find out how the 15-Minutes-of-English Club plan can help *you*—accept free trial membership. Take advantage of the liberal offer below—get the five-volume Club Set free for five days' examination. Then see how quickly and easily *this way* you can master every phase of written and spoken English.

What costly, embarrassing mistakes do YOU now make?

IF you are not absolutely sure of your English, *test yourself* with the five volumes of the 15-Minutes-of-English Club through the five days' free examination privilege.

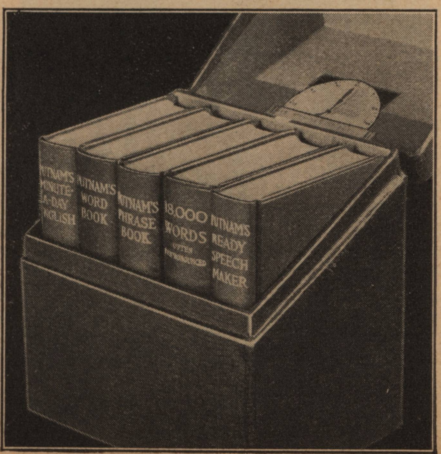
The first volume, MINUTE-A-DAY-ENGLISH, detects and corrects your mistakes in English and then acts as "guide book" to the other volumes. If your weakness is pronunciation ,the famous 18,000 WORDS OFTEN MISPRONOUNCED removes this obstacle in the path of your advancement. THE WORD BOOK contains over 100,000 words to build up your vocabulary and help you express your ideas. THE PHRASE BOOK gives you *over 6,000 expressions and phrases* for use in conversation, social letter writing and public speaking. One whole section is devoted to *Social Letter Writing,* telling you how to prepare and answer social letters of all types . . . *Includes over 100 model letters.* The fifth volume, READY SPEECH-MAKER, prepares you to grasp your opportunity when you are asked to get up and "say a few words" at a business conference, at a banquet, club or lodge meeting, etc. Gives you *two complete home training methods*—a complete course in public speaking, giving you all that might cost $25 or $50 in "correspondence course" form.

Singly, these five volumes have already helped over 200,000 others. Club Set totals 2,468 pages. Each volume 6⅜ in. high, 4¼ in. wide; bound in red leatherette; round corners, colored page edges, titles stamped in gold. Book-box covered in "Lizard-Craft," included free to Charter Members.

His "few words" at a Company banquet were worth $10,000 a year to him!

5-Vol. CLUB SET SENT FREE for 5 days' trial!

CHARTER MEMBERSHIP in the 15-Minutes-of-English Club gives the privilege of five days' free examination of the Club Set. Just mail the coupon and the complete five volumes in the specially designed book-box will be shipped to you, all charges paid. Then during the five days go over each volume, test yourself, correct errors you may now unconsciously make, and "sample" all of the many amazing features.



After thorough examination and actual use of the Club Set, if you are not entirely satisfied this new plan can help you to your greatest business and social advancement, return the five volumes at our expense! No risk—you need send no money now. If after five days' *actual test* you decide to become a Charter Member, keep the five volumes and the free book-box and make the five easy, monthly payments as stated in the coupon. Otherwise return the books at our expense and pay nothing! Don't "put off"—mail the coupon NOW —before it is too late. Send to:
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, (Dept. 12) 2 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS (Dept. 12), 2 W. 45th St., New York.

Gentlemen: I accept free trial membership in your new 15-Minutes-of-English Club. Send the 5 Vol. CLUB SET at once, all charges paid, for five days' free examination. If I wish to keep the books and the free book-box, at the end of five days I will send $2.00 and then $2.00 each month until $9.85 has been paid, or I will send $9.00 at once in full payment. Otherwise I will return the books at your expense and owe nothing. There are no dues or other payments except for the Club Set. Ship to

My Name ....

Street & No. ....

City & State ....

They Used to Say "HELLO FATTY"

Look at Me Now!

The story of a woman who found the way out

"I WEIGHED 167 pounds less than four months ago. Today I weigh only 138 pounds. Yet I always ate plenty of good, satisfying foods. I didn't roll on the floor, or wear hot, sticky rubber garments, or take drugs or pills, or give myself exhausting sweat baths.

"My figure is just what I want it to be. I can wear the latest styles now. And I'm stronger and healthier. I keep house, play, or dance without getting tired. My heart and lungs are fine. My complexion is clear. I feel just like a new woman.

"And it was all easy. I just followed Annette Kellermann's simple, sensible methods. You know that Miss Kellermann has not changed her weight by an ounce in over 16 years. Her methods of reducing are approved by physicians. I know what Miss Kellermann has done for me—my weight has gone down nearly 30 pounds. If you want to reduce safely—and to grow stronger and healthier while you reduce, simply write for Miss Kellermann's free book, 'The Body Beautiful.' She will give you advice on reducing that is worth more than you now realize."

* * * * * * * *

Miss Kellermann will be glad to send you, free, a copy of her book, "The Body Beautiful." She will also tell you about her method of reduction—a sane, sensible, scientific way that takes off your weight and at the same time increases your energy and strength. Simply send the coupon below or write a letter. There is no obligation. Annette Kellermann, 225 West 39th Street, New York. (Suite 32.)

ANNETTE KELLERMANN, Suite 32
225 West 39th Street, New York City

Dear Miss Kellermann:
Kindly send me, entirely without cost, your new book, "The Body Beautiful." I am particularly interested in Weight Reducing.

Name..

Address..

City.............................. State..............

(Continued from page 10)

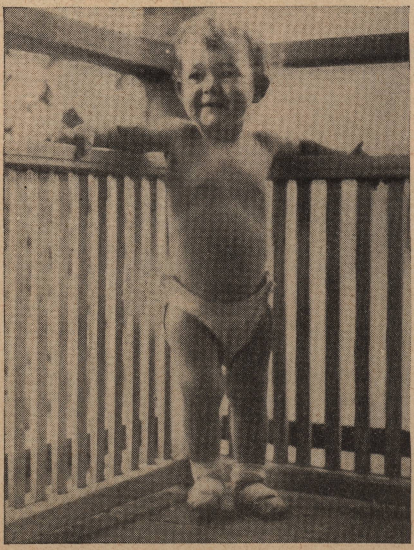
his arms and splash into the water she went! She cried at first but after a minute or two, perhaps sensing her father's enthusiasm, she stopped crying and began to kick experimentally. He kept his hand under her head, the rest of her body floated free.

At three months she was kicking with her hands and feet, not a professional back stroke perhaps, but a good imitation. If any water splashed into her mouth she would spit it out at once and kick the harder. At four months we first tried taking our hand from under her head for a brief moment. It was done so gently that she did not know our hand was gone. At four months and a half she was able to float alone for a minute or so without getting water over her face and into her mouth.

One hot Sunday in September when the baby was not quite six months' old my husband announced he was going to take her "swimming" in a near-by river and get some pictures of her in the water. I was horrified. Put my baby in the river by herself and take pictures of her! Not if I could help it. But I couldn't help it; again my husband won. We took the bath thermometer along, went to a place up the river where we often picnicked and where the river was shallow far out. We put the thermometer in the water, it registered 80 degrees, only a few degrees cooler than the air. My husband, in his bathing suit, took the camera in one hand, the baby under his arm and wading out into the river gently lowered her into the water. The water was just above his knees and there was no current. She didn't know quite what to make of it at first but soon got her bearings and began kicking. After a moment my husband took his hand away from her head and she floated as confidently as any Channel veteran. We took a roll of films of her from a distance of ten to fifteen feet while she was thoroughly enjoying herself.

Chicago, Ill. MRS. CYNTHIA H. ERICKSON.

EDITOR'S NOTE—So many children are handicapped by the fear which their parents instill in them from babyhood, that these parents deserve a laurel wreath. Our Medical Advisory Board points out, however, that the baby probably does not "swim" in the accepted sense of the word. The child is too young to understand directions as to what to do with her arms and legs, nor would she be able to coordinate her movements as one must do to swim. The child instinctively keeps herself afloat, aided by the fat, which is natural to babies, and by the absence of fear. There is no doubt but that she will be taught really to swim as soon as she is old enough to understand what is expected of her.



Carol Jean Crowther, aged 17 months, of Fort Mills, P. I. This is her favorite stand in her play pen, like a prize-fighter in the ring

Perfect Comfort without loss of Style

After centuries of foot-ills men, women and children have at last found complete relief in PEDIFORME, the perfect shoe. Built on lines adhering to Nature's structure the PEDIFORME SHOE answers the cry for comfort and foot ease. It is not a big clumsy looking shoe. It conforms to the lines of beauty and comfort demanded by modern people.

THE PEDIFORME SHOE CO.

36 West 36th St., New York — *2474 Morris Ave., Bronx*
322 Livingston St., Brooklyn — *29 Washington Place, East Orange, N. J*
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Write for FREE Book TODAY!

This 48-page book shows how to be comfortable and train your feet to do their work uncomplainingly. Full instructions on proper care and exercises for the feet. Also illustrates PEDIFORME. Shoes for men, women and children. Ask for Book B.

ENJOY GOOD HEALTH

AT 80—hardy as a kid; gets 'round like a boy!

"WHEN I received my Encyclopedia a year ago my grandfather was nearly bedridden with catarrh of the stomach and a cough of several years standing. He will be 80 years old this coming April.

I got him interested in reading about catarrh, its symptoms, treatment, etc., in volume 4 and although he was skeptical, by the end of thirty days he was enthusiastic and picked out some exercises suitable to his age and needs, and after a year of following them faithfully he is as well and hardy as a kid and gets around like a boy.

My grandfather has nearly discarded all his literature on politics even, he is so busy reading and finding out things he never heard of in all his days (as he expresses it) in those 5 volumes, and as economical and frugal as he lives he admits my books are well worth the purchase price and more.

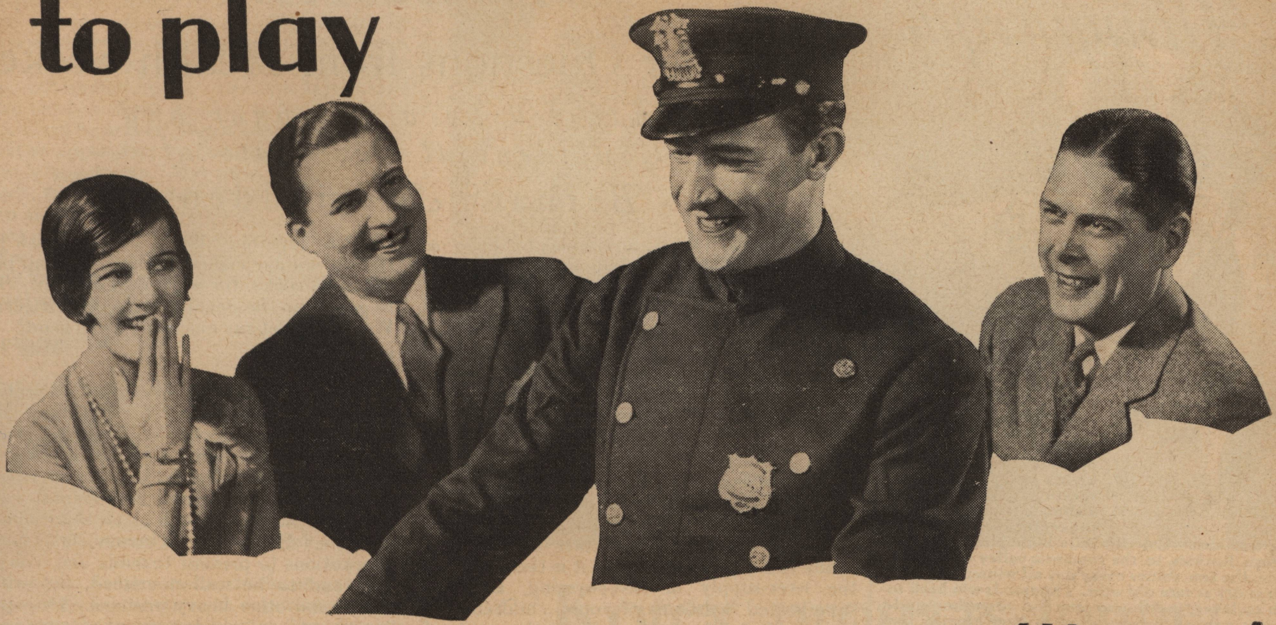
The past year I have been able to bring myself down to normal weight and to conquer constipation.

From childhood I have had to resort to numerous cathartics and had given up hope of being able to exist without them, but now after a better understanding of my body, its need of regular exercise, etc., I have discarded my pill box and have had to resort to an enema only twice in six months and I feel and look years younger.

Working in a bookbindery where we bind thousands of books a year I have never found any book on health that could compare with my Encyclopedia."

Mrs. Wilma Burgess of Muskogee, Okla., writes the letter above. Unless you know these great books too, you are missing one of the big things worth living for. Turn now to page 107 of this issue, where these books are fully described.

They dared Officer Kane to play



.. and his music held them spellbound

ETHEL'S house party was at its height. Shrieks of laughter mingled with phonograph music could be heard outside.

Suddenly there came an ominous knocking at the door. Ethel ran to open it and —lo and behold—there stood Police Officer Kane.

"G-G-G-Good Evening," gasped Ethel.

"I want to see the man of the house," thundered Kane.

"I'm sorry," stammered Ethel nervously, "but my father is not at home."

"Well what's goin' on in here anyway," continued the officer sternly. "Sure and every one on the block is complainin' of the noise. I've a good mind to arrest the lot of you."

Ethel was mortified—what a disgrace!

"Oh please," pleaded Ethel, "please don't do anything like that, I promise—"

But Kane could restrain himself no longer.

"Don't worry lassie—you were all havin' such a fine time I couldn't help droppin' in. Go on—have all the fun you can," laughed the big good-natured policeman.

"Oh," sighed Ethel, greatly relieved, "how you frightened me. Won't you join us?"

Kane Joins the Party

"Ha," laughed Kane as the victrola started again, "what's the matter with you all—playin' that canned music—can't any of you play this beautiful piano? Sure I'd like to give you a tune myself."

"I dare you to play for us," shouted Ted Strong, quickly sensing a chance to have some fun at the policeman's expense.

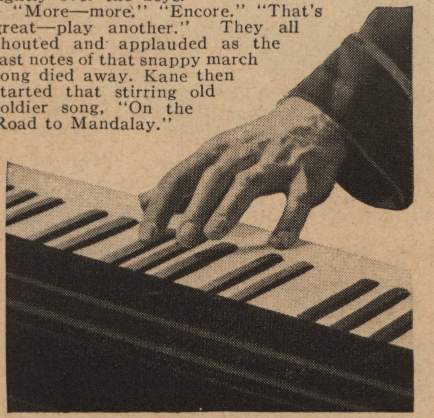
Others chimed in, "Yes, do play for us, Officer." "Just one tune." "Yes, just one—that will be plenty!"

"I'm afraid I'll have to be goin'," stammered Kane, embarrassed as could be.

"Mr. Kane, I think you might play for me after the fright you gave me," smiled Ethel.

"Well, b'gorry, maybe I will," agreed the officer. And as he sat down at the piano everyone laughed and cheered. But the noise stopped instantly when he struck the first rollicking notes of Rudolph Friml's famous "Song of the Vagabonds." They were amazed at the way his large hands flew lightly over the keys.

"More—more." "Encore." "That's great—play another." They all shouted and applauded as the last notes of that snappy march song died away. Kane then started that stirring old soldier song, "On the Road to Mandalay."



One by one the guests all joined in and sang.

Then Kane wound up with that popular dance number, "You're the Cream in My Coffee," and the whole crowd danced.

"Well," he laughed happily as they all applauded long and loudly. "I'll have to be on my way now."

"Thank you for your lovely music," said Ethel. "You must be playing a good many years?"

"Sure and I haven't been playin' long at all." Then the questions came thick and fast, "How did you ever learn so quickly?" "When do you find time to practice?" "Who was your teacher?"

PICK YOUR INSTRUMENT

Piano	Violin
Organ	Clarinet
Ukulele	Flute
Cornet	Saxophone
Trombone	Harp
Piccolo	Mandolin
Guitar	'Cello

Hawaiian Steel Guitar
Sight Singing
Piano Accordion
Italian and German Accordion
Voice and Speech Culture
Harmony and Composition
Drums and Traps
Automatic Finger Control
Banjo (Plectrum, 5-String or Tenor)
Juniors' Piano Course

Kane Tells His Story

"Well, to tell you the truth I had no teacher. I've always loved music but I couldn't take regular lessons on account of my duties as a policeman. Then one evenin' I saw a U. S. School of Music advertisement in a magazine tellin' of a new way of learnin' to play with no teacher at all. I didn't believe it myself but they offered a free sample lesson so I sent for it. One look at the Free Demonstration Lesson showed me how easy it was so I wrote for the whole course. My friends all told me I was crazy until I started playin' little tunes for them from real notes.

"There were no tiresome scales or tedious exercises either. With these simple lessons I played real pieces almost from the start. Now I'm playin' classical numbers or jazz, havin' the time of my life."

* * *

This is not the story of just one isolated case. Over 600,000 people have learned to play by this simple method. You, too, can learn this easily understood way. Even if you don't know one note from another you'll grasp it in no time. First it *tells* you how to do a thing—then it *shows* you how in pictures—then you do it yourself and *hear* it.

You teach yourself—right at home—without any uninteresting finger exercises, tedious scales or other humdrum methods.

Free Booklet and Demonstration Lesson

To prove how practical this course is, the U. S. School of Music has arranged a typical demonstration lesson and explanatory booklet which you may have Free. They show how anyone can learn to play his favorite instrument by note in less than half the time and at a fraction of the cost of old slow methods. The Booklet will also tell you about the amazing new *Automatic Finger Control.*

So if you really want to learn to play—if you want a host of friends—to be popular—write for this Free Booklet and Free Demonstration Lesson.

Don't delay—act at once—fill in and mail the coupon below today—no obligation whatever.

(Instruments supplied if desired, cash or credit) U. S. School of Music, 182 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

For your enjoyment every Sunday night the U. S. School of Music presents an unusual and interesting radio program over the Columbia Broadcasting national chain. Consult your paper for exact time.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC
182 Brunswick Bldg., New York City

Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, Free Demonstration Lesson and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course.

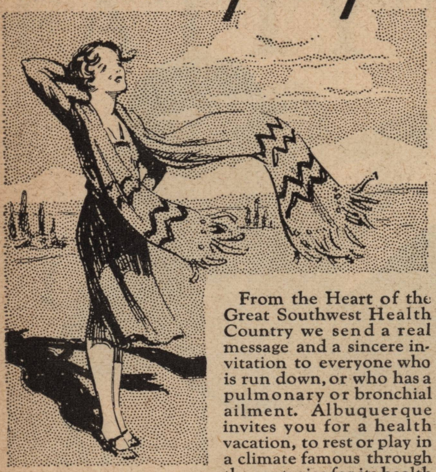
______________________ Have You Instrument?__________

Name______________________________

Address____________________________

City____________________ State__________

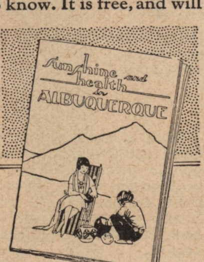
RECOVER YOUR LOST HEALTH in Albuquerque



From the Heart of the Great Southwest Health Country we send a real message and a sincere invitation to everyone who is run down, or who has a pulmonary or bronchial ailment. Albuquerque invites you for a health vacation, to rest or play in a climate famous through the centuries for its health giving qualities. On this mile-high plateau of the Southern Rockies, in the romantic valley of the Rio Grande, the sun shines every day all winter long and the air is dry as rare old wine. Thousands win back to health each year in Albuquerque and other thousands come just to see the fascination of New Mexico, last of the Old West.

This booklet tells the story of Albuquerque in detail and with pictures. It gives climatic facts, living costs, all the healthseeker wants to know. It is free, and will be sent gladly by an organization of those who themselves found health in Albuquerque. Will you let us send it to you—or to a friend who needs it?

Just sign and mail the coupon below.



Albuquerque Civic Council,
1270 Sunshine Building,
Albuquerque, New Mexico.

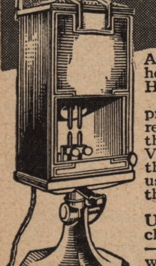
Gentlemen: Please send me your free booklet, Sunshine and Health.

Name__________

Address__________

MAKE YOUR HOME A SUNBEAM HOME

Tone up your body



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Sun baths under Sunbeam Ultra-Violite effect marvelous changes. You feel new energy—new vigor, vitality, pep. The whole world seems brighter. Life is more worth living.

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SUNBEAM APPLIANCES MAKE HAPPY HOMES

COLD BEDROOMS for CHILDREN

and Other Questions from Health Seekers

Conducted by a Personal and Confidential Associate of

Bernarr Macfadden

QUESTION: Is it advisable to have a child's bedroom windows open during the winter? If so, how early can this be allowed? MRS. L. F. V.

ANSWER: A baby of a month or less may require moderately warm air, but even in this case the window or windows should be open enough to permit a constant supply of fresh air. A child over one or two months should be gradually accustomed to a temperature practically the same as that out-of-doors, except in temperature approaching zero. Naturally, the child should be kept warm, even with the aid of hot-water bottles or other artificial heat in the bed if necessary. But it is the coddling, the over-supply of bed-covering, and the superheated bedrooms of young children that has most to do with the development of winter ills in babies and young children, except perhaps for diet and its resulting defective elimination through the bowels. A baby or young child should not sleep immediately before an open window through which comes very cold air; but it will be healthier and have greater resistance to colds and other winter ills if it has an abundance of fresh, cool air.

Other Questions Answered in This Department

Throbbing Brain
Sciatic Rheumatism
Nerves and Exercise
Round Shoulders
Stammering
Enlarged Tonsils

Throbbing Brain

QUESTION: I am married and have two children. I have a tingling and throbbing feeling at the base of my head for about fourteen years. It is very depressing. Doctors call it neurasthenia. Can this be cured? I am also nervous, and have worked only two days in years. —H. M.

ANSWER: So much has been printed in this magazine about right living that you should have absorbed some of it in your reading. It is difficult to tell where to begin with you, as you gave no idea as to any specific cause or causes of your trouble. But you probably need a better, more natural diet, better elimination, more real relaxation, yet more exercise, more sunlight, fresh air and water, tonic bathing, spinal manipulative treatments or hot spinal compresses and massage, and a better mental outlook. You doubtless brood over your trouble. Give it less and less thought and soon you will find it unnecessary to think of it at all.

Sciatic Rheumatism

QUESTION: My husband has sciatic rheumatism. All teeth but six were pulled, but no relief.

Chiropractic treatments, twenty in number, gave no relief. A doctor now gives him serum treatments, but his hip hurts again and his leg is numb. He has adhesive tape on his back now. He took salt baths, but can't now with the tape on. What is wrong with him? He is a sausage maker, works in a damp place. When he cooks, the walls drip on him. Then he goes from the steam room to the refrigerator. Would a violet-ray machine do him good? He is thirty-seven. —MRS. L. P.

ANSWER: The work this man does probably is largely responsible for his condition. That is, it easily can be when one's general mode of living is not the best. I do not know of any treatment that will have a curative effect so long as his work remains detrimental and his general condition is such as to make him susceptible. He should, of course, take unusual precautions to prevent toxemia and constipation and to be well nourished, but without meats and other heavy proteins. Osteopathic treatments, or even hot spinal compresses and spinal massage, might do better than some chiropractic treatments. It depends upon how these are given, of course. But in any case it probably would be best for him to change his position, if possible.

Nerves and Exercise

QUESTION: Nerve specialists claim that muscle-building wrecks the nervous system, and name a number of strong men who died young. Is there any truth in the claim? My nerves are shot to pieces, my general health is bad and my mind is affected, yet I hardly ever had enough muscles to hold myself together. I am considering gradual muscular development, but before I start I want to know the truth. I've always been sickly and of a nervous disposition, and at school I never entered athletic games. I suppose I never had enough exercise. —YOUNG MAN.

ANSWER: Any point can be "proven" by "authority." Innocent men are convicted, guilty ones go free, through "proof." For one man who dies prematurely as a direct result of strong-man exercise, a great many are enabled by such exercise to live longer and to enjoy life more fully while living. If you start within your strength and vitality and increase the amount of exercise gradually it is likely that you will make better progress healthward and toward longevity than in any other way—not forgetting wise eating, of course. It takes proper foods to build up with proper exercise.

Round Shoulders

QUESTION: I have that round-shouldered, stooped build. Lungs, heart and stomach seem to be crowded together. If it isn't too late at the age of 25, what is the best thing to do for it? I also have a catarrhal condition, but cannot expectorate freely; and I am constipated

and food does not digest right. I never can take a deep breath. The diaphragm does not seem to work right. What do you advise?—M. A. C.

Answer: Most exercises calling for straightening the back, bringing the head and shoulders backward, and especially bringing the body backward, will have a tendency to straighten the back and shoulders, and make room for chest and abdominal organs. The muscles on the posterior of the body must be strengthened, to hold you erect. Strengthen the abdomen, also, but preferably by exercises taken head down on an inclined support, so the abdominal organs can be in their proper positions. Stretch, without apparatus, by hanging by the hands from a door-frame. Eat more laxative foods: salads, fresh and stewed fruits, cooked greens, bran and whole-wheat products. Masticate all foods well. Avoid spices and condiments, coffee, tea, and rich and fried foods. Take a daily friction bath, preferably before or after a cool sponge bath.

Stammering

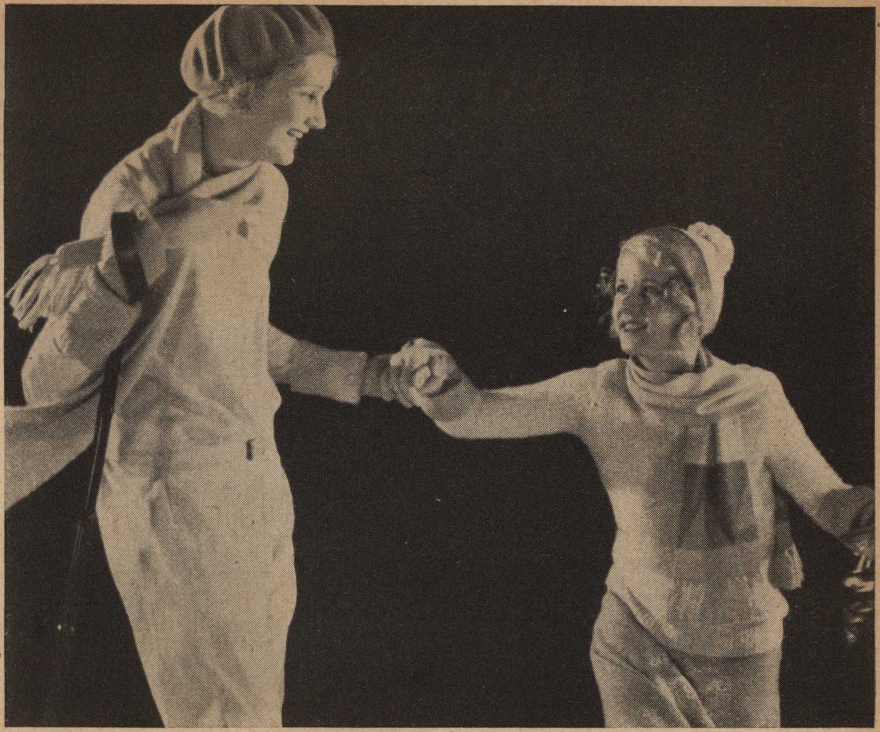
QUESTION: I have a daughter who stammers very badly. At times she can hardly speak. Then again she can speak as well as anyone. It is very embarrassing, as she is grown now, and she tries constantly to overcome it. She first became affected when she was about fifteen years old. Is it hereditary? What is the remedy? —A Mother.

Answer: Some nervous shock, or some pronounced decline in strength or nervous energy, may have been responsible for the development of this condition, though of course I cannot state the cause exactly. Rarely it is hereditary. By this is meant that the nervous instability that permits it to develop is hereditary at times; not the stammering. Even in hereditary cases the stammering usually does not begin before four or five years of age which means that wrong living must be practised for some time before the condition can develop. Vocal exercises, along with such changes in living habits as will allow the health to improve to the highest point possible, usually will bring about a complete cure. But mental fear and an accompanying feeling of inferiority must be overcome. Right thinking, then, will be necessary. One must pay no attention to what one thinks others may be thinking. The patient should repeat to herself that she has full mastery over her speech, also suggest to herself calmness, poise and balance. She should think what she wants to say before attempting to say it, then say it without haste and tension. She should hum and whistle and sing and recite memorized matter, and speak before a mirror enunciating vowels, consonants and syllables separately. Deep breathing should precede and accompany these vocal exercises. Take a deep breath, then hum a certain note or series of notes while the breath lasts. Then repeat, but vary the volume of sound from soft to loud and back to soft. Gradually advance from letter sounds to words or syllables. By practising before a mirror, coordination is developed more rapidly. Patience is required, of course; but patience and perseverence will win.

Enlarged Tonsils

QUESTION: I have been advised to have my tonsils removed, but as I am a lecturer I want to avoid the operation. What can I do? J. R. V., Baltimore, Maryland.

Answer: Take short fasts; eat more fruit and greenstuff, less starch and sugar and sweet foods, no meat, plenty of roughage to secure thrice-daily evacuations, drink more water, get a daily cool or cold bath, exercise regularly, wrap the throat in cold wet cloths and cover fully with dry flannel, at night; give hot and cold throat douches in the morning upon removal. Take hot and cold gargles of plain water or salt water or boric acid solution.



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EXPLAINS THIS NOTED HOSPITAL HEAD *

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Add Fleischmann's Yeast to your diet, today! And send for booklet. Standard Brands Inc., 691 Washington St., N. Y. C.

(*Left*) Miss Avis Granzow, *Highland Park, Mich., writes:* "I am no longer troubled with constipation—thanks to eating yeast."

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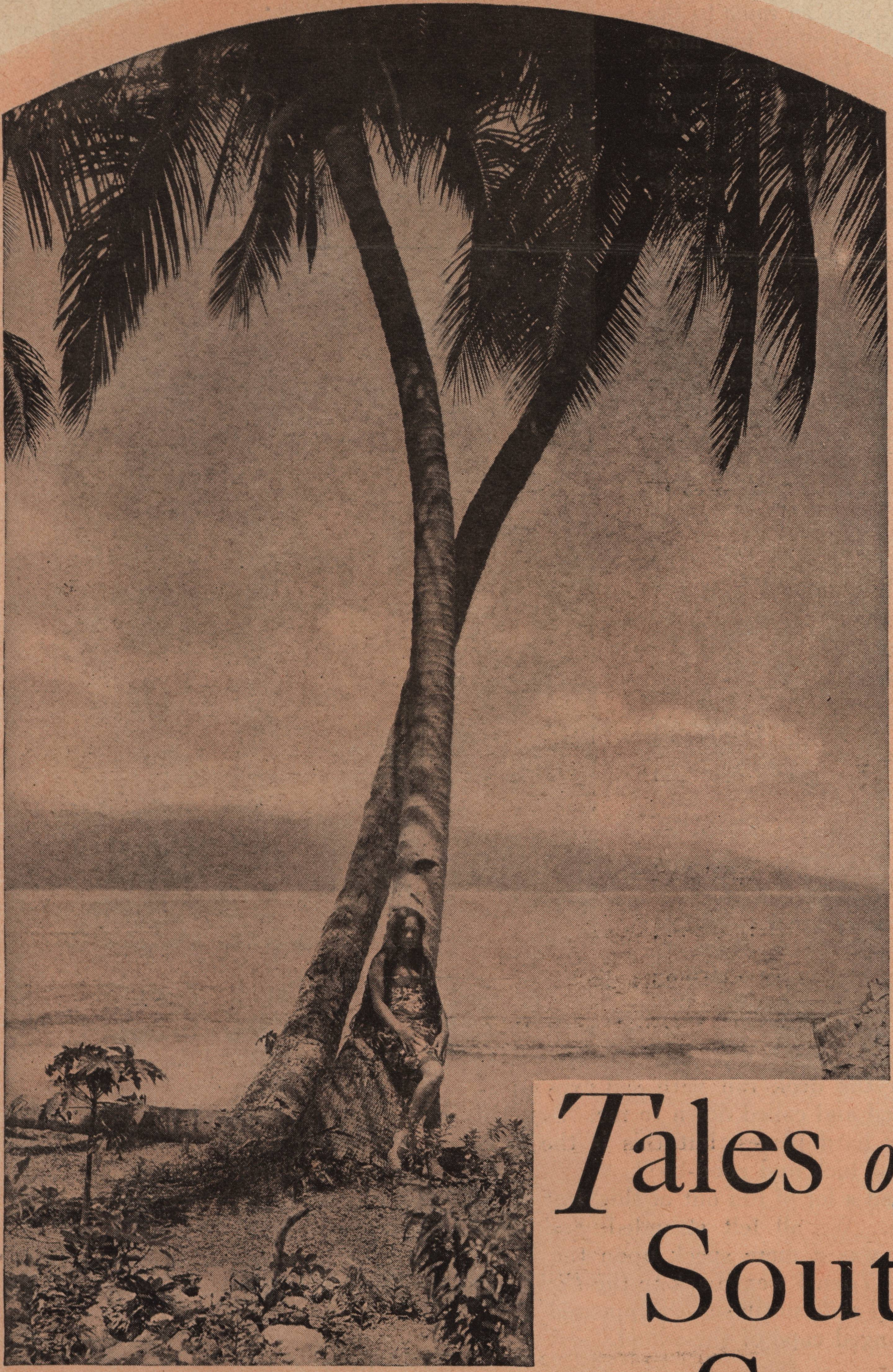
Try it!—either plain or in a third of a glass of water (hot or cold), or any way you like. Eat it before or between meals and at bedtime. Each cake is rich in vitamins B, G and D. At grocers', restaurants and soda fountains.

Fleischmann's Yeast is fresh yeast—the only kind that benefits you fully. Eat 3 cakes a day!

* *Fleischmann's Yeast has been tested and approved for purity and nutritional qualities by the Physical Culture Institute of Nutrition.* *See page* **9.**



Flowers, foliage, color, perfume, languorous warmth everywhere, and always in the background a golden-skinned, dark-haired Tahitian maiden

*T*ales *of the* South Seas

by ZANE GREY

Author of "Riders of the Purple Sage," "The Light of Western Stars," "Tales of Swordfish and Tuna"

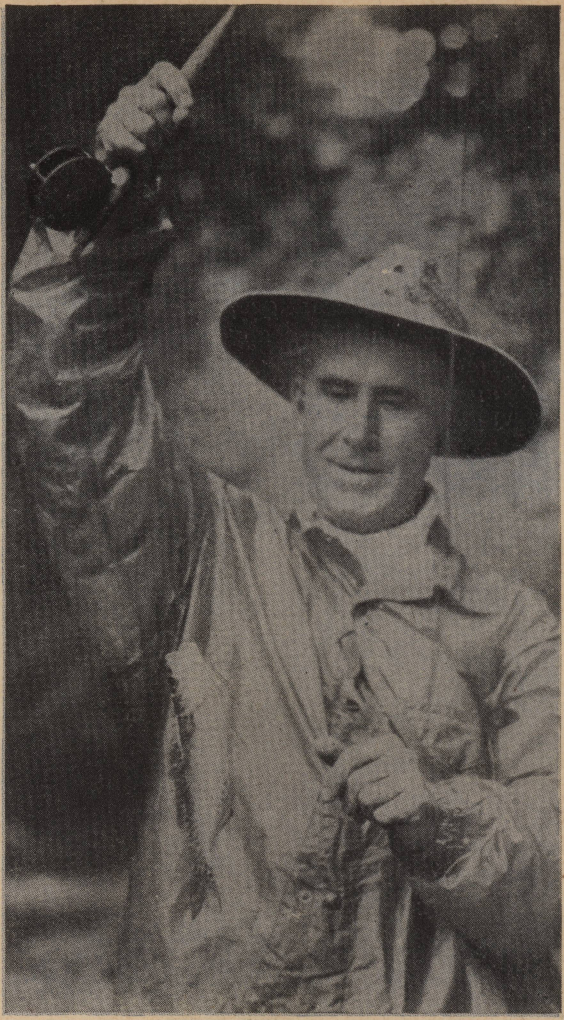
"Always have I wanted to see for myself if the fabulous color and beauty of the South Seas really existed . . . when a boy I dreamed of the South Seas . . . I longed to sail down the endless lanes of this vast ocean . . . and now suddenly I was there . . . what should I find?"

WHEN the *S. S. Tahiti* entered the roadstead off Papeete, I espied the yacht *Fisherman* shining like a great white gull against the wonderful rich bright green of this tropic island. Sight of the *Fisherman* after some little lapse of time always thrilled me, but on this occasion I was not so thrilled as usual.

Perhaps I was a little homesick. Five months in New Zealand waters, of which about four-fifths was very bad weather, had somewhat cooled my fishing ardor, and I would just as lief have remained on the *Tahiti* with my brother, R. C., who was going home on her in time to catch the swordfish at Catalina.

Romer and his pal, Johnny, were just about broken-

hearted at leaving the steamship. They had interested themselves in Australian young ladies, who were *en route* to the United States, and therefore had more than homesickness to contend with. On shore, however, buying ice-cream and Polynesian knick-knacks, and riding round the exquisite hot-house garden avenues, they rather surprisingly picked up cheer.



A denizen of the South Sea waters is held up by the author for a closer inspection

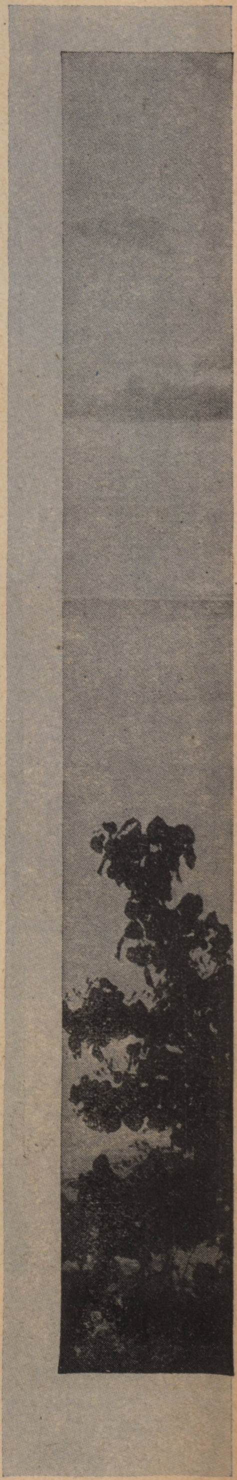
TRANSFERRING our baggage from the *Tahiti* to the *Fisherman* was a job I would not care to undertake again, in this latitude. The harbor officials kept moving my yacht here and there, for no reason on earth except that in Papeete, more than any port I ever put into, a yacht from America is good picking. You have to put up with this species of graft. If you did not look as though you liked it, you would not get anything. The baggage transfer took about all day, a Papeete "day" at that, if you know what I mean. Our passports had been taken to the police station where we had to call for them; and when we called we were made to understand in poor English that we could not get them until next day.

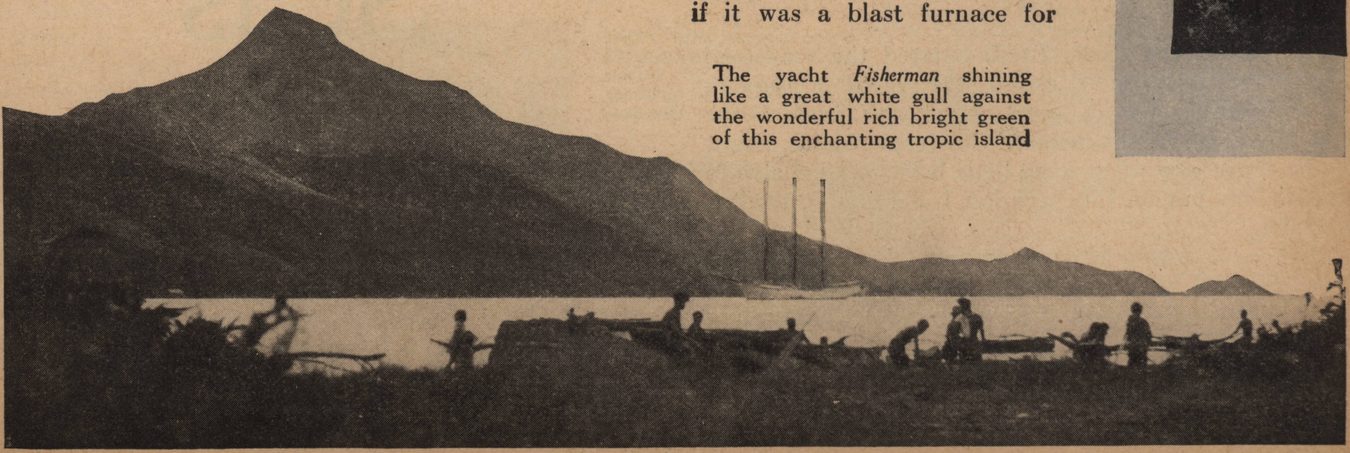
That night I was too tired to do anything but sit in a deck chair, and rest, and watch the twinkling lights of Papeete, and feel the cool breeze. Next morning we got up early to bid R. C. good-by. The early morning was glorious, bright, golden-green, and cool. The *S. S. Tahiti* sailed at seven, with R. C. waving good-by from the bridge, and the Australian girls leaning over the deck rail with sad eyes on the boys. R. C. waved and called down to me, "Say, I've left you in many hard places, but this is the limit. Good-night! Good luck and good-by!"

He may have had a lot of fun out of this, but it was not funny to me. We all felt stranded, and stood there until R. C. was a mere speck upon the bridge of the steamship. Then I went back to the *Fisherman* and watched the *Tahiti* until she disappeared round the green palm-fringed cape of the island.

There were a hundred things to do, and it was hot. I did not forget that in New Zealand I longed for the sun, and vowed I would not care how long or how hot it shone.

So now I did not complain. I welcomed it. All the same I nearly melted and worked until I grew dizzy. The harbor crew moved us from dock to bay, and from bay to the oil-ship *Beulah*, which last was not so bad, even if it was a blast furnace for





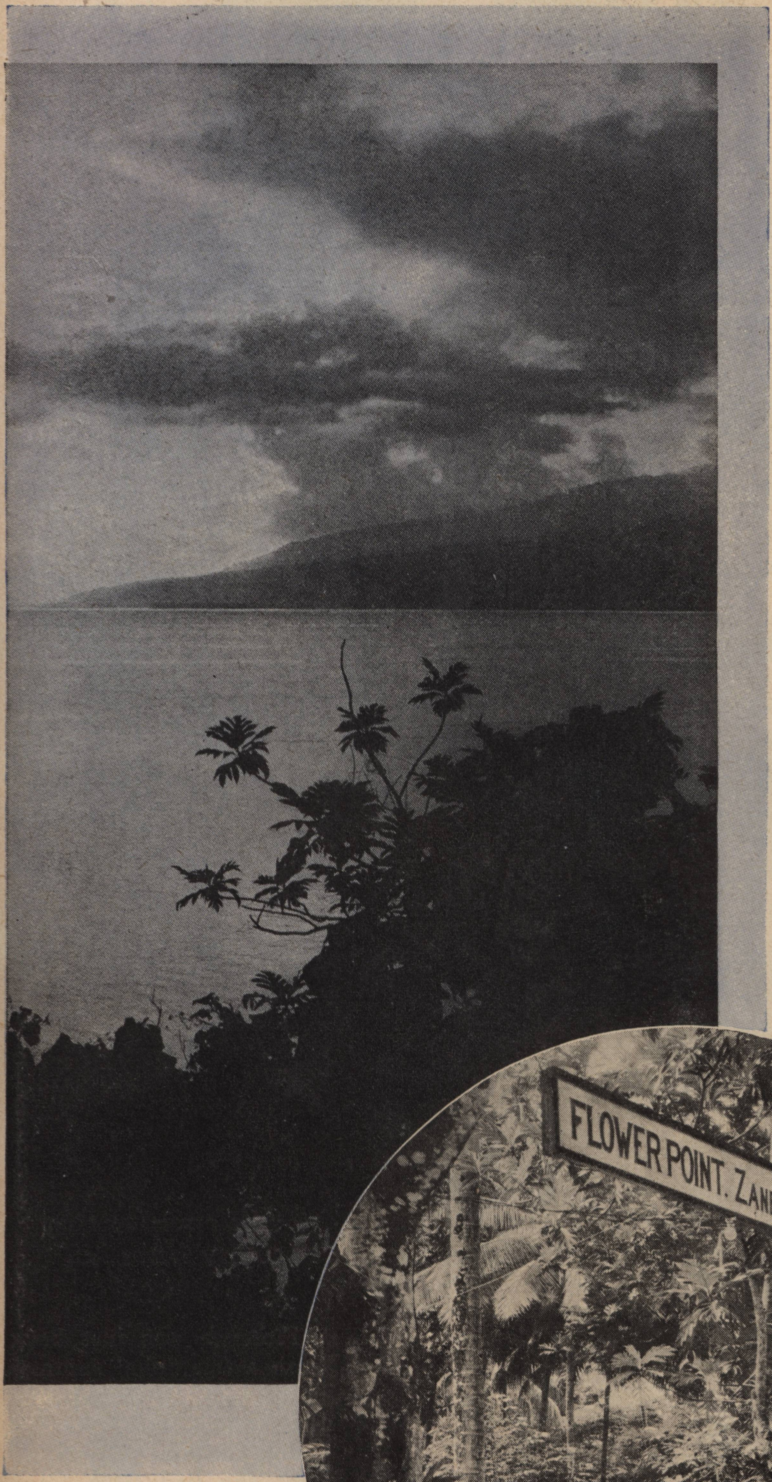
The yacht *Fisherman* shining like a great white gull against the wonderful rich bright green of this enchanting tropic island

heat, for we took fuel off the tanker, and it was the first good fuel the engineers had seen since leaving San Pedro. The tanker was a Panama ship that had happened in there.

In the afternoon we went to the police station again, feeling like a lot of criminals. After two hours we came out feeling like a lot of fleeced Americans, angry as hornets. We had our passports viséd in Wellington by a French consul who apologized for the heavy charge, two pounds ten, each, and assured us we would have no more to pay. In Papeete we were politely asked for 492 francs each.

Being from Missouri, so to speak, we wanted to know and to see. The French interpreter was pretty punk, and the Police Commissioner, who never even glanced at us, or turned round, burst into a rage and raved in French, which fortunately we did not translate perfectly. But we heard enough to realize we were in bad, and might easily run into something worse than insult. So I dug up 492 francs for each of the seven of us, and then it took two hours to get the passports.

There are many reasons why Americans should avoid getting off at Papeete, and this is only one of them. Later I met several temporary residents, who explained how cordially Americans were hated. It gave me a queer little shock. Since my first acquaintance with Victor Hugo and Dumas, I had idealized France and Frenchmen. Since the war, with the incomprehensible attitude of France toward the United States, my ideals have been fading.



Sunset was warm, rich, sultry, smoky, a great blaze of red fire gleaming through massed clouds

In this idyllic spot, a veritable fairyland of tropical growth, Zane Grey pitched his camp

LATER in the afternoon we cleared, and ran up several miles inside the reef, and anchored in a tranquil bay, with the rollers just outside, and the dark shiny sandy beach behind. It was bordered with coconut palms, and in the openings where lawns of beautiful residences ran down to the sea there were magnolias and bougainvillea in bloom, and other flowering foliage I could not name. I missed the flaming flamboyant trees in that scene of tropic color. We had seen them in January, in full bloom, most exquisite and lovely. I shall never forget the fire - shadowed aisles through the jungle.

This was my fourth time in Tahiti and I realized I was going to stand the sordid and hot Papeete with its sloe - eyed Chinese, and the hordes of sad - eyed, smiling natives, for the sense of a growing enchantment in the amethyst sea and the emerald isle that towered up and up into the azure blue.

On the voyage from New Zealand we had met an old trader who had spent (*Continued on page* 86)

What Did She

"What did she see in him?" they all said when the great woman champion gave up tennis to make a love game of marriage

Illustrations by Jay Barnum

"WELL. What did she see in him?"

The loungers on the porch of the Country Club shook their heads and asked each other the question as Florence Farley, the Champion, rode off in Hank Rodman's car. Hank Rodman! Of all people! Now what do you suppose she saw in him?

Florence was just back from a triumphal summer in Europe. She had won the French title and the championships at Wimbledon; she had been fêted and photographed and written up until she was tired of being a celebrity, and had sneaked off for the week-end with the Jamisons in Westchester. That was where she met Hank. Not by design. He was up for just a short breather from the festering heat of the city to stay overnight with the Montgomerys.

See in *Him?*

By
John R. Tunis
Author of "American Girl"

Her wandering attention was arrested. "My dear, Jack said he'd seen Florence's husband twice with her now about town. If I get a good-looking man like that I won't go chasing tennis titles in Europe, believe me!"

Florence was sunning herself on the beach, watching the crowd without enthusiasm and trying hard to keep away from tiresome persons who wanted "Just to shake hands with Our Florence and tell how proud we all were!" That stuff . . . .

She noticed him first. Tall, dark, quiet, he was with a large and noisy party; with them and not of them, his mind distinctly and obviously somewhere else. Was he, she wondered vaguely, in love? No, he didn't act like that. The more she looked at him the more he interested her, and men seldom did so. As a rule she never noticed men; men noticed Florence. But he was different; his reserved aloofness fascinated her. She turned over in the sand. What was his name?

"The big boy? I believe his name . . . what's his name, Ann, that big chap with the Montgomerys? Oh yes, Hank Rodman, he's a son of old Hank Rodman, the Kansas City power man. Jim can tell you all about him. But you better let him alone, Floss, he's business and nothing else. All he cares about is his job."

SHE watched him a minute. He was sitting with his head between his knees; plainly enough his mind was not there upon the beach; he was thinking, working at that very moment. While she still looked he rose deliberately, and then wading into the water swam with slow strokes to the raft, climbing up and sitting upon the edge. With her usual decision, Florence rose almost immediately and walking down the sand waded out also. Soon she was sitting upon the raft beside him; close and yet not so close that he was unable to see her profile, the profile that had been in a hundred Sunday rotogravure sections during the past two months. She stayed kicking her heels in the warm water; but he paid not the slightest attention; evidently he did not know her from the pictures. Yes, a bathing suit does make a difference, thought the Champion. Which does not mean that she was highly delighted at his lack of recognition.

Then the Montgomerys' crowd burst into the water with whoops and splashing and swam shouting out to the float, where amid cries and yelling a rough house followed and the man was pushed off the edge of the float into the water. Florence hastily rose and stood out of the way of the mêlée as he came puffing back to the float, and climbed up, water running down his face. Suddenly she felt herself seized around the waist by two large and powerful hands and tossed off headlong. She came to the surface, angry, spluttering, annoyed. He was beside her, confused, apologetic.

"Oh please excuse me . . . I thought . . . I didn't

know . . . you looked like Marcia Montgomery . . . I'm sorry, awfully sorry. . . ."

She was swallowing water, half choking, the salt was in her eyes and her ears and up her nose; she realized most of all that she was a ludicrous object and it made her all the more angry. Impossible to look one's best when one has just been thrown off a float in six feet of water. Why, she wondered for a second, did she want to look her best, anyhow. She hated that young man.

"You . . . you. . . . ." Then a wave caught her slap in the mouth and she was speechless.

In a minute or two she shook the water from her face and was swimming slowly toward the beach, while at her side the young man was keeping up with her easily, long strokes sending him ahead at almost every movement of his arms. She heard his stammered apologies vaguely. "Really, I'm terribly sorry, please excuse me. I hadn't the faintest idea it was someone I didn't know."

In a minute or two they were touching bottom. They waded together up the beach, her resentment vanishing as she listened to his voice. It was like his movements, slow, powerful, husky. She did not, however, like the water in her ears and the taste of salt in her nose and mouth.

"You were certainly sudden, shoving me off. However I guess it's all right as long as I don't drown in six feet of ocean." She took off her cap; her hair was wet. Becomingly so. She could see him eyeing it, and she shook it so that it fell about her shoulders. It glistened in the sun of mid-summer as they came together up past the umbrellas in the sand and toward the bath houses. By this time she was laughing, and he observed that she had a warm and appealing smile, and that her teeth were remarkably white and even.

"No, I don't mind," she went on. "Anyway, that's enough for the morning, it's time I went in and dressed."

"You feel like going in? Already?" There was a shade of disappointment in his voice. "Well, let me take you back." And the Champion felt with an inner satisfaction that there was more than politeness in his tone. "Where d'you live; I'll ferry you home, huh?"

"Oh I'm visiting the Jamisons up on the hill. I can get back all right." As soon as ever the sentences were spoken she wished she hadn't said it. He might take her at her word. But he didn't.

"No, no, your crowd is all out there on the raft now. They won't be through for ages. I'll get a car. Meet you in twenty minutes on the (*Continued on page* 102)

To this man she was a woman, yes, and an attractive woman, too. After all, even champions are humans in the common denominator of a bathing suit

"HEROES" 1931 *Style*

By

Capt. Cornelius Willemse

Ex-Commanding Officer of the Homicide Squad, New York Police Department, in collaboration with George J. Lemmer

A curious character, this new-day racketeer, this man of yet unclassified potentialities, this new "hero" and "social lion"

Illustrations by Rico Tomaso

Parents: The Gangster Is No Longer a Menace Only to Life and Property. He Is Now the Greatest Threat Our Country Has. He Is Becoming the New Hero of the American Boy. The Ideal of Washington and Lincoln Grows Dimmer as the Racketeer Gathers in Vast Spoils, Social Attention and More Limelight than All the Real Heroes of the World Combined

A FEW days ago a man came back to New York City from "over the wall"—the Dannemora prison dreaded by crooks, the penitentiary to which the most dangerous killers and criminals of New York State are sent when, and if, convicted.

This man had been serving a long bit, but no one seeing him pass through the Grand Central Terminal would have suspected that. For him the stay in prison hadn't been exhausting or unpleasant. His job as a convict had been to care for the prison radio. Gangsters—for he was one of these—know how to find the soft berths, in jail as well as out.

On 42nd Street, the ex-prisoner hailed a taxi and

gave an address in the Forties, just off Broadway. His alert eyes swept approvingly the well-dressed, hurrying crowds; he grinned as the weird harmony of motor horns beat upon his ears, a noisy but convincing "Welcome Home." He recalled quite different sounds he'd heard a year before—the staccato whining of machine guns, the crack of rifle fire, the roar of bombs, the curses and shrieks of hundreds of maddened fellow convicts attempting a disastrous break for freedom. None of that party for him. Too wise a boy for that. His was the better "way out"—when you had friends.

He presently arrived at a private office. His back was slapped and his hand pumped by a prosperous, commanding-appearing man. Old friends, these two, it seemed. They had been, in fact, pals together in another prison before the gentleman who owned the office had piled up millions.

For a few minutes there was talk of mutual friends, notorious convicts, still "taking the rap" at Dannemora. Then millionaire and fellow-convict got down to business.

"Now that your time's up, we'll see this doesn't happen again. When you work for me you don't take any raps," said the prosperous one.

Before the interested eyes of his visitor, the speaker produced his wallet. Very well filled, it was to be noted. He handed five bills to the gangster, each for $1,000, (*Continued on page 92*)

Why Are Gangsters?

By EDWARD P. MULROONEY,
Commissioner of Police, New York City.

WHAT were these men before they became gangsters? Any veteran patrolman can tell you the answer. He knew them when, as boys, they ran, aping the profanity of their elders, and played in the squalid streets of tenements. . . . A man does not turn into a criminal, a gunman, overnight. . . It is simple logic to point out that the gangsters, the gunmen, the criminals of tomorrow are playing on the city's streets today in neighborhoods of the same type. They will grow to youth detesting the poverty and sordidness in which they were brought up. But in reaching out to grab things in life which they want, or to shake off the shackles of their neighborhood existence, they still will accept the procedure prescribed by that childhood environment. If that rule says rob, they will rob. It is says murder, they will murder. They have sufficient ambition to desire things, but the means by which they attempt possession is perverted, and hence dangerous.

But how much more preferable it would be *if we could catch the criminal before he becomes a criminal.*

In New York now there are thousands of boys of subnormal or abnormal development who today look upon the big gangster with all the hero-worship which the Boy Scout accords to Byrd and Lindbergh

The Manliness of LINCOLN

In 1931, when we face the paradox of the gangster becoming practically a national hero, Miss Tarbell holds up for us America's eternal example of true manliness—the deathless Lincoln

By Ida M. Tarbell

Author of "Life of Abraham Lincoln," "In the Footsteps of Lincoln," "A Reporter for Lincoln"

WHAT kind of a youth was he? That is the first question to ask when you are looking for clues to a man's character. The answer is not difficult when it is Abraham Lincoln's manliness you are trying to appraise.

There are two episodes in his youth as a Jack-of-all-trades, trying to get started in the world, which point straight to the kind of man he was to be. The first is a fight. It often happens that the first real mea-

Of all the statues of Lincoln throughout the length and breadth of America, perhaps this one in Lincoln Park, Newark, New Jersey, is the most appealing, for invariably it is the center of a happy group of children

(Underwood & Underwood)

sure we get of a boy is in a fisticuff or wrestling bout. It is there that boys, left to themselves, almost invariably take the measure of one another. Given one fair fight to the finish and they know what they may expect of a newcomer in all other relations, his courage, his control of temper and wits, staying power, boastfulness or modesty, malice or good nature.

Here is the story of the fight that first revealed Abraham Lincoln to a community of onlookers—made him, too, the hero of the town.

He was a newcomer in a little Illinois settlement—had a job as a clerk in a general store. His employer, proud of the boy's strength, boasted that he could throw any man in the countryside. This was a boast that the neighborhood gang, who had a favorite champion, one Jack Armstrong, could not afford to pass by. Lincoln was big and husky. Could he fight? They proposed to find out. But Lincoln did not like what he called "wooling and pulling," and told them so.

THAT to them was a sign of cowardice and they forced him to battle—to the confusion of their champion who, finding that he could not throw Lincoln, tried a foul. Infuriated, Lincoln seized him by the throat and, so goes the record, held him at arm's length, shook him as he would a rat and threw him heavily to the ground.

The amazed gang, angry at the overthrow of their champion, closed in on him, but he stood them off so successfully that Jack Armstrong himself, springing to his feet, interfered, declaring that Lincoln was "the best man that had ever broken into camp"; for his part he wanted to be friends—and the two were friends to the very end.

(Courtesy Christian Science Monitor)

The young Lincoln, volunteer in the Black Hawk War, is portrayed in this imposing statue, recently unveiled on the site of the old Dixon] blockhouse at Dixon, Illinois

This fight established the manliness of Lincoln for the people of New Salem, Illinois, and the more they knew of him the more they were convinced that the qualities that he had shown that day they could count on in all their relations with him.

Two years later they had a chance to see how he conducted himself in a very different field of action. This was when Lincoln first asked for their votes. He was only twenty-three years old at the time and still a Jack-of-all-trades. However, he knew he was about the most popular young man around.

HE was also, though perhaps his admiring Illinois friends did not realize it yet, about the most ambitious young man around. He wanted to do something important in the world and he wanted to do it in public life. On the face of it such an ambition looked rather hopeless, even a little absurd, for he really had little to go on but the fact that people liked him and trusted him. He made up his mind to see how much there was in this popularity. Anybody at that time had a right to offer himself as a candidate for office, the convention system not having been as yet introduced. Lincoln took advantage of this practise. Did these friends of his believe enough in him to let him represent them in the legislature? He proposed to find out. And so he sent out his first political address, asking their suffrage.

The kind of man he was to be in political life comes out clearly in this address. Frankness, good sense and modesty stood out in every line. He does not attempt to over-estimate himself, that is, the presumptuousness that you feel in a young man in his position offering himself as candidate (*Continued on page* 124)

Across the shimmering lagoon on the borders of the Potomac rises the splendid Lincoln Memorial, a lasting tribute to the Great Emancipator

(Wide World)

HOMESICK

By
Forrest Wilson
Author of "Paris on Parade" and "Rich Brat"

Nanette, the girl

Whiz, the boy

Milou, the apache

Whiz O'Boyle wonders if, after all, home really is where the heart is

Illustrations by Russell Patterson

CERTAIN discreet but, to the interested eye, patent discouragement lent by his jockey brought in the horse Aidez-Moi, a highly unfancied starter, an unimpressive third in the first race at Le Tremblay; and Mr. Whiz O'Boyle, who had erroneously deemed himself to be in possession of feed-box information, pocketed his battered field glasses—sole souvenir remaining to him of the army and the war—and reluctantly tore up a fifty-franc *gagnant* ticket.

"Heh!" he chuckled mirthlessly, twisting into a formal grin his gnarled features which had a curious drubbed or singed look brought about by a nose flattened permanently against his cheeks and by a left ear that was a mere perforated disc of smooth thick flesh; "heh! good-by fifty balls! That jockey must of wore blisters on his hands . . . the double-crossin'. . . ."

He squinted toward the pari-mutuel to see what Aidez-Moi had paid, even as a third; but his eyes, alone or aided by the binoculars, could not at this distance make out the figure. His sight wasn't what it had been. What had that doctor guy said . . . in the bar that day? That he must have been pounded around the eyes? Heh! he'd say he had been! Whiz's public career had fallen into two phases: an earlier, when he was climbing to the top and giving it, and a later, when he was sliding to the bottom and taking it. The later phase was, if anything, the longer—in fact, his last fight was not yet eight years in the past. An obscure Paris gymnasium, a purse of one hundred francs, and he who had fought the champ a draw in New Orleans nine years earlier knocked out by a boy with nothing but the heart and lungs of youth! That final k.o. convinced Whiz that as a boxer he was through.

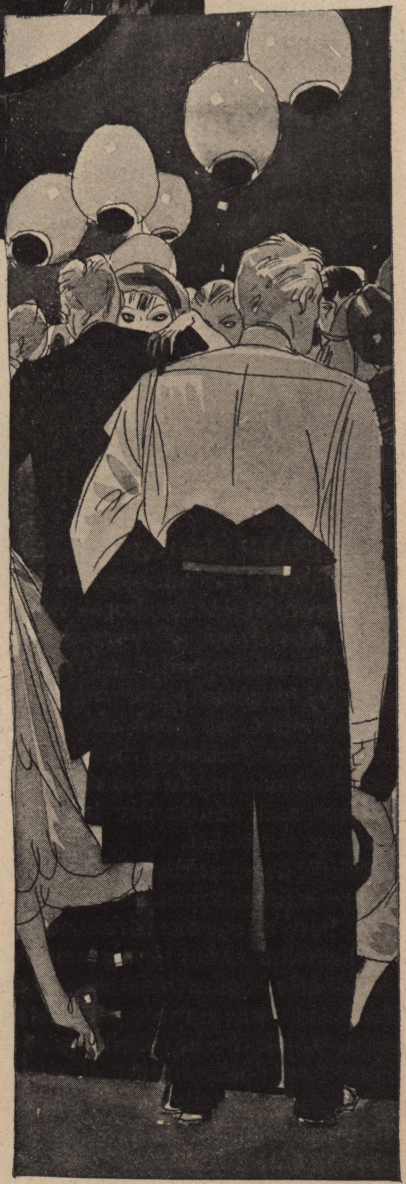
His eyes could not make out the figure, and he moved across the meadow toward the betting square

He moved across the meadow toward the betting square. A fighter had to look out when

his eyes began to go back on him. He ought to be wearing glasses. Buy himself a pair, if his luck ever changed. Nearer the board he raised the binoculars again and this time caught the focus.

"Ninety-five for five, only for *place!* Guess that wasn't a good tip . . . if he'd of win? Heh! Paid a hundred to one sure. A *demi-jetée* on at them odds, le's see . . . hundred times fifty . . . jeez, five *milles!* Enough . . . 'nough to. . . ."

Whiz crossed under the bridge and came to where he could see



As he approached the dance group, he saw that one of the girls was looking at him—a dark, pretty girl

HORSES to Whiz, drugs to an addict—the same thing. Often he forswore his vice and sometimes could stay away from the tracks for as long as a week. But somehow on this warm July day, without taking any resolution at all he felt a sudden surfeit of racing. The sky was an inverted Mediterranean, full of towering sail, and from the trodden turf rose the smell of crushed grass. After a financial wipe-out like this his usual course was to circulate until he found some more fortunate brother willing to lend him enough to get him back to town and to pay for supper afterward. But this time some impulse made him skirt the crowd and the pari-mutuel booths until he came out to a cindered plain whereon were parked half a hundred motor coaches. On their windshields were chalked destinations — "République," "Place Clichy," "Wagram"—and always the fare, "4 francs."

"Heh!" chuckled Whiz, examining his fortune. Four francs and a few sous over. "Not a chance!"

He wandered on past, absently, crossed the race course by the public passage, and almost before he knew it, but without caring, was outside the park altogether.

Passing through the crowd at the portal, Whiz bent his steps toward the Marne, to find a bridge, cross over and go up through Nogent to the Bois de Vincennes, and then traverse the length of that park to the Métro terminus at the city gate. Four miles, maybe, but walkin' didn't hurt you none. By Métro train he could get home for sixty centimes, leaving him enough for coffee and a roll for supper and a repeat for breakfast. Then tomorrow he would tap a client for a little something in advance.

It was not entirely the lure of the day nor disgust with racing that was drawing Whiz away from the track. One of his regular customers always gave him his read copies of a weekly American magazine to which he subscribed. Whiz was following the serial—a Western. It was a swell story, full of excitement, and with descriptions and everything that was pretty near as good as being back yourself. Whiz had seen the West. Maybe when he got home he'd start his health farm out there instead of at New York or even Pittsburgh, his old stamping ground. Three installments of the serial were waiting for him in his room near the Place Clichy. Funny he'd be quittin' after the first race, just to go home and read. But it was a swell story. . . .

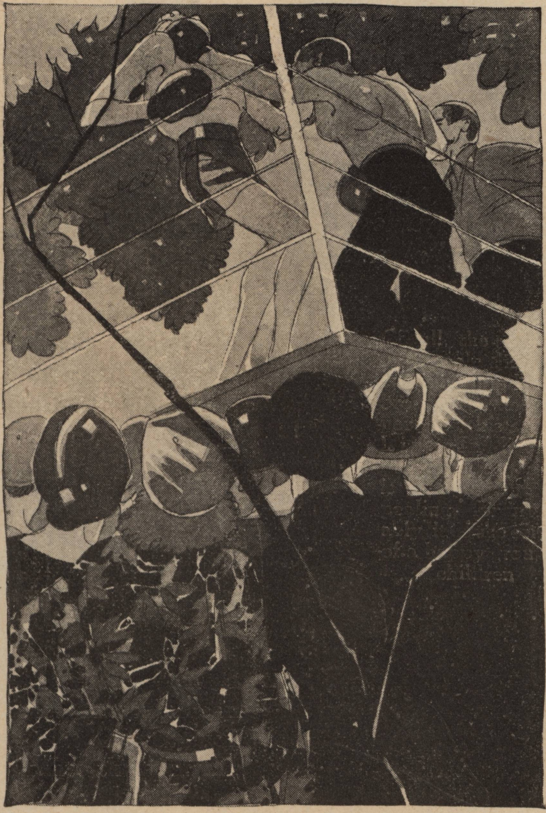
He found both banks of the river crowded with people—young couples mostly, girls in light sleeveless frocks, their boy friends carrying their coats and displaying startling suspenders. "Fourth o' July," remembered Whiz. Actually it was the 15th, the second of the two consecutive days which France dedicates to the celebration of her National Holiday; and on summer Sundays and holidays the lower Marne is Deauville to the dwellers in the eastern slums.

Off to the east there was a bridge; and, sliding out of his own coat and throwing it over his arm, Whiz set out toward it, threading through the strollers on the graveled quay. No hurry; he had all afternoon. Funny about that river down there . . . no wider than the Little Beaver he had paddled in

when a kid, but look how famous! There was weeds underneath that would catch a swimmer's ankles and pull him under. Lot o' guys got theirselves drownded that way, during the Army.

Right at the beginning of the War, when the *boches* almost got in to Paris, they said the water was red down this far. That was before he had come. He was in Australia, fighting in good matches but beginning to take it a little, when sea transport suddenly stopped and the cash customers with equal abruptness ceased to find any more interest in prize-ring battling. Fly-weights, even champions, didn't take down much money in those days; and when, some weeks later, a neutral Dutch boat poked a cautious nose out of Sidney harbor, Whiz was on her with a ticket to the Cape and little else.

South Africa was not yet



"Gotta make this snappy. He'll be just about warmin' up when I'm all through."

taking the War so seriously as her sister dominion. At least in Cape Town Whiz was able to sign for a couple of matches. One he won, in the other he took it, and out of both he netted enough to buy second-class passage on a British liner touching at Bordeaux. Then Paris and the hope of a fight that would pay his passage home. But the war had killed the game in Paris—and the last relief ship for stranded Americans had departed months before.

But Paris had something else—jobs. American jobs. Various volunteer philanthropies were setting up headquarters and demanding personnel. Whiz attached himself to one or another of them until the Army came. Then he got in and the Armistice found him in the Argonne passing shell to a 75. It was in the Army championships afterward that he really took it. He could no longer make the weight of his proper class; and in spite of his skill, stout lads from Iowa and Minnesota battered him to the pulp which solidified in the form of his present features.

"I was a sap then, all right. Only think, I could of gone home for nothin' . . . on a transport. An' I didn't take it. Heh!"

Instead, he had made cronies in the Army clean-up services left in Paris. They found civilian employment for him—watchman, messenger—there was a girl or two, and he had a flash of old form in the ring—fought in preliminaries on big nights at the Vel'd'Hiver. But that didn't last—he couldn't stand the pace. Presently he was not even a preliminary fighter any more and hunted matches in suburban halls that did not even break into the sporting pages. And one day he woke up to find that there were not only no more fights for him, but no more jobs either. The last of the hold-over Army units was going home.

There was still left to him a talent—in his palms and thick forearms. Years of helping to train others and of being trained himself to make weights had made him an expert rubber-away of fat. He found that there was a call for that ability. So for some years he had been carrying a leather dispatch case full of liniment bottles through the central thoroughfares of Paris, a professional foe of American adipose tissue, touring or resident.

THE Marne, which he crossed every time there was racing at Le Tremblay, often made him think about these things. His battery had frequently moved beside the stream, and now, for perhaps the first time since the War, he was walking along its bank.

"I'd of had dough by now, if I'd of gone back. How long's it been since I left . . . jeez, sixteen years!"

The bridge proved to be unavailable to him, since it was for railway trains only; but its central pier footed upon a woody island, and from this island were issuing strains of music. And there was some sort of

Whiz stood over his prostrate enemy

He went on to the ring, where the bout was now over, and made inquiry in French. Amateur contests—three rounds, he was informed. No purses—prizes. Sweaters.

The referee opened a pasteboard box from the stack on the platform's edge. Whiz examined the garment. A good one . . . cost maybe a hundred francs.

"I have the envy of that sweater."

"Thou knowest to box?"

"A little," admitted Whiz, turning away his cauliflower ear.

"What weight dost thou wish to compete with?'

Whiz considered. "Fifty-two kilos."

"FLYWEIGHT," pronounced the referee. "Unfortunately that class is full. If thou wert disposed to battle against something more heavy . . . fifty-eight kilos, by example . . . weight of feather. . . . It lacks us a contestant there."

"That is equal to me," shrugged Whiz. "When?"

"Right away."

Whiz kicked off his shoes and began to peel to his waist. The black-eyed girl was still watching him. He could stand inspection, all right. He hitched up his belt tight.

Ready, he vaulted unceremoniously up on the vacant stage and preempted a corner stool. Sky and sun and trees and river, pleasure boats, distances full

The girl grabbed his hand and hurried him away

of brightly clad makers of holiday, and around the ring fifty or sixty silent young men and women, held by a moment's curiosity. Heh! Little bit different, this was, from being in the Garden, with a roaring, smoking carpet of faces on every side for as far as you could see in the haze. That jane kept giving him the eye; and Whiz, scornful of her escort's scowl, boldly

white thing—a sign, more than likely—on one of the trees facing this way. Whiz crossed under the bridge and came out to where he could see. It was a sign. *Fête champêtre.* The music—accordion, fiddle, and drum—was coming from a dance pavilion, which was a mere thatched roof over a balustrade floor.

Just beyond, under the tall mid-island trees and being part of this same festive installation, was something of more interest to Whiz—an outdoor gymnasium with rings, trapezes, bars and ladders. And with another thing—a raised platform with posts at its corners supporting wrapped ropes and inside their closure two boys in athletic shorts going at each other with gloves, an active, coatless man hovering over them and below a standing circle of spectators.

Almost at Whiz's feet waited a flat-bottomed boat to ferry passengers over a Titan's broad jump of eddying water. Fare, two sous. Whiz handed over a copper coin and crossed. As he climbed the island steps, the music ceased and couples began coming out of the dance-pavilion gate. A silent company, veiled-eyed and unsmiling young men, watching each other casually, speaking each only to his own girl, and then imperceptibly.

"AN *APACHE* dump," thought Whiz. "Heard of these shamfets."

As he approached the dance group, he saw that one of the girls was looking at him—a dark, pretty girl only faintly rouged except for her scarlet lips and wearing her hat humorously back like a bonnet to disclose wavy brown-black hair rippling back softly over her forehead.

"Some jane!" admired Whiz. "She give me the eye, too. Tough baby, that guy with her. Yes, sir . . . mean, 'at boy."

grinned at her and moved his lips. She turned her head away quickly.

Opposition arrived—the referee, the gloves, and a wiry boy all length of limb, looking twice Whiz's size for all that he could have weighed only ten or twelve pounds more.

"Gotta make this snappy. He'll be just warmin' up when I'm all through. That skirt's sure gettin' an eyeful. Heh! just gotta have that sweater."

The bell, and Whiz danced out in his stockings. That old footwork was still there . . . for a minute or two, anyhow. The rangy French lad came out more warily, circled his small antagonist, and then made a wild rush at him. Whiz slid under a haymaker, moved a left glove six inches, and stopped the momentum of his adversary dead, the contact point being the hollow place just below the lower end of the sternum bone.

THE young boxer's mouth flew open, a helpless look spread over his eyes, and he tottered. Whiz sprang forward and caught him by the elbow, vigorously massaging a red spot on the boy's body.

"Courage, old post," he inspirited him. "Courage! Thou wilt have it back again, thy respiration, in an all little instant."

When the boy managed to draw in a croupy breath, he turned without a word to his corner, picked up his towel, and climbed out of the ring.

"Aubois, vanquisher," announced the referee, which was as near as he could come to Whiz's name.

Whiz hopped to the ground and began to dress. As she went by, the dark-haired girl glanced again at Whiz over her shoulder.

"Never you mind, sister," Whiz promised her mentally. "I'm comin' back."

He picked up his new sweater and made for the ferry he had seen from the ring on the Nogent side of the island. "Fourth o' July, but with this mob out here they's sure to be stores open," he assured himself.

There were. In half an hour he was back again, sweaterless and with forty francs in his pocket. The black-eyed girl was alone outside the pavilion. "One dances now?" suggested Whiz.

The girl shook her head. "I have fear," she answered in a voice that drawled and was slightly hoarse. "My man is jealous of me . . . on a holiday."

There was a patch of grass beside the road, and they sat gazing down the valley

"Aw, say," began Whiz in English, and then turned to French. "Listen, thou speakest English?"

"A leet-tle. But I understand much of it."

"Same here. Let's each talk our own then, huh? Well, how about it . . . a little dance, kid?"

"My man would be vexed with me."

"What? For only one dance?"

SHE wavered. "Why not?" she asked herself. "If Milou can dance with another, should he envy it to me also? Well, let's go there!"

They started toward the pavilion.

"Thou hast battled thyself well. One had regarded thee."

"Aw, that guy couldn't fight. He was wide open for it."

Funny about these French janes, thought Whiz, as they began circling a floor that squeaked and sagged like rubber ice . . . looked soft but was hard as nails. Take this one . . . you might think you could push her over with a feather, but grab her once and see how solid she was. A fist whispered past his thickened ear.

"Dirty one!" hissed a hostile voice simultaneously with the blow.

Whiz let go and turned around. The girl's recent escort, in a cheap suit of hard weave and light chocolate color, was glowering over him, his eyes through the half-closed lids hateful as a snake's.

"Go 'way," said Whiz, giving the youth a sudden push on the chest that sent him sprawling to the floor. "Can't yuh see I'm busy?"

The *apache* scrambled to his feet, foaming. But that was all. As competently as a squad of firemen arriving on the scene of a conflagration, four doughty waiters descended from nowhere upon the incipient brawl. Two seized Whiz's assailant and ejected him by one exit. Two seized Whiz and rushed him out by the opposite gate, the girl following.

"Go of it now," whispered the girl fiercely to Whiz, when they were outside. "You have made insult to him, and he is very dangerous. Go of it!"

"Aw, he can't run me off this island."

"Go!" The whisper became a shout. "Attention . . . BEHIND!"

WHIZ whirled. The *apache* had come around the corner of the pavilion, running lightly on tiptoe. In his right hand was a long knife of that illegal type with interlocking blade, which the young ruffians of Paris hone to razor sharpness.

Whiz dived for his own knife, a clumsy affair full of blades and tools. There was no time to open it—his adversary was upon him. At the last moment the runner leaped, so as to come down on Whiz from above. Whiz struck upward, and never in his champion days had he put sweeter form and timing in a punch. His right fist, clenched around the closed and heavy knife, caught the descending *apache* under the chin. The youth's head snapped back, his patent-leather toes flew out toward Whiz's chin, his knife soared upward toward the branches. His body struck the ground heavily and did not move except for the knees, which gave an uneasy movement or two.

Whiz stood over his prostrate enemy, whose unconscious face was curiously mottled.

"Curtains! Yuh got my sympathy though, old boy. They c'n all say the old k.o. don't hurt, but . . . heh! . . . take it from me they ain't nobody likes it."

The girl caught his elbow and began urging him to the ferry. "Come! They will kill thee for this."

Whiz looked around him. No danger. Some of the dancers had stopped and were looking out from the pavilion. The girl kept pushing him along.

"Dispatch thyself! These are bad people, I tell thee, and thou art not of us."

"Oh, all right, kid, if it's goin' to make you feel any better. I'll go," said Whiz.

"Quick!" she said to the ferryman, handing him five francs. "One is pressed."

Whiz was studying his knuckles . . . blood on them. "Bay-bee, what a wallop!"

They climbed the bank on the other side and looked back. A knot of islanders had now gathered around the vanquished. There was a voice: "*Docteur! Un docteur!*"

The girl grabbed his hand and hurried him away across the quay and then out of sight down a street lined with little ugly villas of muddy stone. A turn to the right, and they came out upon a main highway, cobbled, broad, built up solidly on both sides.

"Good chance!" exclaimed the dark-haired girl. "A tramway approaches."

He saw that there was a gate in the Joseph's-coat facade of the billboard

A street car was indeed coming. They hurried to the stop sign. "One is going to search thee," said the girl, "but I know a handsome place in which we can hide ourselves."

"You comin'?" asked Whiz in surprise.

The girl's eyes widened. "Evidently! Thou hast beaten my man, is it not? I could not go back to him now. He would kill me."

"Why?"

"When I have been with thee back there?"

"Listen, kid. He ain't gonna be killin' nobody next couple o' days."

"Then thou dost not want me?"

"Well, we c'n talk it over anyhow. You're a swell jane, all right."

The street car was crowded, but they squeezed into the second-class cockpit and clung together for support against the swaying. The girl examined the sleeve she was clutching to keep her balance.

"Thou art poor. is it not?" she asked. "Thy jacket . . . see there how worn! Little import; that will go better for thee henceforth, having me thy little woman. I have gained very much of silver for Milou. . . . ."

The implication of her words sank into Whiz. "Say, what d'yuh think I am . . . one of those mackerels? Listen, I got a regular business in this town . . . lot o' rich clients. I make plenty of dough, yes, sir, plenty . . . two three hundred francs a day sometimes. Get me straight . . . if you're stickin' with me, I do all the hustlin' for the jack, see?"

She gave him an indulgent look.

"An' I don't mean maybe," Whiz insisted, seeing her disbelief.

She slid a hand rewardingly down his sleeve and pressed his forearm. "What dost thou call thyself, *mignon?*"

"Whiz, kid."

"My little Weez, my name is Nanette."

Ten minutes brought them to the end of the car line. They climbed a long hill and on the plateau at the top came out upon a *lotissement*—a new and cheaply constructed suburban village of tiny houses, some of them mere huts of one room.

There was a tiny garden and, in the corner, a cabin, or lean to. "Just like out West on a ranch," marveled Whiz

"Now thou art going to see my baby," said Nanette.

"Your baby? Jeez, you got one?"

"One will see. I keep him out here."

She led on through the back streets until she came to a somewhat larger cottage. They mounted steps and knocked, and at once a buxom young peasant woman with sun-faded yellow hair welcomed them into the principal room of the cottage, on the floor of which three grubby infants were playing together.

"He goes always well, my Jean?" asked the girl, sitting down.

"Always, Madame," replied the peasant woman. "The air is good here."

"Come, my little cabbage," coaxed Nanette, holding out her hand toward the youngest infant, a toddler of two years.

The youngster came obediently but shyly, holding out a grimy little hand. "*Bo' zour,*" he lisped, then pulled away his hand and ran and buried his face in the skirts of the peasant woman.

"You do not come often enough, Madame," the woman apologized.

"I know . . . only Sundays and fêtes. Already he forgets me."

The peasant woman picked up the squirming child and put him on Nanette's lap. The girl hugged her baby close.

"But he is darling!" she crooned in her hoarse voice.

At this treatment little Jean squirmed and fretted protest. Whiz sought to aid the reconciliation. He came over and stooped down and took from his pocket a silvered cigarette lighter. The baby reached uncertainly for it and began turning it over and over in his hands.

"Hey, lemme show yuh sum'm," said Whiz, trying to get the lighter; but the baby only guarded it closer.

"Give it to the monsier, Jeannot," his mother bade him. "He will make thee a pretty feather with it."

Jeannot surrendered the *briquet*, and Whiz lighted it. The baby crowed and reached. Whiz snapped down the extinguisher and handed back the trinket, and little Jean once more gave it solemn examination. For an hour they played with the baby, and then Nanette said it would be safe to go. She called in the yellow-haired peasant woman and handed her a hundred-franc note.

"For the next half-month," she explained.

"Ah, Madame," stammered the woman, "I regret . . . but the life becomes always more dear. One is obliged now to charge more . . . three hundred per month."

"VERY well," said the girl, handing over another note without argument.

"Who's his daddy?" asked Whiz, when they were outside. "That bird back there?"

"Milou?" she cried in scorn. "It is necessary to understand that the papa of Jean is some one. He has been my friend . . . when I have had sixteen years."

"What's happened to him?"

"He has espoused a good party."

"An' left you holdin' the bag, (*Continued on page* 118)

Storm Drift

Out of the wrack of the storm she came, bringing its strife and its fury into his peaceful life . . . . .

The Story So Far:

THE ship carrying Captain Montague Turner back to England on sick leave from service in India was not more than three hours out of Bombay when Viola Norman, young, charming, and obviously very much disturbed, appealed to him to help her find her husband, John Norman, who had come aboard with her and who, she believed, was somewhere about the ship. Her anxiety was so apparent that Turner started in search of him only to learn from the purser that Mr. Norman had not booked passage and was not on the boat. After pondering on a possible explanation of Norman's strange disappearance he returned to Viola and, as tactfully as he could, told her of his fruitless search and of the purser's report. Shocked though she was to get this news, she finally consented to have tea with Turner and then he learned from her that her husband's action was not entirely unexpected.

Married three years, life on a lonely tea plantation in Burmah had been exile for her with each year becoming more unbearable as her husband withdrew into a silence which nothing could penetrate. Stricken with the realization that he meant to desert her, she knew that return to India was out of the question and the thought of facing the future alone, friendless and penniless, terrified her. Turner was touched by her plight and did his best to reassure and comfort her but later in the evening, while strolling

Illustrations by T. D. Skidmore

Very slowly she turned and faced him. "I've got to tell you. I value your friendship but I can't accept your help. Please . . . I can't!" Her eyes met his, for the fraction of a second, and again he saw that she was afraid. The thought pierced him anew

By Ethel M. Dell

about the deck, he was horrified to come upon her just as she was about to throw herself over the rail into the sea. He was just in time to drag her, struggling and protesting, away from danger, and after she had regained her composure, he finally succeeded in persuading her to let him help her, to which she agreed on the condition that he would allow her to repay him.

With the understanding that they would say nothing of her plight to their shipmates, they continued the voyage, Viola making a brave effort to forget her own troubles in ministering to her fellow passengers. Her special charges were the Rutherfords, children of the ship's doctor, and to them she devoted all her time. It was not until the voyage was nearly over that Turner was able to persuade her to discuss with him her plans for the future. Brought face to face with reality she was terrified and in desperation confessed to Turner that she was expecting a child. Filled with sympathy and compassion for her, he took her in his arms, and for a fleeting moment he was swept away in the rapture of a kiss.

Now Go On With the Story:

IF THE fires of bitter remorse and unsatisfied longing are the main characteristics of that place of torment which most men tersely dub "hell," then Tiggie's spirit occupied a specially heated compartment therein throughout the remaining hours of that storm-tossed night.

That sudden gleam of moonlight had, as it were, revealed him to himself, and before it passed he had mastered the madness that had overwhelmed him. He had muttered something quite inarticulate, and had released the slight figure which he had so summarily seized.

"Let's get below before another wave hits us!" had been his pretext. And they had gone below, she so shrouded in the high collar of Spot's coat that even in the comparative calm of the saloon he had gained but the vaguest glimpse of her face.

She had fled from him immediately, and he had gone straight to his own cabin to plunge headlong into the aforesaid hell of self-reproach and despair. He knew now what had happened to him—the cause of the restless fever which had consumed him for so long. He knew now that this fire which burned within him, urging him to impetuous actions foreign to his whole nature, had been kindled by neither compassion nor a sense of duty, but, amazingly, at the red flame of love. He loved her—that scrap of a girl who had drifted to him out of the void, a ship-wrecked castaway, and had taken refuge for a space on his raft. And though his love were madness there was no stifling it now.

Whatever this thing might contain for him, Tiggie resolved finally, it should hold nothing but good for her. Though he might never quench the flame within himself, he would keep it under for her sake, screening it behind a hedge of friendship which she should never again penetrate. He would serve her, somehow he would serve her, though his very heart broke in her service.

The next day was one of unbounded sunshine. They had left the storm roaring behind them, and everyone

emerged in smiling relief to spend the last day at sea on deck. Tiggie, leaning smoking on the deck-rail, was waiting to see Viola, wondering if he could possibly bring himself to greet her with that casual ease of manner which he felt was so necessary.

It was some time before he saw her, and then she was accompanied by Joyce and Jack. Little Joyce, though no longer an invalid, had the tired and rather aged look that succeeds a severe illness. She walked somberly by Viola's side, holding her hand. Jack on her other side pranced like a young colt.

He spied Tiggie, and sent forth a yell that no one could have pretended not to hear. Tiggie straightened himself and gave the party decorous greeting.

"Uncle Tiggie," cried Jack, "what are you going to do first when you get home?"

"Will you have anyone to meet you, Uncle Tiggie?" asked Joyce. "Granny's going to meet us—p'raps."

"No, there won't be anyone to meet me," said Tiggie.

"Oh, then you must come with us," said Joyce maternally. "Auntie Viola is going to. She hasn't anybody either."

"She and I will have to comfort each other," said Tiggie.

Viola's eyes lifted momentarily; he felt rather than saw her look. And in that instant he realized that what he had dreaded had come to pass. She was afraid of him. The conviction stabbed him with intolerable pain, but he covered it somehow for her sake.

"Look, kiddies!" he said. "You two walk—not run—around the deck like grown-ups and say 'Good-morning' nicely to everyone you know. Then come back! See?"

It was a transparent ruse, but he could think of no other. His time was growing short.

The children protested. Couldn't they all go together? Why couldn't they?

Tiggie stood helpless. It was Viola who gently overruled their remonstrances.

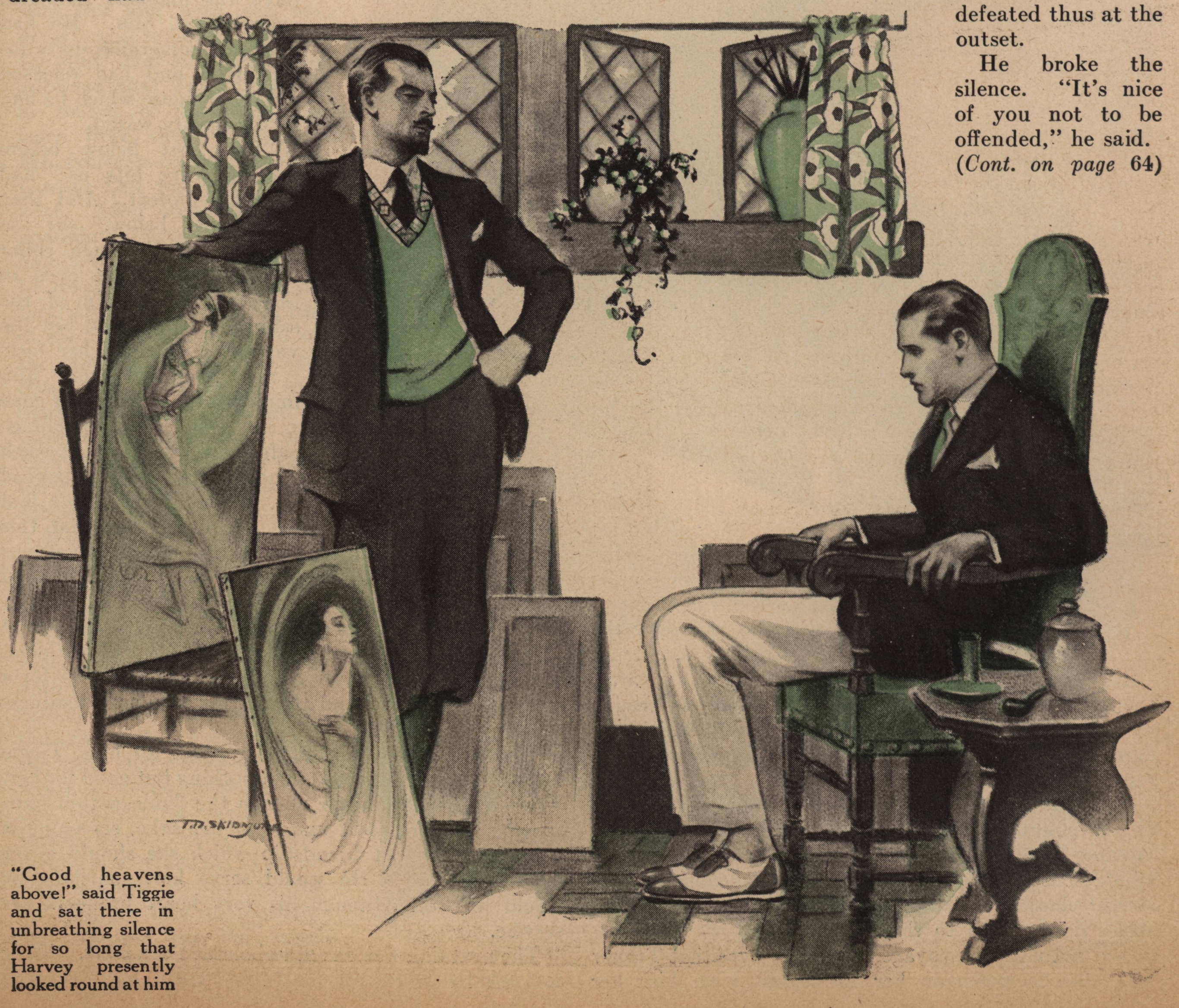
"IT won't take you very long, darlings, and when you come back we'll have some games. Run along now! We'll wait for you here." The quiet decision with which she spoke had its effect. Brother and sister went off hand in hand, and they two were alone.

"Thank you," said Tiggie.

She stood beside him, her hands on the rail, looking down into the clear, sparkling water. Once more he was swept by a surging longing to take her in his arms and awake the dormant splendor of her to vivid throbbing life; but in a moment he had put desire from him with iron determination. He had a gigantic task before him and he would not be defeated thus at the outset.

He broke the silence. "It's nice of you not to be offended," he said.

(*Cont. on page* 64)



"Good heavens above!" said Tiggie and sat there in unbreathing silence for so long that Harvey presently looked round at him

Women should learn to know the health and variety of interests that lie outdoors, beyondwhere the pavement ends

(Ewing Galloway)

The Pioneer Woman Now Gives Inspiration for Modern Woman's Activities

The Outdoors Girl of 1931

By Edgar Forest Wolfe

ON APRIL 22nd last year, at Ponca City, on the famous Cherokee Strip, the State of Oklahoma unveiled its monument to "The Pioneer Woman"—the mother of the race. In this statue she is represented in homely garb, carrying a Bible in one hand and leading a little boy by the other, with her face turned toward the horizon and her feet marching on. At the unveiling ceremony President Hoover delivered a radio address in which he eulogized the pioneer woman as one who was "rich in primitive virtues, her to whom we owe all that is good in us today."

The pioneer woman was an outdoor woman from force of necessity—and the measure in which her daughter of today has inherited this lure to the outdoors represents to a considerable degree the measure in which she has likewise inherited those primitive virtues from this mother of the race.

The wise woman of today is the one who retains those virtues in as great a measure as possible, while adding what she has gained in the refinements and advantages of civilization, and it is to her we will owe the virtue of future (*Continued on page 129*)

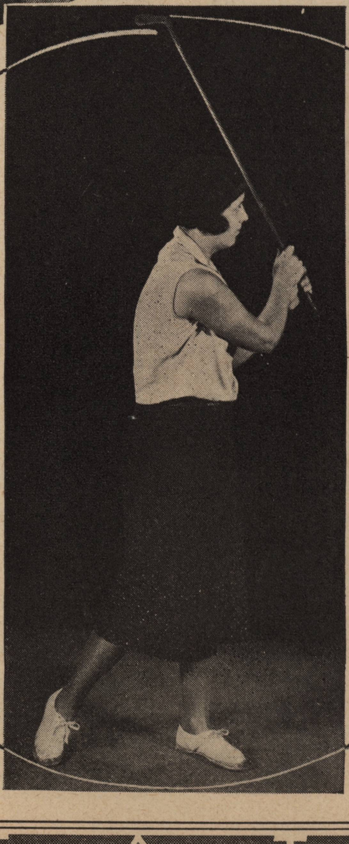
The woman of today still, on occasion, "turns her face toward the horizon with her feet marching on"

"*Anything* but GOLF"

If Feminism Consists of Beating Men at Their Our Game—

Glenna Collett is a slim and extremely personable young woman who can step from the eighteenth hole to the dance floor and still remain a champion

A close-up of Glenna Collett as she completes an iron shot



The finish of an iron shot as Glenna Collett plays it

IN THE modern world it isn't wholly logical that the test of worth should come down to the ancient, even atavistic, requirement of a demonstration of physical power.

Yet the fact does remain that, in the long struggle of women up from nowhere, they have constantly been handicapped and taunted by the reproach that—after all—they were the weaker sex.

The most logical arguments in favor of feminism have often failed because of male complacency in its possession of physical power.

And so it seems to me that when

says Glenna Collett

By Heywood Broun

Glenna Collett Helps Woman's Cause More than 100,000 Orators

Glenna Collett at the top of her back-swing for an iron shot

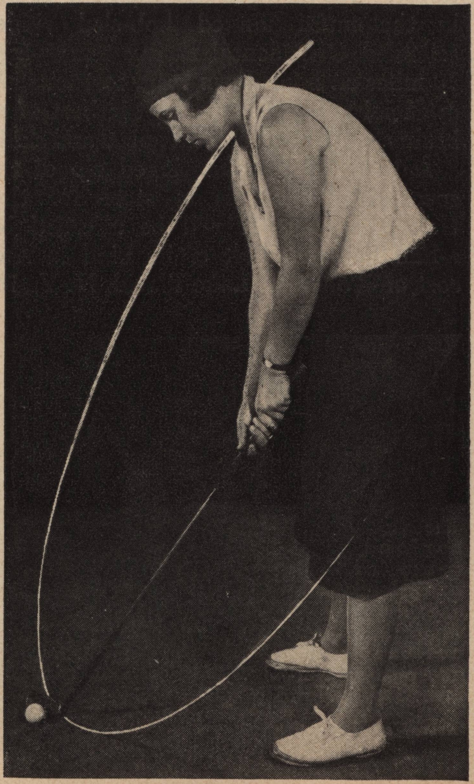
Gertrude Ederle swam the English Channel she did more for her sex than hundreds and thousands of militant orators. And in a somewhat similar manner I think that Glenna Collett, the golfer, is an exponent of equal rights. in spite of the fact that no such mission has ever come consciously into her pretty little head.

Of course, the world has long been forced to admit that here and there exceptional individuals rose up who denied existing concepts in regard to male superiority. This fact might be brushed aside as mere accident or put down to the score of witchcraft as happened in more primitive civilizations. Joan of Arc was the first great feminist. The fact that she could lead an army into battle successfully disturbed every existing notion of an orderly and regimented universe. And the passion of the world for orderliness sufficed to make her a martyr. Later leaders in the cause of equal rights have not suffered so severely and yet even such minor triumphs as a superb round of golf are indictments of the *status quo*. If Glenna Collett can go around a full length golf course in 71, as she did in Canada, that fact shakes the prevalent notion that man is essentially and eternally the master in all tests of power and physical skill.

It is true that many of our professionals and our leading amateurs have broken seventy upon occasion, but Miss Collett in such a scoring vein could beat all but a handful of the ruling sex. *And golf is a true test of fitness.* I venture to say that, of the sports known to man, it is the most exacting. Do not, I beg of you, immediately elevate an eyebrow and say that football is far more strenuous and a five-set tennis match more exhausting than a couple of rounds of golf. That may be true but we must not forget the aftermath. In a very literal way a golf match is never finished. It furnishes the opportunity for endless analysis and recapitulation.

Even a duffer can consume half an hour of your

(*Continued on page* 121)



The stance and grip correct, the champion is ready to address the ball

Bob-Bob-Bobbing ALONG!

America Now Takes Up Europe's Famous Winter Sport and Erects Mammoth Slide in Lake Placid Mountains

By Lee Trenholm

An overhead view of a bob-sled with the crew ready for action

(Acme News Pictures)

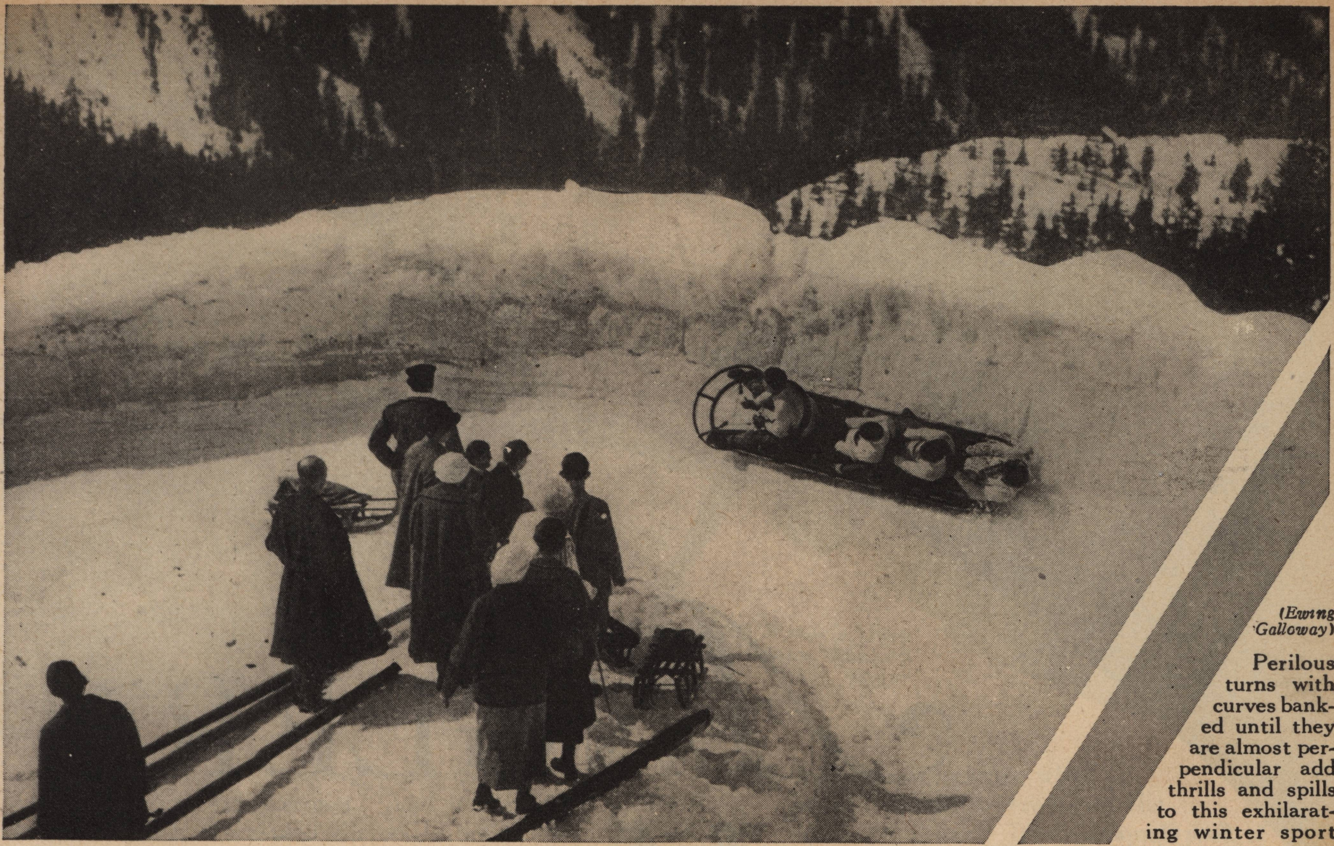
COASTING, as a studied sport, is increasingly popular in Europe. What was everywhere a haphazard wintertime recreation casually pursued by the young not so long ago is now an organized matter of international adult interest. Its farthest development is found in the multi-manned bob-sled ridden by schooled Continental racing teams as fast as 70 miles an hour down long, tortuous and costly artificial runs designed by the best of engineering brains to try their utmost speed and skill and daring.

A taste of the risk-tinged zip of this swift and spectacular sport is in store for these uninitiated United States. It will be afforded by the mile and a-half bob-run, first of its kind in America, built at a cost of $75,000 at Lake Placid, N. Y., for the III Olympic Winter Games there in February, 1932. It should prove a taste, say connoisseurs of outdoor dishes, that will keenly whet our waxing appetite for winter sports.

Humans have been coasting down snow- and ice-sheeted hillsides almost as long as there have been hillsides and snow and ice to cover them. Their sliding has been done on multifarious sleds, from the ponderous, pole-steered

The victorious team of Englishmen and the trophy won at the international bob-sled race at Hurren, Switzerland

(Acme News Pictures)



(Ewing Galloway)

Perilous turns with curves banked until they are almost perpendicular add thrills and spills to this exhilarating winter sport

skijalker of Norway to the light, flat-bottomed toboggan of northern North America.

Most coasting by Yankee youngsters, and Yankee oldsters as well, of the past two or three generations has been on two types of conveyances: the frail, high "girl's sled," with thin, metal runners looped upward in front, and the solid, wooden, clipper sled on pointed runners faced with rounded iron. Occasionally, the more venturesome set out in numbers, usually down the turnpikes, on a home-made, brakeless "double-runner" which was nothing but two clipper sleds bolted in tandem to either end of a plank. And in later years, with typical mechanical bent, American inventiveness brought forth the flexible flyer and its steerable, steel undercarriage.

Resemblances of the girl's sled and of the double-runner are used in the two most sensational varieties of sport coasting today: skeleton-sledding and bob-sledding. There is the toboggan, too, but it is confined largely to slotted, turnless slides gauged to its breadth. These insure involuntary (*Continued on page* 140)

Down the slopes of Mt. Van Hoevenberg at Lake Placid is now being constructed the first bob-sled run to be built in America. It is here that the III Olympic Winter Games will be held in 1932

This abbreviated version of the bob-sled, the "boblet," will be used in the 2-man events at the 1932 Olympics at Lake Placid in February of next year

(*International Newsreel*)

Gently she turned the body over. Warmth lingered, but the old man was quite dead

Six of them, but only two committed the murder; guess which were the two guilty—

ANGLER'S HANDS

By Laura Miller

MISS HATTIE WHITE had always maintained that if you knew any one thing thoroughly it would lead to adventure. She knew dry flies. They led her to trout streams and fishing lodges in remote mountain ranges, led her particularly to Seaver's in the Cascade Mountains, and there, when she least expected it, into happenings which proved her contention.

She had been casting an hour one afternoon, trying out flies on a calm stretch of river, when a thunder storm burst upon her. Great drops of rain spattered the stones at her feet. Wet feet did not annoy her, for she was an ardent angler. But wet shoulders were another matter. And wet shoulders she should have, if she remained any longer on the open gravel bar. She reeled in her line, and looked about for shelter.

Seaver's log hotel was three miles away, down the river on the opposite side. Behind her the woods of vine maple and alder afforded scant protection against a heavy shower. Up stream she could see the primitive suspension bridge by which she had crossed. Near it, hidden in trees, on the same bank with her, stood Mr. More's cabin. She decided to try for the cabin.

It occurred to her as she walked rapidly to the head of the gravel bar, the grip of her fly rod firmly held in a sunburnt hand, that she knew Mr. More only by hearsay. She had herself never laid eyes on him. At Seaver's they said, "Oh, he's old. Real old. But he's a fine figger of a man, though. Lives up in that cabin by his sole lonesome. He's got a mine above it a little piece. Placer. It's tunnelled in the hill. Guess it pays pretty good. We don't see him around here much. He ain't no hand to talk. Kinda opens up to Kirk Terry though sometimes, and Kirk, he's done errands in town for Mr. More when he had to go in on forestry business. He ain't American, Mr. More ain't. He's English. He don't talk about hisself much."

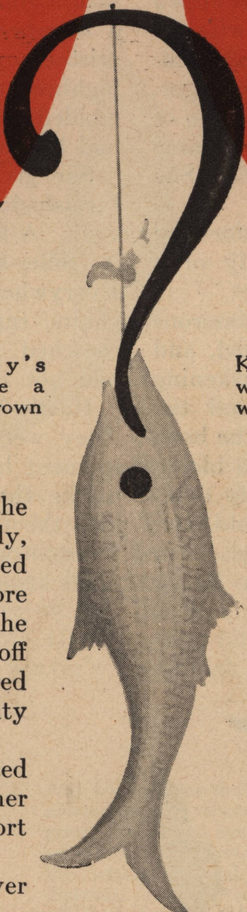
Hattie White made what haste she could in her hob-

Hattie White was not a timorous woman

Illustrations by Percy Anderson

Woodley's face wore a puzzled frown

Knole's face was flushed with anger



nailed boots over the rounded stones. And suddenly, along the river, she espied shelter, a hollowed place under the high bank, protected still more by a fir log jutting over the stream. She gathered herself into the hollow, slipped off her creel, laid her rod carefully across trousered knees, and settled back into the dry obscurity to wait for the storm to pass.

Miss White's short, stocky figure fitted comfortably into the cavity. She took off her shapeless felt hat, let the wind ruffle her short gray hair.

Her firm, unlined face, fifty years old, yet never showing it, was flushed from hurrying. With an angler's appraisal she fixed quiet gray eyes on the water below. It ran deep and swift with huge boulders close beneath the surface, ideal lodgings for large rainbow trout. She decided to have a try at them. At Seaver's they would cook the fish for supper if she got them in, cleaned, by half past six. She looked at her watch. It was exactly four o'clock.

Fifteen minutes later the thunder shower passed on toward the high Cascades; but Miss White did not move. A curious, pearly mist hung over the water. When it lifted she would cast. Then, as she waited, very distinctly, on the bank above her, she heard a tread. A trail must lead there from Mr. More's cabin. She was about to rise and declare her presence when something was lowered over the bank before her. It was a small sack of stout linen such as banks use for coin.

The person above was, of course, Mr. More. For some reason he was depositing gold nuggets in the deep water. Hattie White gasped and drew farther back, hoping to remain unseen. She had no intention of divulging this secret cache, and her discovery would put the elderly miner to the pains of finding another.

Fascinated, like a fly watching a spider swinging at the end of a thread, she watched the bag lowered. It was tied with a bit of fish line, a tapered, imported Hardy line, one of the olive-hued ones. Then —the man must be lying on the bank so as to drop the bag, unobserved, without a splash—two tanned hands and wrists appeared at the end of the line. The right hand, she noticed, was burned browner than the left. But what most astonished her was that they were not the gnarled hands of an old miner. They were neither calloused, nor knotted, nor wrinkled.

The sack dropped. The hands were withdrawn. Footsteps died away. Miss Hattie White was left with all her curiosity centered on the personality of the strange Mr. More.

She caught her trout, four of them, from sixteen to twenty inches long. It was five o'clock when she

Hallam's eyes were sliding from one face to another

had them cleaned and found a path up the bank and on to the cabin. Since her fish were taken practically in his dooryard, she determined to offer one to Mr. More.

The cabin surprised her. Gray weathered logs she expected, but not a sophisticated green painted roof and door. There was not a sign of life. She rapped smartly. The sound met with no response. She repeated the knocking, each time with increased vigor. Nothing stirred. Only the echo of her blows on the green door came back. A foreboding seized her. She pushed open the door.

In a heap, fallen face forward on the floor, lay the body of a white-haired man.

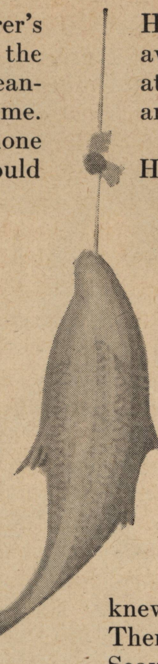
Hattie White was not a timorous woman. She strode forward, and knelt over the figure. A darkening purple bruise spread behind the right ear and down across the back of the neck. There was no blood. Gently she turned the body over. Warmth lingered, but the old man was quite dead. He had been struck from behind with a heavy weapon. It must have been a quick, single blow.

Hattie White felt herself in the presence of not one mystery, but two. The first was the identity of the murderer. The second, and the most compelling to her notice then, was the identity of the man himself. Here was no low class English lout digging his sustenance out of the stubborn earth. Here, hidden away in an inaccessible region of the high Cascade Mountains, was a member of the fine old, uncompromising English aristocracy. Race showed in the noble forehead, the highbred nose, the shape of cheek and chin, the well-molded lips. What had brought him here? And why had he been killed?

She glanced about the room. It was comfortably furnished. Books of history and philosophy lined one wall. A bust of Socrates lay overturned on the table. A roller-top desk stood unlocked and ransacked. Everywhere were evidences of struggle, a confusion of chairs, rugs askew. The old man's right hand was clenched as if he had struck out in anger. Death had not relaxed it.

Hattie White bent over again to examine his hands. They were, as she had subconsciously felt from the moment her summons remained unanswered, entirely unlike the ones she had seen dropping the nuggets into the river. The hands she had seen belonged to the man who had killed Mr. More. The murderer had made his escape while she delayed coming to the cabin.

She looked for a tangible clue, for the murderer's weapon. She searched the room, the bedroom, the bath, the tiny kitchen. She found nothing. Meantime it was becoming necessary to report the crime. Kirk Terry, the forest ranger, had the only telephone at Seaver's. She would tell him, and he could telephone the sheriff.



FOR some reason, perhaps because his death had been so violent, she could not leave the cabin without crossing the old man's hands on his breast to give him at least the semblance of peace. She uttered a cry as she performed this office, for, in the right hand, clasped between thumb and finger in such a way that the barb was deeply embedded in the thumb's flesh, was a tawny dry fly.

No one knew dry flies better than Hattie White. It was her business to know dry flies. This one was peculiar and somewhat rare, made by only one individual in the Pacific Northwest. She herself had seen but one such fly before.

She had now three definite clues, the hands, the Hardy line, the unusual fly. Another, she knew she must consider impartially, though her woman's intuition and a large business experience, which gave her trustworthy judgment of men, tempted her to reject it. At an hour, which she remembered as a little after half past two, she had seen a fellow guest at Seaver's cross the suspension bridge. She knew of him only that he was an attorney named Hallam, from the county seat some eighty miles away, and that he, like the two other men staying at the log hotel, was a zealous and accomplished angler.

She had not seen Mr. Hallam recross the bridge. He must still be on the cabin side of the river. That fact was suspicious.

Hours seemed to have passed since she entered the cabin. She had been there exactly twenty minutes. She stepped out, closing the door softly, crossed the swinging bridge, and entered the three-mile trail leading through the thick woods of the forest reserve to Seaver's.

It was after six when she reached the settlement. Seaver's was only eighteen miles off the main highway, but those eighteen miles were so full of ruts, mud holes, bumps, and unexpected gullies that it remained one of the most isolated spots in the Cascade Mountains, frequented only by a few devoted anglers who knew the size of the rainbow trout at the road's end. There were three permanent residents, Mr. and Mrs. Seaver, the unsophisticated old country couple who owned the log hotel on the river bank, and young Kirk Terry, the ranger, whose neat white house, garage and flag-pole stood across the road from the hotel. A ferry crossed the river to Seaver's hay-field on the far bank.

The far bank was unsettled. Beyond the hay-field rose high ridges and peaks of the range, penetrated by no one but scattered sheep-herders and (*Continued on page* 132)

Any friendliness that ever existed among them was gone. Each man eyed the others with distrust, eyed the whole roomful with distrust. The air of the office became suddenly electric with suspicion

LOVE

This Month's Personal Message by Bernarr Macfadden

LIFE is one continuous struggle for happiness. Every day we seek the joyousness of this exquisite contentment.

And love plays an important part in the great drama of life. It is the one great desideratum. Without it life is dull, empty, sordid, meaningless.

Whatever may be the immortality that is promised us by theologians, it is only through love that human life becomes immortal. It lives on indefinitely, generation after generation, only through this majestic lure.

Love's mysterious power at times thrills us with flaming delight, or we may taste the satisfying joys that appease a hungry heart—bringing calm serenity to a ruffled spirit.

We all want love. There are no exceptions. There are men haters and woman haters; but they are abnormal. They are the product of that particular characteristic which often makes us hate that which we formerly loved.

But why should we discuss love in a physical culture publication? Has it anything to do with dumb-bells, bulging muscles, scientific diet, or health-building in general?

It has everything to do with these subjects!

Did you ever hear of two invalids falling in love? Have you known of lovers who were weaklings? Are they not more frequently associated with vital, healthy specimens of femininity and masculinity?

There can be no love light in dull, lusterless eyes. They must beam with vitality. They must have the aliveness, the sparkling effervescence that accompanies buoyant health.

Therefore, love and physical culture unconsciously become very close associates. Without the vitality, the buoyant vigor that comes with splendid health, love, if it does come into being, is transient in duration—often unwholesome, unprofitable.

It is therefore sinful to be weak, and criminal to remain in this devitalized state when it can be remedied by intelligent body-building measures.

When two vital specimens of humanity feel the mysterious lure of love's call, the mating season has arrived. The Almighty's omnipotent laws are operating. It is the first step in the process that immortalizes human life.

It is only healthy, vital specimens who possess in a highly developed state the instincts that guide humanity in their love life. Love is meaningless and leads to nothing but tragedy when normal vitality and vigor are absent.

If you have missed the delightful thrills that come with falling in love, you may find that your loss is due to the lack of vigor that comes with splendid health.

If you have found love, if you have felt the exquisite ecstasies of its fulfillment, and this unalloyed happiness is slipping away from you, the loss may be due to your neglect in caring for your bodily structure.

It may sound prosaic and commonplace to so closely associate health with love.

Some will say that health is a mere physical phase of life while love is a mysterious force that no one can entirely analyze. And there is much truth in this contention as far as its mystery is concerned. But we must realize that the fascinating lure of the sexes is entirely a physical manifestation. It is the call of the mating instinct. And the more vital you are the more dominating this imperious demand becomes.

The thrill that comes from the touch of the hand, the caress of the lips, is entirely physical, though love that becomes so intense that it makes two people believe their very souls are cemented, that one cannot live without the other, must indeed have much that is beyond the mere physical lure.

But the exquisite ecstasies of their close association, the joyousness of merely being together, of "feeling" the witchery of the light of love in each other's eyes—it all must have a physical background.

It is only under such circumstances that we can say that two hearts beat as one, that two souls commune in delightful harmony.

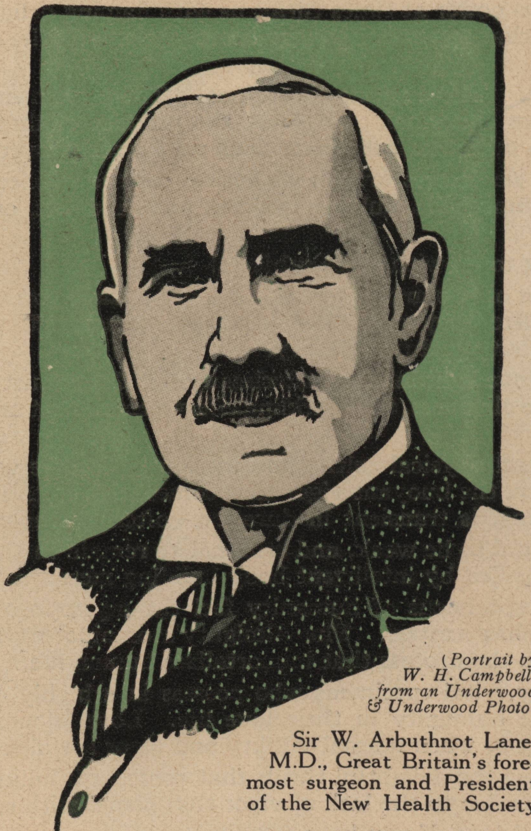
Bernarr Macfadden

RHEUMATISM

By

Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane, Bart., C.B., M.S., F.R.C.S.

World-Famous Medical Authority



(Portrait by W. H. Campbell, from an Underwood & Underwood Photo)

Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane, M.D., Great Britain's foremost surgeon and President of the New Health Society

OCCURING at all ages and in both sexes, rheumatism, in its various forms, is one of the most prevalent of all the maladies of civilization. It is a tragic disease—rightly feared by all—for it both kills and cripples. How often do we hear of a bright and happy child whose promising life has been stricken by rheumatism, and how often have we seen a man or woman in the prime of life racked and incapacitated by this same disease?

The ravages of rheumatism exact an enormous toll in human suffering and in human wealth. Workers laid low by rheumatism are a heavy charge on industry and a serious drain on the financial resources of a nation. In England, it has been estimated that, one way and another, rheumatism costs the colossal sum of £17,000,000 per annum! Clearly, here is a social problem, the magnitude and urgency of which should claim the instant attention of all who are concerned with national welfare, both material and physical.

ECONOMIC and health conditions are mutually dependent. That is one of the lessons which industrial medicine has taught the business world. Trade prosperity is based on efficient production and this cannot be achieved unless the workers are bodily fit and mentally satisfied. It is of the utmost importance, therefore, to employer and employee alike, that the greatest endeavors should be made to control and, if possible, to eradicate this scourge of rheumatism.

Can this highly desirable object be achieved or is it beyond the possibilities of medical science? The answers to these questions will be revealed in the course of this article. At the moment, let us consider certain facts concerning the nature of rheumatism. In this matter, I shall be candid and say right away that, although we doctors know a great deal about the manifestations and methods of treatment of this disease, we are still in the dark on the subject of its final causes. This does not mean, of course, that we are ignorant of contributory casual factors—factors in the absence of which we have every reason to believe that the disease would not occur. If we *were* so ignorant, then all treatment would be empirical or directed to the relief of symptoms and no rational methods of prevention would be available.

FORTUNATELY this is not the case. We know, for example,that rheumatism tends to occur in the ill-nourished and in those who have an infection hidden in some corner of their bodies, and there is an accumulation of evidence which points definitely to the fact that rheumatism is essentially a preventable disease and that, within the scope of our present knowledge, it can be prevented.

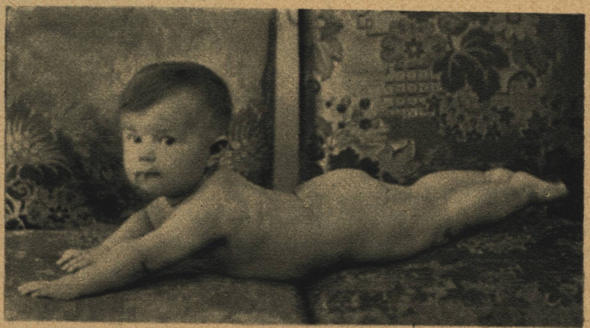
Now rheumatism is a very complex disease entity. By scientific consent it has come to include a number of related conditions which have certain features in common. For convenience, however, we may divide rheumatism into the *acute* variety as it affects children and young adults and the *chronic* variety more or less confined to those who have reached maturity. But before describing these in detail, the important question of predisposition to rheumatism must be mentioned. Everyone knows that this complaint "runs in families," in other words, that a rheumatic parent is liable to have a rheumatic child. This is an established scientific fact though the explanation is shrouded in mystery. Still it has a significant practical bearing for surely, if we know that certain children are born with a susceptibility to rheumatism, we should be able to adopt timely measures of protection and defense. Herein lies the chief possibility for the prevention of rheumatism and I will dwell on this aspect of the problem later.

Some children would appear to be doomed to rheumatism from their birth. They are not difficult as a rule to detect. Coming from a (*Continued on page* 138)

They'll Be CHAMPIONS By and By

THOSE who begin life this way have a good chance of becoming champions as, for instance, Carol Clair Hunter of Wampa, Idaho, with the big, laughing eyes, or little Sonya Mae West of Los Angeles, getting three kinds of baths at once, sun, air and water

A PERFECT doll — little "Fingers and Toes" —is Betty Jane Hoagland of Brookfield, Missouri, in person. Our happy curly-head over there is Bob Parnell, Jr., of Abilene, Texas, while the exquisite ballet dancer below—just look at those extended toes—is Betty Skumsky of Ashley, Pennsylvania



Bending the Twig ~~

(*Armstrong Roberts*)

~~ *to Incline* the Tree

Although you may not change your child, you may, if you have the wit and patience, emphasize his good traits and diminish the bad ones

A Mother Discusses Heritage and Environment as it Affects Children

By

Ethel Remington Hepburn

PROBABLY you all know a bachelor or maiden lady who is full of good advice anent the bringing up of children. If you are a parent, there have undoubtedly been occasions when you would gladly have turned over your entire brood—"for keeps"—to those same confident persons. For, although *most* children are angels *some* of the time, and *some* children are angels *most* of the time, *no* child is an angel *all* of the time. Almost without exception, each and every youngster will, at some period of growth, develop a trait that makes us wonder why we ever undertook to raise a family in the first place! It is for such occasions that I offer this article.

Happily for me, some unknown ancestor bequeathed to me, in lieu of the proverbial silver spoon, a large quantity of confidence in my own ability to handle any and all problems! In consequence, before my first-born arrived, I had determined on the exact way in which I should tackle the job of motherhood. On the theory of prenatal influence, I spent hours looking at beautiful pictures, reading fine literature, hearing wonderful music, attending dramatic performances.

And when my baby arrived it was all exactly as I had planned—even to his beautiful face and thick dark hair. It was as if I had always known how he would look—so perfectly was he the child of my dreams. As he grew, he lived up to all I had hoped of him. Loving everything that was beautiful, he would stand beside me as I worked and ask me to recite poetry to

him. Not till I lost him did I entirely realize that once in a blue moon it happens that a perfect thing is given to us in this imperfect world. Leonard would have been the same in any environment and under any circumstances.

The years have taught me many things—not the least is the truth that no amount of prenatal influence will materially alter the combination of traits bequeathed to the child by that mysterious and shadowy company of ancestors which has preceded him into the world.

(Armstrong Roberts)

To a child his own line of reasoning is perfectly logical, no matter how absurd it may seem to others

BUT when my second child arrived I was, naturally, more than ever convinced of the efficacy of my methods, so I confidently went through the same preparation—books, music, pictures, drama.

The truth dawned upon me gradually. This second child cared little for art, nothing for books, something less for music, and as for drama—well, he occasionally goes to a "movie" and falls asleep. It was obvious that something had gone wrong with my pet theory. I threw it out! And with no further attempt tc mold my prospective offspring, I succeeded in presenting to the world eight more youngsters, each as unlike any of the others as it is possible to be. And, being something of a philosopher, I decided to "make the best of them" both figuratively and actually.

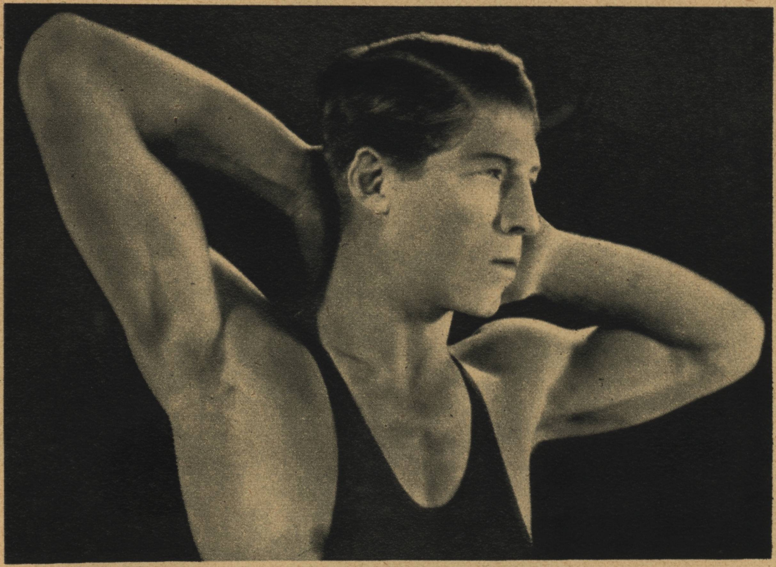
(Armstrong Roberts)

Before you can count yourself a factor in your child's development you must thoroughly understand your child

In the course of years, I was to discard one other pet theory, namely, that an intelligent parent can mold the offspring to his will *after* birth. For something like sixteen years I tried to give to my second child at least a liking for the things which have always meant so much to me. I came to realize at last that the fundamental difference was too great. He likes to work with the soil—to make things grow. And although book knowledge was almost impossible of attainment to him, he seems to absorb information about plants and flowers with little or no effort. And I think this gift, if he will but treasure it and develop it, may become for him quite as much an art as the gifts I prize so highly. After He created the universe, God made a garden.

As a result of twenty-odd (*Continued on page* 111)

Your Shoulders *and*



Clasp the hands back of the head, then both push and pull against self-resistance from one side to the other

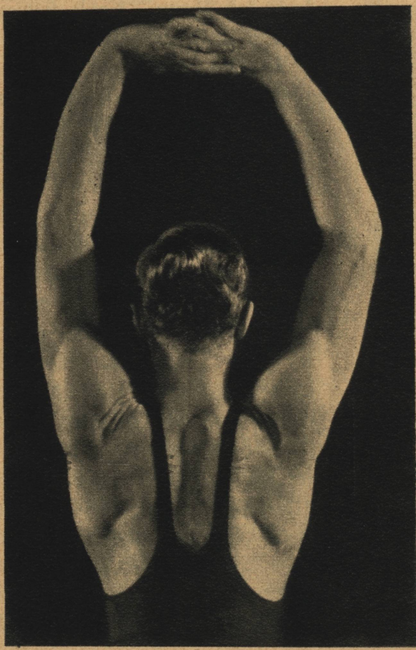
For Men: Good Shoulders Stamp You at a Glance as Rugged, Robust and Four-Square

By Carl E. Williams

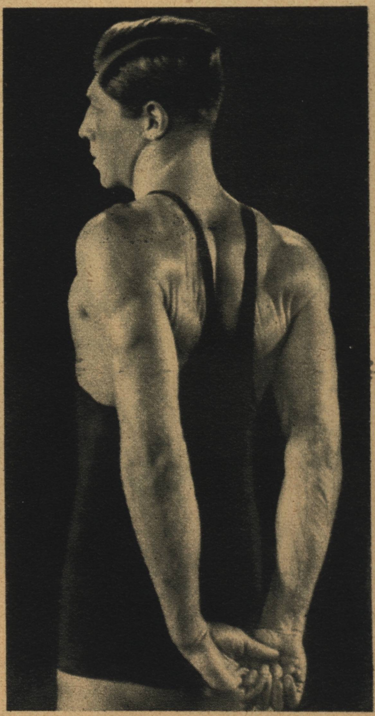
YOUR shoulders stamp your personality. If you don't like it—that is, if your shoulders are not what you would like them to be—you can change them, for shoulders are particularly susceptible to improvement.

Personality is closely and inevitably tied up with the type of physique. We too easily forget that. We commonly think of personality in terms of the spirit of the individual, forgetting that the body expresses that spirit. We often get a sense of the personality of a stranger over the telephone, or over the radio, but we get even that through the physical instrumentality of the voice. Physique is fundamental in personality, and you can never get away from it. Where men are concerned, good shoulders suggest strength and manhood; where women are concerned, they are a tremendous factor in feminine beauty.

I recall a pertinent observation of the late Coles Phillips, popular magazine cover artist, famous for silk stocking advertisements and wholesome American girl

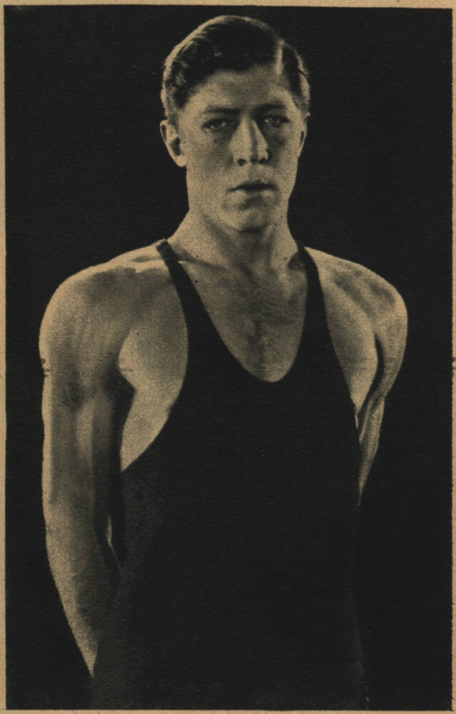


Stretch the arms high overhead with fingers interlocked, thrusting upward and pulling backward vigorously

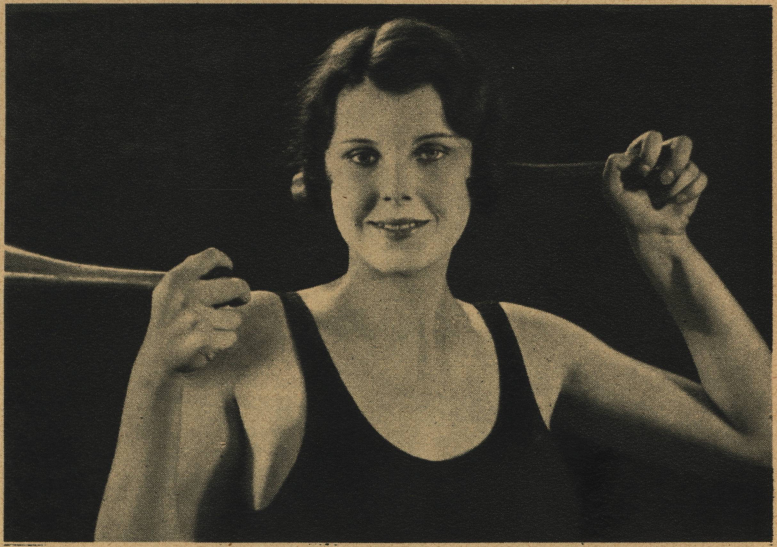


With fingers gripped behind the back, pull apart as vigorously as you can

(Below) With fingers interlocked, pull the arms backward and away from the body. Corrective of round shoulders



your Personality



For Women: Good Shoulders Establish "Presence" at Once, and Give Clothes Proper "Set"

types. Talking about the ideal figure, Mr. Phillips said without hesitation, "The ideal American girl should be five feet six inches, should weigh one hundred and thirty pounds, and should have good shoulders. She should have good shoulders not only for the sake of the shoulders themselves, but for the sake of wearing her clothes well." Now, that should be enough in itself, but he might have added, "and for the sake of personality."

You will see shortly that this article is concerned not merely with the strength and development of the shoulder muscles. It is the set of the shoulders—the way you wear them—that does so much to stamp your personality. And this is not a matter of the body merely, although that has plenty to do with it. But the shoulders have a way of expressing the whole spirit of an individual.

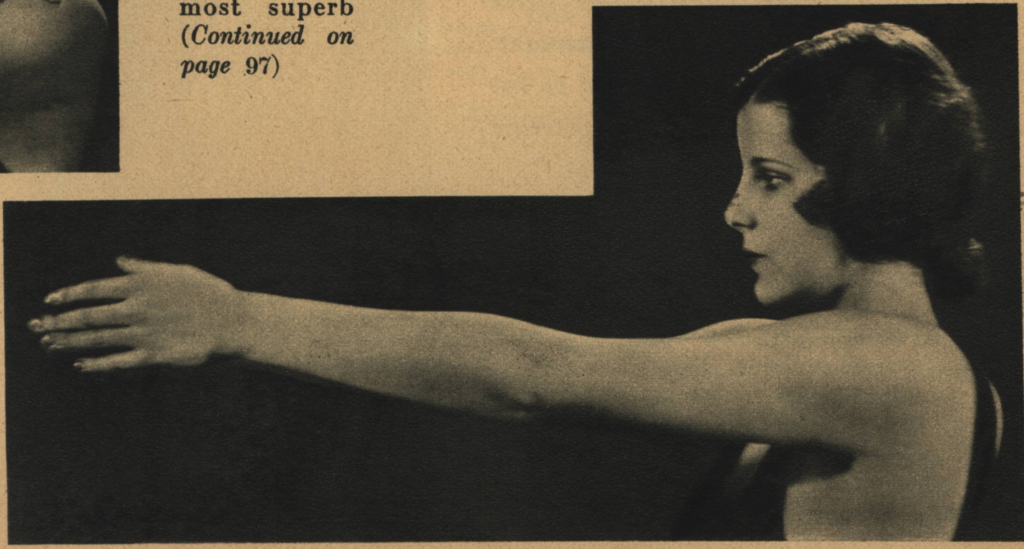
One of the most superb (*Continued on page* 97)

(*Above*) Indian Club swinging is an ideal exercise for the shoulders, not for the arms, for special reasons given in this article

(*Right*) All arm-raising movements in general are essentially shoulder exercises. They also expand and raise the chest, putting the shoulders in the place where they belong

Poses by Grace Moore and Harrison Scott

(*Above*) With arms doubled, touch the elbows in front, then bring them back with a strong pull



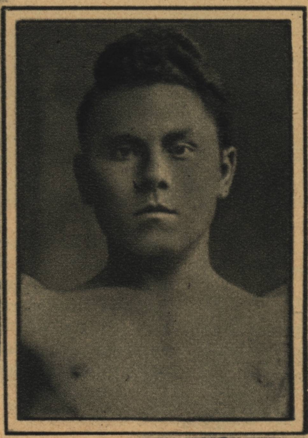
(*Right*) With arms at shoulder level in front, swing them as far back as you can. Try to touch them behind you

And I was going *to be a* GANGSTER!

Startling Story of Second Prize Winner in Contest on the Building of Perfect Physique

By **Carl W. Cataio**

I was becoming an underworld character. Thank God I got hold of that magazine at that moment!



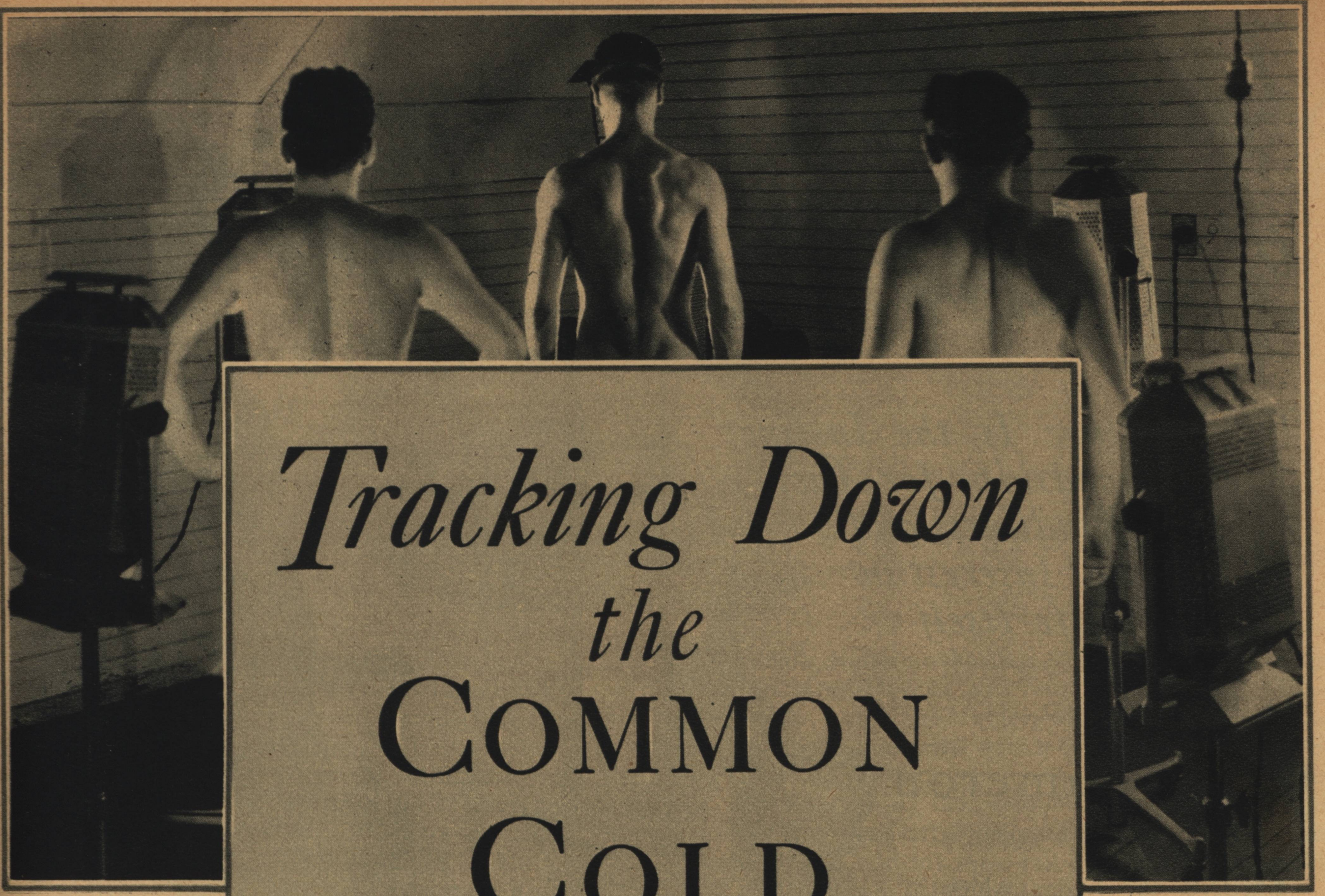
This amazing confessional dramatically reinforces the charge of Captain Willemse (see article on page 23) to the effect that environment creates our gangsters. An article on physical culture changed the whole course of this young man's life, transforming him into a strong, constructive force instead of a destructive marauder. His story is a human document of the first water, addressed in no uncertain terms to "this day and time."

The president of the college said that I had the finest poise and posture of body that he had ever seen

THE contention upon which my personal story is based is that one need not admire his fellowmen's every action because of physical prowess, for they may be on the downward path, but that he should admire an action which he has taken time to consider and found that it has come not only from a fine body, but also from clean thinking, clean living, and a wholesome and upright outlook on life. I firmly believe that maladjustments of children in regard to their ultimate ideals and ambitions are due in no little measure to their utter ignorance of the high type of manhood which physical culture can develop.

WHAT man or woman does not strive for some ultimate goal in this world? It may be for wealth, social life, power, physical fitness, or spiritual well-being, but we all strive. We are so eager to attain our end that we do not stop to consider what really constitutes our ability to achieve our ends. The constituent is our health! Health is the dominating factor. Health is the power that brings us wealth, success, physical

(*Continued on page* 128)



Tracking Down *the* COMMON COLD

Experiments conducted at Cornell tend to prove that a 10- to 16-minute exposure to the rays of an ultra-violet lamp once a week will materially reduce the incidence of colds

Cornell University Discovers in Its "Cold Prevention" Classes the Causes of Our Great Winter Scourge

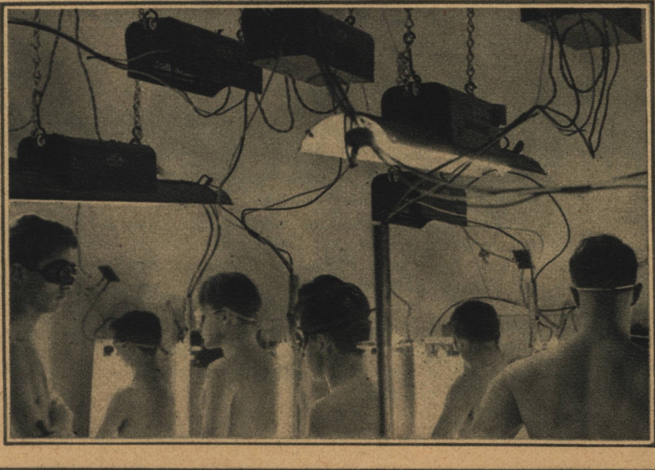
By Dr. Dean F. Smiley, CORNELL UNIVERSITY MEDICAL ADVISER

In an Interview with Harold E. Jansen

DO YOU practise cold control in your home? You may have a cold control on your automatic refrigerator or a heat control for your furnace or hot water tank, but what do you do to control the number of common colds you have? Your answer probably is, "Very little."

A study made at Cornell University showed that approximately 25 per cent. of the student body were *chronic* sufferers from colds—that is, had colds four or more times a year. And with this as an index, it is safe to estimate that there are at least 20,000,000 people in the United States in this same category after we have taken into consideration the fact that those who live in sections of the country with a more even and drier temperature the year around are not as susceptible to colds. A large corporation which advertises in the national magazines states that 83 per cent. of us have colds in winter.

From ultra-violet ray lamps the students derive the benefits of a midsummer sun



So important are colds in the lives of students—affecting as they do their brain power as well as their physical capacity—that "cold prevention" classes have been established at Cornell University. And the most impressive feature of this plan is the weekly baths in the ultra-violet ray solarium which was credited with a 40 per (*Continued on page* 76)

The Charm of Culture

True Culture Is the Instinct for Friendship, for Tact and Kindliness and a Vital Interest in Life Itself

By

Carol Cameron

Culture is very like charm and contributes to charm. It is, I think, as much a matter of heart as of intellect

AMONG the letters which come to me are so many from both women and men asking what they may do to attain this intangible thing called "culture." Most of them confess to a rather limited academic education, although some of them have gone through high school and some through college. One and all admit an ignorance of what culture really is and ask how they may impress people with their own knowledge of the world and books through conversation and letters. Many ask for a reading list.

It is a little difficult to tell you just what I think "culture" is. It is a great deal easier to tell you what it is *not*. Culture is not the possession of a tremendous mass of undigested information; nor is it even a matter, solely, of education. Culture is very like charm, and contributes to charm. It is, I think, as much a matter of heart and spirit as of intellect.

I know a man who comes instantly to mind when culture is mentioned. He holds an impeccable social position, his family tree being a very ancient and honorable one. Hence his is a cultured ancestry, and for many generations all his people have been university graduates, as he is himself. He possesses an inherited income, therefore does not have to earn his living, but he has many hobbies. He has traveled all over the world. But he is one of the most uninteresting men I know. He tells interminably long stories which should be fascinating but are not. He bores most of his friends to death. Yet he is super-educated, very widely read and very widely traveled. I think it is because he himself is a dull, rather pedantic personality that he fails to impress people. Listening to him discourse (*Continued on page 74*)

Personal Charm for YOU

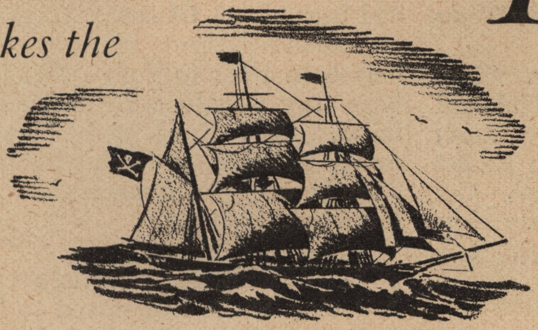
Are you popular? Have you personality? Do you possess that mysterious quality of magnetism that leads to romance and to social and business success?

The Charm Department is intended to meet the needs of the modern girl or woman who wants to be more lovely, more magnetic, more socially agreeable, yet lacks the proper knowledge of how to acquire these most desirable qualities.

Each month we are discussing some particular attribute of a woman's charm. If you have a personal problem in this field, write to Miss Cameron, 1926 Broadway, New York City, and let her help you. Letters are held in strict confidence and answered personally, if desired, provided a stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed.

The Lady and the Pirate

Wherein the Pirate Surrenders—and the Lady Takes the Spoils



By Howard Rockey

The Story So Far:

SHEILA CURRIE and her father, old P. J., wealthy copper magnate, were members of the gay winter colony at St. Augustine. Tony Jerome was acting as secretary to P. J., and hating the work after his active life in the Aviation Corps, except that it gave him an occasional opportunity to be with Sheila, whom he loved. P. J. was paying court to Alicia Blake-Rice, a divorcée, and one of Sheila's most ardent admirers was Philip Davega.

One night, Sheila and Tony went into a little curiosity shop—*The Three Corsairs*—and Sheila purchased an old map which she planned to use in connection with a party her father was giving for Alicia. That night, Sheila was attacked and the map stolen. A few nights later, Tony and Sheila flew to locate the island and while they were exploring, saw two men—one resembling Davega—climb into their plane and take off. Tony overpowered the man left on guard and seized a motorboat in which they made their way home.

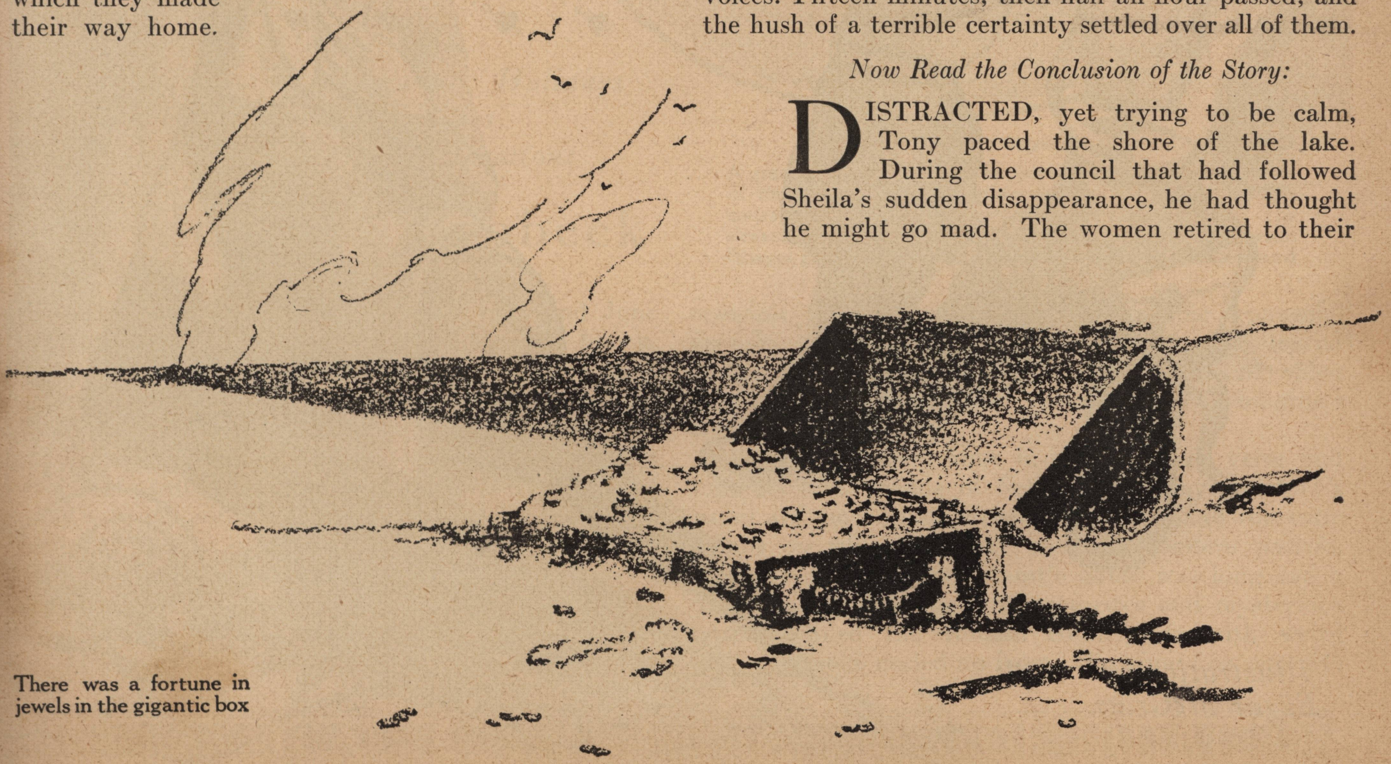
At a dinner at the club, Tony and Davega quarreled, and later Davega was found on the beach—shot to death. After the inquiry, which disclosed that Davega had been connected with a band of bootleggers, Sheila insisted that they go on a cruise, in order to forget the tragedy. Tony determined to keep a close watch for intruders and after securing the aid of Sasota, an old Seminole, and his sons, felt that it was impossible for any danger to befall them.

A few days after they reached the island, Sheila proposed a moonlight bathing party at a beautiful lake she had discovered in the interior. The crowd was in high spirits and a shout of applause rang out as Sheila made a perfect dive. Ten minutes later it was discovered that she was missing. The men dived again and again in search of her, and Tony assigned some of them to patrol the lake in canoes.

Carrying torches that threw ghastly shadows across the water, they called and listened, hoping that Sheila might answer, but the only reply was the echo of their voices. Fifteen minutes, then half an hour passed, and the hush of a terrible certainty settled over all of them.

Now Read the Conclusion of the Story:

DISTRACTED, yet trying to be calm, Tony paced the shore of the lake. During the council that had followed Sheila's sudden disappearance, he had thought he might go mad. The women retired to their



There was a fortune in jewels in the gigantic box

tents, stunned and hysterical. Sheila's father suppressed his grief as he tried to comfort Alicia. But Tony maintained his vigil in company with Doctor Huntingdon, Sasota and Gerhard. The Indian's face was expressionless, but suddenly he grunted as Tony sprang to his feet. Out of the darkness stepped one of Sasota's sons, like a runner from the depths of a primeval forest. The old chief nodded as the boy spoke quickly to his father. Then Sasota drew Tony aside.

"Tomaqua have plan," he said guardedly. "You tell others we go make search. Tomaqua think girl not dead. You go get pistol. Get plenty cartridge, too. You keep dry in rubber bag. Then come with Sasota." Tony darted into his tent and Sasota followed him. He noticed that the Indian was already armed. "Tomaqua think Mendoza try to get big money," Sasota spoke meaningly. "We make big fool of him. You bring lamp that flashes."

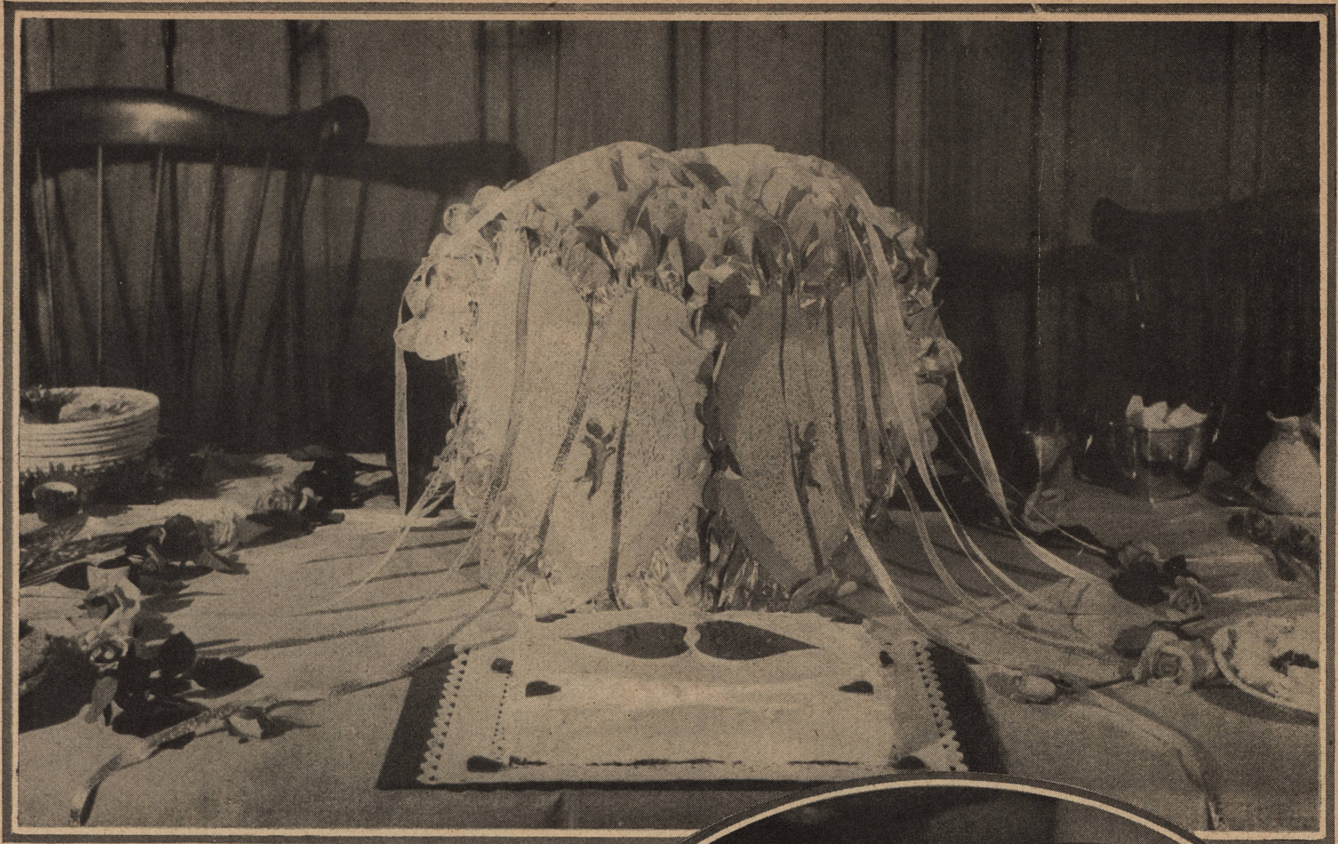
Carefully Tony inspected the clip of his automatic. So, if Tomaqua was correct, his suspicion had been right. Of course these men would be aware of Sheila's father's millions. Heretofore they had only been a bar to Tony's love for Sheila. Now perhaps they would save her life if the plan of rescue failed. But if it were humanly possible, Tony meant to bring her back without the aid of ransom. Then he would have *earned* the right to tell her that he loved her.

CAREFREE, and enjoying every moment of the evening, Sheila had waved to Tony just before she made her dive. She shot through the lake's warm surface like a bullet toward its target. In the pleasant embrace of the water, she determined to stay under as long as she possibly could. It would be fun to torment Tony, she thought as she struck out. But suddenly it dawned on her that she made no progress.

A swift current was carrying her—she had no idea where. Despite the exertion of all her strength, she (*Continued on page* 113)

An automatic and a wicked-looking knife thrust into his sash, he was staring at her in frank surprise as she shook with terror

Illustration by Edgar McGraw



February is the Party Month!

Picturesque and Romantic Holidays Give Us Opportunities For Many Hospitable Occasions

(*Centerpiece designed by Dennison Paper Co.*)

A great pink, silver and lace paper heart is the centerpiece of the St. Valentine's supper table. (*In oval*) The last course of the Lincoln's Birthday bridge supper. The dessert of log pastry is served on the Institute's historical Stiegel glass plate with matching tumbler and finger bowl

By Florence Brobeck

THE poets sing about spring flowers and June moons and October nut-brown ale, but blowy, snowy, sleet-chilled February is one of the most neglected months in the annals of the song makers. To make up for this poetic neglect, February has found many friends in hospitable homes. This month which is slipped in between the Christmas holidays and spring's lovely outdoor days offers more excuses for parties than any other four weeks on the calendar. New friendships made at Watch Night parties ripen into something warmer with St. Valentine's gay celebrations. Dignified family friends make the birthday anniversary of a great and revered President an occasion for supping or dining at some congenial fireside. School children, remembering the legend of the cherry tree, don the silken costumes of olden days and dance and play games at a Washington's Birthday party.

If these hostesses hunt in vain through verse and song for the legends of February holidays, history's pages are more kind, revealing amusing and romantic details on which we may base our modern parties. The day which bears a saint's name was long ago a day of pagan feasting. Strange rites and mysterious festivals filled the Roman countryside with weird songs. Smoke curled up from (*Continued on page 84*)

Vegetables crisp from the refrigerator, dressings newly mixed, combine in seasonable salads

Is Your Family Starved for SALADS?

We Cannot Live Healthily Without This Rich Source of Minerals and Vitamins

By Marion Rouse Budd

SALAD greens are so refreshing in appearance, texture and flavor, when properly prepared, that these good factors alone should give them a gratefully acknowledged place in your menu. Besides, they are rich in the vital dietary factors, a largess of minerals and vitamins so essential to health and well-being.

The appreciation of lettuce is as old as any civilization. Galen, the Greek physician, called it the philosopher's or wise man's herb and we have always known that the Greeks had and maintained an unequaled ideal of health. With modern science demonstrating the "whys" of its health value, the consumption of lettuce in the United States has jumped several hundred per cent. in recent years. It is our chief salad ingredient.

The original interpretation of salad was a mixture of raw green leaves and a spicy dressing. The combination salad of today, consisting of a hearty, filling mixture and rich mayonnaise on a leaf or two of lettuce (which frequently is not eaten), is not a salad in the true sense of the word. But if the lettuce or other green is crisp and generously served and eaten, even the more elaborate salads fulfill their function. These combinations may be of fish, shell-fish, eggs, nuts, fruit, meat, game or fowl, cheese or vegetables or mixtures of several of these foods. Whatever combination is used, the qualities of crispness and tartness should be retained. Cut celery is frequently an ingredient of all types of salad combinations because of its crispness. Cucumbers for crispness and for their tartness, as well as apples, are used in salad mixtures.

Dressings usually furnish tartness but should never be vinegary. Either vinegar or (*Continued on page* 98)

Planned for YOU...

by the Institute Staff

A cherry tree heavy with red fruit is the centerpiece on the attractive Washington's Birthday buffet table. (*Above*) When supper is laid by the fireside the table is decorated for the occasion with little Washington hats and red-white-and-blue snappers and shields

Breakfasts, Luncheons and Dinners for February Days

A VISITOR who came into our big, busy kitchen a few days ago said: "Please forget dietetic lingo long enough to tell us exactly what is meant by 'balanced meals.'"

Balanced meals, we hastened to tell her, are simply meals which supply all the nourishment the body needs in a variety of combined dishes. Balanced meals are planned with milk and milk products, fruits, vegetables and whole grains included in the menus together with a moderate amount of meat, fish and eggs, fats and sweets.

The last two should be used liberally or sparingly according to the activity and physical state of the individual.

We have planned the balanced menus given in this article and so far as possible arranged them in the fashion best known and liked by Americans. But menus suggested for luncheons may be served as suppers, and when your household demands it dinners may be served at noon instead of at the end of the day.

The menus include foods which are needed to supply energy to the body, and to maintain its activities, to supply building material for growth and repair and to supply regulating materials so that the various body processes may function smoothly. In other words, the essentials for nourishment, (*Continued on page* 70)

Ira D. Garard, Ph. D.,
Director, Physical Culture
Institute of Nutrition

WHOLE-WHEAT *Flour* *now* Standardized

Bring Your Food Questions to the Readers' Forum

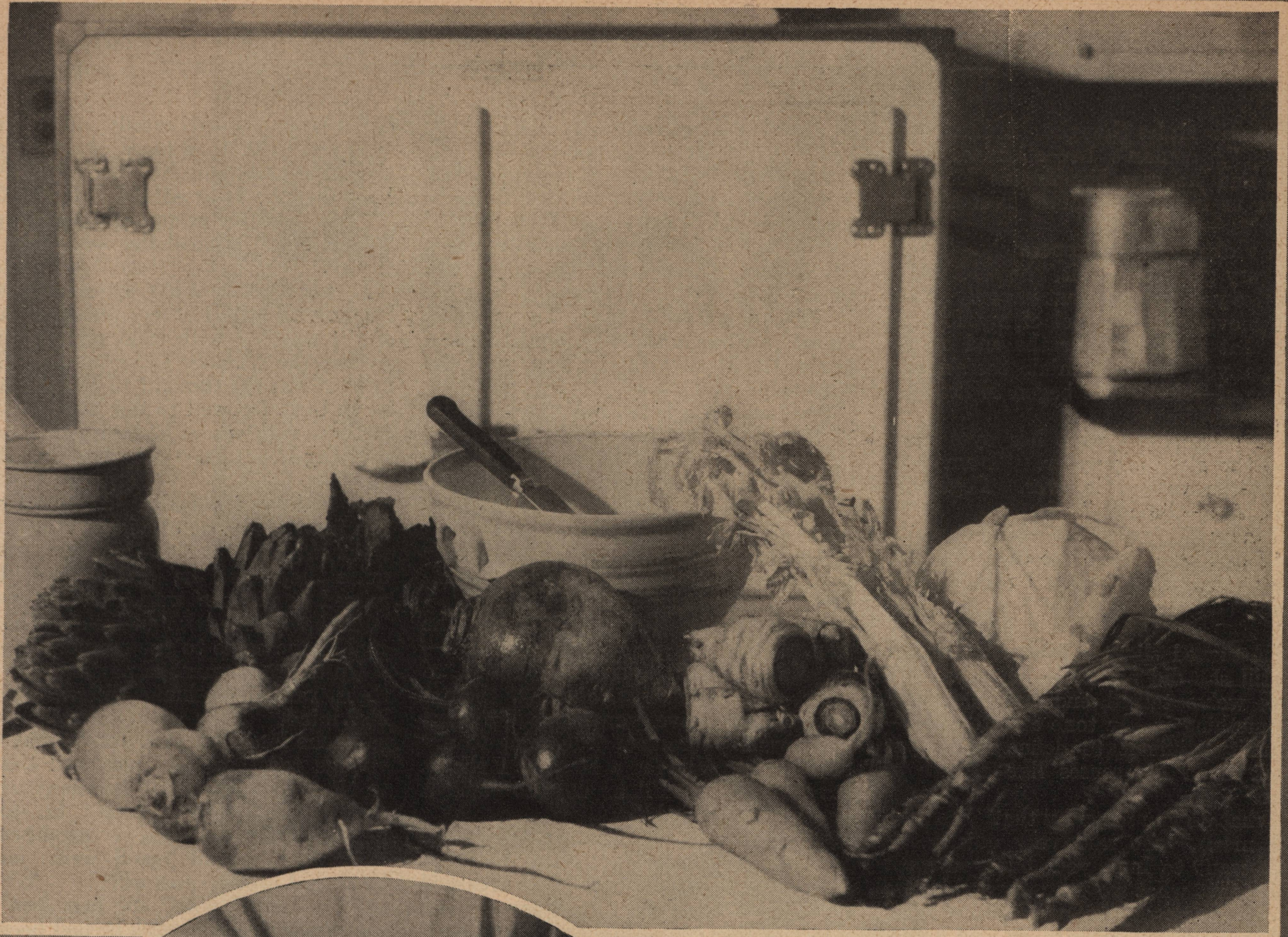
QUESTION: Can you tell me just what constitutes the difference between whole-wheat flour and Graham flour?

ANSWER: There is no difference; they are merely two names for the same thing. The word Graham (very properly spelled with a capital) refers to Sylvester Graham, who lived in New England about one hundred years ago and devoted much energy to advocating the use of whole-wheat flour. His teachings became so well known that people called the whole-wheat flour he advocated, Graham's or Graham flour.

The fact that Graham himself insisted on whole-wheat flour that was exactly what the name implied did not prevent compromises being made in the form of partial whole-wheat products. Such flour was often labeled with the name of the man who first insisted on the superior value of whole-wheat flour to any form of bolted or partial whole-wheat flour.

The fact that genuine whole-wheat flour does not make as light or soft a loaf as white flour led many millers to put out types of flour containing some of the branny portion of the grain, and yet containing a larger portion of white flour than the whole-wheat does.

If the makers of such products reasoned the matter out at all, their idea probably was that the presence of the bran would give the brownish tint and coarse appearance of whole-wheat and would satisfy those who were convinced that whole-wheat was desirable; the larger portion of white flour would make a lighter loaf and so the housewife would be better pleased with her baking. Another probable cause of these hybrid flours, that were neither whole-wheat nor white flour, lies in the nature of the milling equipment used to mill white flour. Roundabout methods of making imitations of whole-wheat flour resulted in products that the miller at least knew were not genuine whole-wheat. Out of this came the custom of labeling them Graham flour which term did not seem such an obvious misrepresentation of the facts as the direct descriptive name, whole-wheat flour. (*Continued on page* 78)



The "makings" of delicious dishes: turnips, beets, kohlrabi, parsnips, carrots, celery, cabbage, artichokes and salsify

The artichoke (*in circle*) is easily prepared. Cut off stem, steam or boil for forty minutes, remove fluffy choke in center and serve each separately

Tune in on Old King Winter's Vegetable Program

By Milo Hastings

ACCORDING to the belief of modern scientists, man has lived upon this earth about a million years. And it is highly probable that some of the foods we eat today have been eaten by our ancestors for the better part of that million years. No doubt fruits and nuts formed the diet of our most remote ancestors, yet there is another class of foods which very probably has been used by the human species for an equally lengthy period. These are the edible roots and tubers or the underground vegetables.

Edible roots had much to recommend them to the hungry man in the jungle, and (*Continued on page* 72)

¶ *Storm Drift*

(Continued from page 36)

She stirred; he thought she checked a sigh. "I couldn't be—offended," she said, and he saw her fingers lock together as if in agitation. "Not after—not after—"

He broke in rather desperately. "Well, I'm very glad to hear it," he said. "I'd just like you to know that it's only at sea that I ever make a fool of myself. So now that we're so near the end of the voyage you needn't think there's any danger of—of—" He began to flounder in spite of himself.

She spoke, still with her eyes fixed upon the gleaming water. "I am very sorry—the voyage is over. Beginning again is so—difficult."

"I'm sorry it's over too—in some ways. But I can be of more use to you ashore than at sea. That's what I want to talk about."

SHE turned slightly toward him, but still she did not raise her eyes. "I think we've talked enough," she said.

Something in her tone arrested him—a quality difficult to define which yet struck upon his senses like a note of doom.

"What do you mean by that?" he said.

"I mean," she said very quietly, "I don't want to hurt you, but you must realize that what we were discussing two days ago is now quite, quite impossible."

"What do you mean?" he said again.

"I think you know."

"I don't know," said Tiggie doggedly.

"Then—" very slowly she turned and faced him—"I've got to tell you. I value your friendship, but I can't accept your help. Please—I can't!" Her eyes met his for the fraction of a second, and again he saw that she was afraid.

"Look here!" he said, and his words came clumsily, "I'll do anything you like—you have my word of honor—my oath if you want it—if you'll only—only feel safe with me again. Really I mean that! Can't you see I do—see I'm in earnest?"

"Oh yes," she said, with a little gasp. "Yes! I see—you're in earnest."

"You do?" Tiggie spoke beseechingly. "Well then, you know you can trust me—and there's nothing to be afraid of. Say you do! I'm not a beast. I can prove—"

"Oh, it isn't—that," said Viola, softly interrupting. "Please—don't talk like that! I haven't made you understand, I'm afraid. And I don't know that I can. But don't be hurt about it!"

"I can't help being hurt." He spoke like a child, ingenuously. "I can't stand not being trusted. I think you might be generous enough to give me another chance."

"Generous!" He did not understand her emphasis upon the word, but it showed him that in some fashion they were at cross purposes. "It's just because I'm—trying to be generous that I feel I mustn't. Can't you see?"

He could not see, and after a moment bluntly he told her so. "You're trying to shut me out," he said, "trying to turn down my friendship, all because—" he broke off. "Well, that isn't being generous anyway."

Viola sighed. "You don't understand," she said rather helplessly. "I think you're too—nice to understand."

That puzzled Tiggie completely, but it cheered him also. "Come, that's a help!" he said. "Let's go on from there!"

She smiled her faint, fugitive smile. "It doesn't get over the difficulty," she said.

"Oh, nonsense!" said Tiggie with tentative cheeriness. "I'm sure it does—ought to, at any rate. You must be reasonable, you know."

She laughed a little, not too willingly. "I should be—but for you," she said.

"That's not fair!" protested Tiggie. "That's hitting below the belt."

She raised her eyes again. "I couldn't hit you—anywhere," she said simply.

And somehow those few simple words told Tiggie that the fight was over. He drew an enormous breath of relief.

"Well, thank heaven for that!" he said. "Now let's get on to other things—ways and means. I'll come round to your stateroom this evening, before dinner, and leave you my address. I shall want yours, too. I'm going to my sister in Norfolk for a bit, but I shan't stay there long. I'll be able to—lend a hand when needed."

That was the right note to strike, he felt sure. Everything must be kept casual and easy at all costs. He breathed relief again when she turned toward him a face of pale composure.

"IT'S no good my saying 'thank you,'" she said. "Things like this don't really happen. But—please, Tiggie—I can't take much from you. And what I do take I shall repay, if I live long enough."

"You shall do whatever you like," he promised her. "Only don't be bothered about it! Let it be a real help—not a millstone round your neck!"

She smiled at that, somewhat enigmatically. "No, I shan't carry it there," she said. "It's—too precious."

He wished afterward that he had asked her what she meant, but at the moment he felt his position to be too precarious for intimate enquiries.

"Make use of it!" he said. "And let me know when you need any more! I'm going to keep in touch with you."

He made the assertion with some misgiving, but she accepted it with a simplicity that equalled his own.

"Of course!" she said. "I couldn't pay you back otherwise, could I?"

"Oh, never mind that!" said Tiggie, disconcerted. "Don't you worry now! Everything'll be O. K. You're going with the Rutherfords when you land?"

"Yes," she said. "I've promised to take charge of the children while they find a furnished house somewhere on the coast. Until then Dr. Rutherford's mother is going to take us all in. After that, when they are settled, I shall have to find somewhere to go."

"I see," said Tiggie. "Well, that's far enough to look ahead, isn't it? I shall get Spot to ask me down." He smiled at her. "That'll be all right, won't it?"

She smiled wistfully in answer. "Yes, quite all right, thank you," she said.

"Then don't you worry!" Tiggie had just time to assure her before the children descended noisily upon them.

It was over. In a blaze of spring sunshine the great ship had docked and the long voyage was at an end.

"It's beastly saying good-by," said Tiggie, but it seemed the only thing left to say.

It was the breaking up of what had been on the whole a very pleasant party, and it was odd with what regret one regarded the friendly leave-taking. Such at least was the thought in Tiggie's mind as he bade farewell to one after another of those with whom he had whiled away the long hours since they had left Bombay.

It had been a rather wonderful voyage from his point of view. And, come what might of a situation that seemed quite hopeless, he would not have missed it for the world. What would Viola have done without him? Who else could have come to the rescue?

Up to the moment of parting with her, these reflections hung distractingly in his mind. But when that moment came, he forgot all else, except that their voyage together was over and that he would not see her again for many weeks.

"You've got my address," he said to her hurriedly. "You've promised to write to me. And you'll write soon," he urged. "Say you will!"

"Yes, yes, I will," she promised in a soothing tone, as though he had been one of Spot's children.

His hand held hers, clung to it. "You'll tell me everything," he said. "I shall worry like the devil if you don't."

She smiled at him—a small, passing smile that was to haunt his dreams for long after. "Oh yes, I'll tell you—all there is to tell," she said. "I hope you'll have a nice holiday with your sister."

Tiggie reached his destination late in the evening and found his brother-in-law, a lean, artistic man, awaiting him at the station. Harvey Gilmore was a born idler in whom now and then the spark of genius burst into flame, inspiring him to paint a picture which even the most severe critic had to admit was good.

This happened only every two or three years, and in the interim he fished or shot or lounged on some friend's yacht.

HIS reception of Tiggie was characteristic. "Hullo, my boy! You're not nearly so rotund as usual."

Harvey was always rude and personal, but he was broad enough to welcome a similar treatment from others.

Tiggie administered it forthwith. "Hullo, you old tramp! Same old shirt—same old pipe—same old everything!"

Harvey wrung his hand, his shrewd eyes taking full stock of him.

"I brought the ramshackle to meet you. That your baggage? Stuff it in!"

The "ramshackle" was a vehicle of such antiquity that it might almost have been described as extinct. Tiggie stowed his luggage among a quantity of tools at the back, and climbed into the high seat beside Harvey, mildly wondering if the thing would fall to pieces under his weight. They clattered off through the

(*Continued on page 66*)

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gargle Listerine–reduces mouth germs 98%

Do you realize that even in normal mouths millions of germs breed, waiting until resistance is low to strike?

Among them are the Micrococcus Catarrhalis, associated with head colds; the dangerous Staphylococcus Aureus (pus), Pneumococcus (pneumonia), and the Streptococcus Hemolyticus, so largely responsible for sore throat.

How important it is to help nature fight these germs by means of a mouth wash and gargle capable of swiftly destroying them.

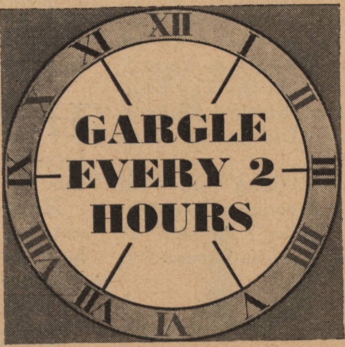
Fifty years of medical, hospital, laboratory, and general experience clearly prove Listerine to be the ideal antiseptic and germicide for this purpose.

It is non-poisonous, safe to use full strength in any amount. At the same time, it is one of the most powerful germicides known when used undiluted.

Within 15 seconds it kills the Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) and even Staphylococcus Aureus (pus), the germ generally used to test antiseptic power because of its resistance to germicides.

Recent exhaustive tests show that full strength Listerine, when used as a gargle, reduces the number of germs in the mouth 98%. Thus, the mouth is left healthy, fresh, clean.

Under all ordinary conditions of health, the morning and night gargle with Listerine is deemed sufficient. But when you are coming down with a cold or sore throat, it is wise to gargle with Listerine every two hours in order to combat the swiftly multiplying germs. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC

Kills 200,000,000 germs in fifteen seconds (*fastest killing time accurately recorded by science*)

(*Continued from page* 64)

country lanes, creating a din which rendered any further talk impossible.

Janet was busy "shutting up" when they arrived at the farm, and came to meet them dressed in peculiarly unbecoming yellow-brown overalls, her gray hair blowing around her weather-beaten face.

"Well, Tiggie!" was her greeting. "So here you are again! And still single! Aren't you the limit?"

"Outsize!" said Tiggie cheerily. "And how are you, Janet?"

He did not offer to kiss her. Janet did not believe in outward demonstrations of affection. She gave his shoulder a pat of welcome, which was much from her.

"You're not looking up to much," she remarked. "Where have you all gone to? I don't think 'Tiggie' suits you any more. I shall call you 'Montague.'"

"I know," said her husband. "He's looking positively ethereal. I don't know what we're going to do about it."

"Feed him up!" said Janet tersely. "Take him along in, and feed him! There's supper on the table. I've had mine—couldn't wait."

"Come on!" said Harvey. "Let's go in search of this cup of wine and loaf of bread—though I'm afraid you won't find anyone here to sing beside you and turn the wilderness into paradise."

"I'm almost hungry enough to do without," declared Tiggie.

But he knew even while he spoke that the old homely atmosphere had completely lost its savor. The dream was over, and the stark reality to which he had awakened was the most barren desert he had ever known.

IT was not Harvey's custom to allow anyone inside his studio which he kept rigidly locked at all times.

Only once before had Tiggie entered it, and that occasion had been a revelation to him of something which he felt to be beyond his comprehension. Most people, including Janet, who was never permitted inside her "Bluebeard's Chamber," would have at once pronounced the owner and creator thereof as mentally unbalanced. But Tiggie was too humble to make so arrogant an assertion.

It was a strange den into which he was ushered the morning after his arrival. The studio was really a barn of great antiquity, in the oak-beamed roof of which Harvey had had inserted an enormous skylight. There were pictures everywhere, but not one of them was uncovered. Some were stacked against the walls, others lay upon the floor.

Harvey composed his long form in a chair even more dilapidated than the one he had given to Tiggie, and gave himself up to the full enjoyment of his pipe.

"It's a funny world, Tiggie," he remarked presently. "Curious how very little there is in it that's worth having! We're built to desire the purest rubbish and to kill ourselves to get it."

"Do you always get what you want?" asked Tiggie.

"Always," said Harvey complacently. He got up with the words and wandered across the studio toward a pile of canvasses in a far corner. He pulled out two or three with a hint of impatience.

"Now I'll show you the sort of fool game I've been at for the past year, waiting for the inspiration to boil up. It's completely inane at present, but I fancy the breath of life will come eventually."

He came to Tiggie and stooping, propped the pictures against the chair he occupied. "This is only the germ," he said. "Thought it might interest you to see. It's a study of a girl I saw dancing in a cabaret show—a wicked little baggage, of course, but pathetic in a way. It's the sort of thing you might develop into vice or innocence, though it's neither one at this stage. Sometimes I call it 'Jade,' which is hackneyed, and sometimes 'Aquamarine'—which, anyhow, is original so far as I know."

"Good heavens above!" said Tiggie, and sat there in unbreathing silence for so long that Harvey presently looked round at him.

"What's the matter, Montague? Got a fit or something?"

TIGGIE was staring round-eyed from one to the other of the studies spread before him. They were mere impressions, dabs of color crudely flung together—here green, there blue, and here and there that incredible tint which is neither one nor the other but a sublime mingling of both.

In each case the portrayal was that of a woman, a dancer exquisite of form and outline, with a grace of movement that was superb. There was a suggestion of wings in one of the pictures, and in another was an impression of the face alone, shining as it were through water. It was upon this that Tiggie's attention finally remained focussed.

"Well?" said Harvey at length. "What's the verdict?"

"None!" said Tiggie. He spoke slowly, with a sort of suppressed violence. "It's—it's—you've got to make a decent thing of this. It's like someone I know. Don't play with it, Harvey! Make her—as she is—beautiful!"

"What ho!" said Harvey. "Can you produce her?"

Tiggie's eyes came to his in a swift, distracted glance. "She's—nothing to me," he said rather desperately. "Nothing, that is, but a friend. You might not even see the likeness. But to my mind—" he broke off, seeming to struggle for words. "Look here!" he said finally. "Take my word for it. Not jade—aquamarine!"

"Ye gods!" said Harvey. "You speak as one who knows!"

Tiggie got up. He was trembling, though he sought to cover it with an attempt at lightness. "Yes, I do know," he said. "I've travelled all the way from India with her, so I ought to. Make it aquamarine, old chap. It's the one word that describes her."

Harvey was still watching him with eyes that saw keenly through all subterfuge. "All right, Tiggie," he said at length. "I'll make it aquamarine—on one condition."

"Well?"

Harvey did not speak for a moment or two. Then, with abrupt resolution, he named his condition. "Just this," he said, "that you take me to her."

Tiggie's answering laugh had a note of bitterness. "You're asking for the moon."

During the days that followed, Tiggie yearned for Viola with an intensity that almost sickened him. He had not thought it possible that her absence could so affect him. There were times when he was even ashamed of his wild desire for her.

Day followed day without the appearance of any letter from her. Yet he could not persuade himself that her need for help was past. Besides she had promised to write, and even though she might not know how much he longed to hear, she could not break her promise to him.

That Harvey was counting upon him to produce a subject for his next picture he was not aware, Harvey having shrewdly decided that this was a fact better suppressed. Already the effect which those crude, unfinished studies had made upon him was fading, and he did not dare revive it.

And then one morning Harvey took him by surprise. "I'm going up to town," he said. "Care to come?"

"What! For the day?" queried Tiggie.

Harvey's face wore its impish smile. "And for the night also; perhaps two nights, perhaps three!" He paused. "Perhaps a whole week!"

"All right," he said, "I'll come."

Harvey received his decision with obvious satisfaction. "Well, I'm off this afternoon," he said, "so you'd better get ready. Train at two-thirty! Oh, by the way, I've a letter for you! I forgot to mention it before. It got into my pile by mistake two days ago."

He tossed an envelope across to Tiggie without further ceremony and, turning, left the room.

Tiggie took the letter, mildly indignant. It was addressed in a clerkly hand, and there was a type-written missive inside. There was also an enclosure in the form of a check.

"What on earth—" said Tiggie, and began to read.

"Dear Sir," the letter ran, "We have pleasure in enclosing herewith a check for twenty pounds, being, as we understand, the amount of the loan advanced by you to our client, Mrs. Viola Norman. Kindly acknowledge receipt and confirm that this is in settlement of all obligations.

Yours faithfully,
O. P. Grierson & Co.
Solicitors."

A clerk's initials were scrawled against the name.

Tiggie read the letter carefully to the end, and then sat quite motionless for many tense seconds, the blood drained from his face.

HE spoke at last, very quietly, under his breath. "No, I'm damned—" he said—"I'm damned if I'll put up with this!"

He opened his hand again and smoothed out the letter, noting the address. Then he returned it to its envelope and placed it in an inner pocket. "No, I'm damned," he said again, even more deliberately, "I'm damned if I will."

Janet's reception of their decision to go to town for a few days was characteristic. "Best thing possible!" she declared. "It'll give me a little time to get things

(*Continued on page* 68)

She thought:

"You'll never be lucky in love until you end 'B. O.'"

Yet, to be polite,

She said:

"Your heart-line shows many difficulties ahead."

"Luck" was always against him

. . . until he ended 'B.O.'

(Body Odor)

SOMEONE else got the job he wanted. Someone else won the girl he admired. "Bad Luck", he called it. But the real reason was—body odor!

People hate to mention this distressing fault—even under the polite name, "B.O." But finally a close friend did tell him, suggested a simple safeguard. Today he is forging ahead in business—a favorite socially. "B.O." is no longer a fatal handicap.

• • •

Often we wonder why we don't succeed faster—make friends easier. "B.O." may be the unsuspected cause.

For everyone perspires. Science declares that even on cool days pores give off a quart of odor-causing waste. Unnoticed by us, because we soon become accustomed to it, this ever-present odor may be a constant annoyance to others.

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Clogged pores stifle complexion beauty. Lifebuoy's soothing, penetrating lather gently frees pores of impurities—makes dull skins bloom with healthy, youthful radiance. Its pleasant *extra-clean scent*—that vanishes as you rinse—tells you Lifebuoy *purifies.* Adopt Lifebuoy today.

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Lifebuoy

HEALTH SOAP

stops body odor

(*Continued from page 66*)

into shape. Do you good too," she added to Tiggie.

When at last they reached the London station, Tiggie displayed a most unexpected activity. "Don't wait for me! I've got to make a phone call," he said.

"What the dickens do you want to phone for?" questioned Harvey in astonishment. "Damn it, man! You can't clear off like this. We've come here mainly for your sake, though you may not realize it."

Tiggie stopped short. There was a ring of sincerity in Harvey's voice that could not be ignored. "Oh, we've come up for my sake, have we?" he said. "All right. But I've got to telephone."

Tiggie hunted up a telephone booth and left Harvey to wander about outside. To his brief demand for Mr. Grierson a voice asked his name and presently informed him that Mr. Grierson would speak to him immediately. Another pause, and then a man asked, "Is that Captain Turner?"

"Speaking," said Tiggie. "Are you Mr. Grierson?"

"Yes. What can I do for you?" The voice had a curt snap to it that caused Tiggie to stiffen almost involuntarily.

He answered with grim precision. "I want a word with you, please. Can I have it if I come round at once?"

He almost expected the answer, though he could not have said why. "Afraid not—I'm just leaving."

"Well then, how about tomorrow?"

He heard a sound like a sardonic laugh cut short. Then the voice spoke again. "Very well, I'll see you at ten. Goodby!"

"WHAT are you looking so grim about?" asked Harvey as Tiggie rejoined him.

"I'm very angry," replied Tiggie.

Harvey grinned. "What about?"

"Never mind what about!" said Tiggie, composing himself with an effort.

"Oh, come on then!" said Harvey, and took command of the expedition forthwith.

The hotel to which he conducted Tiggie was scarcely more than a public-house situated up a side road on the river side of the Fulham Road. It smelt of stale liquor, but as it had some pretensions to cleanliness, Tiggie thought it better to suppress his feelings for the time being.

The next morning, however, he regarded the squalor of his surroundings with wholesome distaste and determined to escape from them at the earliest possible moment. Somewhat to his surprise he found Harvey to be of the same mind, when the latter lounged in upon him while he was shaving.

Tiggie finished his shaving and volunteered the brief information that he had a business interview at ten.

"Oh ho!" said Harvey, brightening. "Now we're getting down to it!"

It was a stubborn, but not aggressive Tiggie who was shown in to Mr. Grierson's private office an hour later. His expression displayed his customary amiability, and a momentary surprise showed upon the somewhat granite-like features of the man who rose to meet him.

"Captain Turner, I believe?" he questioned stiffly.

"That's me," said Tiggie. "And you're Mr. Grierson?"

"I am," the other responded.

Tiggie sat down facing him. "Now—about this letter of yours—" He was coming to the point with cheery expedition, but the lawyer stopped him. "You must please understand, Captain Turner, that unless you have any further claim upon my client, I cannot proceed with the discussion."

"Well, you can't throw me out before you've heard what I've come to say," said Tiggie, undaunted. "Your check, to begin with—I've no claim whatever to that."

"No claim!" Mr. Grierson's cold eyes fixed him with a certain ferocity. "Do I understand that you never advanced that sum to—my client!"

"Did she tell you I had?"

Mr. Grierson paused, considering his reply. "Well," he said at length, "I have certainly been given to understand that the sum you received from us was owing to you."

"I see," said Tiggie. "And now—on my assurance that it is not due me—what are you going to do about it?"

Mr. Grierson leaned back in his chair. "I shall have to communicate with my client," he said finally.

"Or put me in touch with her," said Tiggie.

Mr. Grierson's gray brows drew together in a thick bushy line. "That," he said, "I am unable to do."

"And why?" said Tiggie.

Mr. Grierson looked exasperated. "I am sorry," he said, stretching a deliberate hand toward a bell on his desk, "but I do not see the point of continuing this interview."

"There you are wrong," said Tiggie, as his hand preceded Mr. Grierson's and covered the bell. "There is quite a lot to be gained. Shall we come to the point, sir? Either you put me in touch with Mrs. Norman and name your price, or I go straight to a private detective who will do the job quite as efficiently."

A very ugly smile crossed Mr. Grierson's face at this bold move. "So," he said, "you think you can bribe me!"

"IF YOU like to put it that way," said Tiggie, still protecting the bell.

The lawyer leaned back in his chair and surveyed him thoughtfully. "Perhaps," he said at last, "it would be simpler if I told you something about Mrs. Norman—as she is known to you—of which you are not aware."

"Go on!" said Tiggie.

Mr. Grierson picked up a pencil and began to make a very precise line of dots on a pad. "My client," he said, "has been known to you as Mrs. Norman only?"

"Correct," said Tiggie.

"Well—" very slowly came the word from lips like those of a mask— "I can only tell you, with regret, that my client has no claim whatever to that title. She is not a married woman, nor—I imagine—ever likely to be."

"What?" The word burst from Tiggie involuntarily, but in a moment he had himself in hand. "Do you mind," he said, "telling me exactly what you mean?"

"I mean," said Grierson, "that though at different times in her career more than one man may have claimed possession of her, she has never belonged to anyone in particular for any length of time."

Tiggie sat as one turned to stone.

It was Mr. Grierson who broke the tense silence. "This being the case, I am probably right in concluding that you will not refuse to accept your money."

TIGGIE opened his mouth to speak, but found no voice. He had to swallow hard before he could produce it.

"No!" he cried at last. "And you're a scoundrel to dare to make these vile allegations against her." His voice rose in spite of himself, and Mr. Grierson made an abrupt sign of warning.

"We will not make this common property, Captain Turner," he said, with some sternness. "And perhaps you will be good enough to remember that what I have said to you was spoken for your own good and in strict confidence. I should advise you to take your check and put the matter behind you."

"You can keep your blasted advice till I ask for it," said Tiggie furiously. "And your damned lies too! As for your check—" he reached for his wallet, but checked himself. "No, I'll return that to her personally—or at least satisfy myself that she is in no further need of it."

"You can do the last before leaving here," observed Mr. Grierson coldly. "The lady in question is in no further need of your help because she is now under my protection—by her own desire."

"Yours!" said Tiggie hoarsely.

Mr. Grierson took up his tale with the same ironical composure as had characterized him throughout. "I have described her as my client. She was originally my ward. She left me in a fit of girlish pique some years ago and proceeded to destroy herself. Now, at the end of her tether, she has returned to me to ask my help. Being her step-brother, I have not refused it."

"Great heavens!" said Tiggie slowly.

It had come like a final, smashing blow between the eyes. This was not a man to assume the burdens of others out of mere philanthrophy; and Viola—he knew Viola to be penniless and desperate.

Again a great upward burst of compassion that was like a leaping flame overwhelmed him, blotting out his own bitter disillusionment. How she had suffered—and how terribly she had despaired—before she had taken this step!

The silent entrance of an office-boy behind him brought Tiggie instinctively to his feet. He picked up his hat, aware of utter defeat yet thinking only of Viola's piteous distress. Had she possibly been ill also? He turned on the point of departure to ask the question, but the peal of the telephone-bell checked him.

"Excuse me!" said Mr. Grierson conventionally, taking up the receiver.

Tiggie wheeled with the words unuttered and tramped away.

Will he ever find her again—this woman of mystery who has come so suddenly into Tiggie's life only to slip away into oblivion, friendless and alone? The next installment will appear in the March issue of PHYSICAL CULTURE, *on sale at all news stands February 15th.*

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Continued from page 61

maintenance and growth are included. In the "lingo" of the dietitian, carbohydrates, fats, and proteins supply the energy; proteins, minerals and water supply the building material; and water, minerals and vitamins the regulating material. Most foods have something to contribute of all these needed elements and contain some energy in the form of carbohydrate, fat, or protein, some of the chemical elements needed for body building and one or more of the vitamins, which are the chief food regulators of body functions.

Meat, fish, eggs, milk, cheese, the legumes and some nuts are classed as protein-rich foods but none of these foods except possibly meat and fish are interchangeable. Each has something valuable to contribute other than its protein which the others do not supply and so all should be included in the balanced diet. Milk is considered an important factor of safety in all normal diets because of its calcium and vitamin content. A quart a day is needed for each child and at least a pint, preferably a pint and a half, for each adult. This may be taken in any form such as in soups, entrées and desserts, on cereal or as a beverage.

Eggs, like milk, contribute building and regulating food elements which otherwise are apt to be insufficient in the diet and are therefore a valuable food: one egg a day in some form is desirable for most people. A portion of cheese, about one ounce, and the equivalent of four ounces of raw lean meat together with the small amounts of protein present in other foods completes a generous but not too generous supply of protein for the average person over ten years of age.

AN abundance of both raw and cooked fruits and vegetables are essentials in healthful meals. These foods are the chief source of supply for most of the minerals, vitamins, water and roughage which the body needs.

The grains, and particularly whole grains, are splendid sources of energy and building material and good sources of some of the regulating substances.

In the following menus it is possible to make substitutions, vegetable for vegetable, fish for meat and so forth according to market conditions. Every dish may have a substitute without "unbalancing" the menu if an article of similar type is substituted.

(A chart entitled "Foods—Their Characteristics and Place in the Diet" prepared by the Institute includes more detailed information on this subject and is free upon request.)

In planning February menus there are three oases of festivity, the birthdays of Lincoln and Washington and the celebration of St. Valentine's Day.

Lincoln's birthday is not necessarily an occasion for gaiety. In school days the log cabin background and the Civil War association make it a day given over to literary contests, debates and declamations more fitting than a carefree celebration. Hilarity enough may follow two days later when sweet sentiment and slightly malicious missives pack mail boxes and pop out of folded napkins, or from under our pillow or from the sacred pages of our school "Caesar" or "Paradise Lost."

The third holiday gives scope to the imagination, and exploits in truth telling and its opposite; costume parties and all sorts of stately or madcap fun may pack this day to overrunning. Basket-ball games and snow fights, the grown-up tea parties indoors, provide the hostess with holidays memorable to her guests and satisfying to herself.

Parties for grown-ups as for children mean that food must be served either as light refreshments or luncheon, tea, dinner or a fireside supper. Appropriate decorations increase the sense of celebration and festivity and the food in color and shape can sometimes contribute a great deal to the general effect desired for the special holiday.

A Washington's birthday high tea or supper planned in the Institute may be served before the fireplace on a table featuring tall candles, tricorne hats, red-white-and-blue shields and snappers, with set places for a cosy four. A buffet arrangement for six may be substituted using the same table against the wall, leaving the center of the room free for bridge tables. Our menu includes Hawaiian chicken with pineapple and coconut in glass ramekins, buttered rolls, a bowl of mixed vegetable salad, iced cookies and Russian coffee. The latter is an appetizing brew half coffee and half cocoa, served very hot, with or without cream. This makes a simple supper which is both delicious and well balanced.

A WEEK OF BALANCED MENUS

Breakfasts

Sunday

Orange-Grapefruit Cup
Cooked Whole-Wheat Cereal, Thin Cream
Bacon
French Whole-Wheat Toast with Syrup
Milk (Children) Decaffeinated Coffee

Monday

Bananas with Orange Juice
Bran Flakes, Top Milk
Hot Rolls Honey
Cereal Coffee in Hot Milk

Tuesday

Baked Apple
Rolled Oats with Raisins, Thin Cream
Whole-Wheat Toast
Milk (Children) Decaffeinated Coffee

Wednesday

Grapefruit
Corn Flakes, Top Milk
Bran Date Muffins
Milk (Children) Cereal Coffee

Thursday

Orange Juice
Puffed Cereal with Prunes, Thin Cream
Cornbread
Cocoa Decaffeinated Coffee

* *Lacto-Dextrin has been tested and approved for purity and nutritional qualities by the Physical Culture Institute of Nutrition. See Page 9.*

Friday
King Oranges
Rolled Wheat Flakes Sprinkled with Coconut, Top Milk
Hot Whole-Wheat Rolls Marmalade
Milk (Children) Cereal Coffee

Saturday
Grape Juice
Shredded Cereal with Banana, Thin Cream
Scrambled Egg
Whole-Wheat Toast
Milk (Children) Decaffeinated Coffee

LUNCHEONS

Sunday
Cream of Spinach Soup with Poached Eggs
Buttered Whole-Wheat Toast
Fruit Gelatin, Whipped Evaporated Milk or Cream

Monday
Baked Stuffed Peppers
Stewed Tomatoes
Washington Pie (Boston Cream Cake or Pie)

Tuesday
Scotch Broth
Oatmeal Muffins
Waldorf Salad
Cocoa

Wednesday
Corn Pudding
Shredded Cabbage and Carrot Salad
Coconut Cake

Thursday
Coleslaw
Chicken Soup with Rice
Whole-Wheat Biscuit
Sliced Bananas with Soft Custard
Coconut Cake

Friday
Baked Salmon Croquettes, Mock Hollandaise
Pea and Celery Salad with Radishes
Apple Sauce Ginger Cookies

Saturday
Baked Lima Beans with Tomatoes and Bacon
Pear and Prune Salad Ginger Cookies

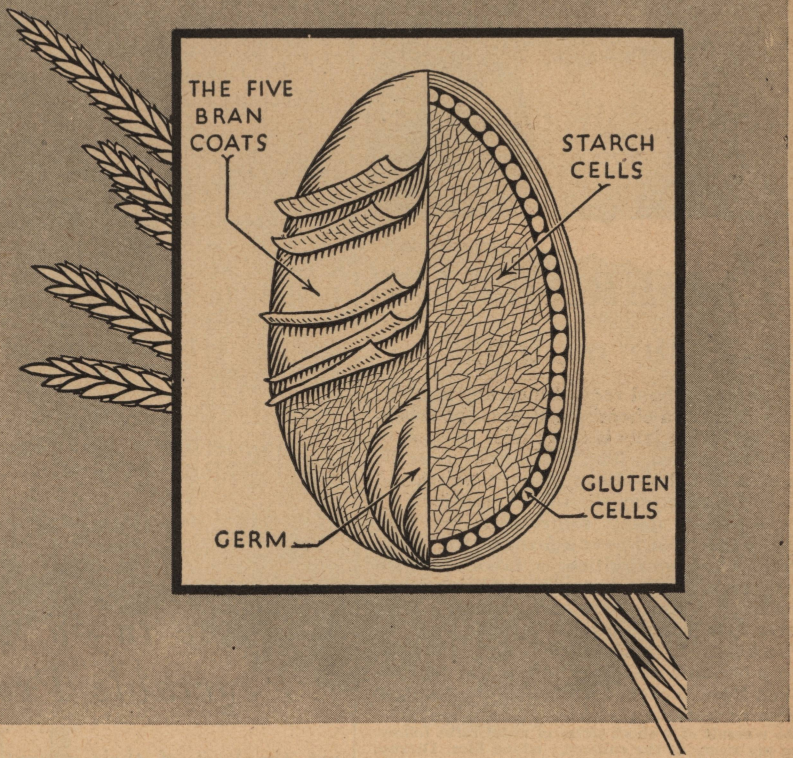
DINNERS

Sunday
Celery Hearts with Pimiento Cheese
Broiled Beefsteak
Baked Potatoes Browned Parsnips
Artichokes, Vinaigrette
Chocolate Tapioca Cream

Monday
Boiled Mutton, Caper Sauce
Mashed Potatoes Glazed Carrots
Pineapple, Apple and Celery Salad
Cereal Raisin Pudding, Thin Cream

Tuesday
Tomato Bouillon
Rice Mold with Curried Mutton
String Beans
Romaine with French Dressing
Baked Custard with Caramel Sauce

Eat the Whole Wheat - - -



Every part of the whole wheat grain supplies elements that are needed by the human body—the starch and gluten for heat and energy; the inner bran coats for phosphates and other mineral salts; the outer bran coat for the needed "roughage"; the germ for Vitamin B and protein for building and repairing muscular tissue. ℂ In Shredded Wheat *all* these portions of the whole wheat grain are made digestible by cooking in steam, shredding and baking. Shredded Wheat with milk makes a perfectly balanced food for any meal.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY
"Uneeda Bakers"

SHREDDED WHEAT*

WITH ALL THE BRAN OF THE WHOLE WHEAT

* *Shredded Wheat has been tested and approved for purity and nutritional qualities by the Physical Culture Institute of Nutrition. See Page 9.*

SAUERKRAUT a "normalizer"

"The professional radio announcer must be very careful in choosing subjects for broadcasting. Especially is this true if we wish to interest women. The announcer must be familiar with his subject, know its worth and be prepared to answer many questions. I have chosen many subjects in my long experience. But I have a favorite, for I have studied the authorities—a favorite which never fails to excite interest and bring many responses. And there are reasons. That favorite is Sauerkraut."

This tribute to this luscious food, fast becoming a national dish in America, was paid by Ellen Rose Dickey, famous feature program voice of various stations.

"As a result of a short series of radio talks following my study of the subject, added Mrs. Dickey, I received thousands of inquiries for the little booklet, 'Sauerkraut as a Health Food,' issued by the Packers' Association at Clyde, Ohio. Other thousands heard me tell of its merits.

"And Sauerkraut is one of the finest foods to be served on our tables. I know whereof I speak. It is what one might call a 'normalizer.' That means if you are too stout it will help you to lose weight and if you are too thin it will help build up your body. It will give you that trim, stylish figure that every woman, and man too, wishes to possess. Its normalizing effect is indeed wonderful, but not suprising, as it has bulk for peristaltic action; vitamins for growth; mineral salts so essential for bones and teeth; and lactic ferments to keep the intestinal tract free from disease producing germs. Yes, Sauerkraut *is* a normalizer.

"Have you tried any of the 50 new ways of cooking Sauerkraut? Let me give you one of my favorite recipes. Try this 'Sauerkraut Roast' which takes the place of a main meat dish:

"Two cups of Kraut required, one cup of ground peanuts, a minced onion, a cup of canned tomato pulp, a cup of grated American cheese, the same quantity of bread or cracker crumbs, a tablespoonful of butter—and your own favorite seasonings. All these ingredients are shaped into a loaf, baked half an hour and served piping hot with a savory tomato sauce.

"Try it and you, too, will be a Sauerkraut enthusiast. It is important, of course, that you get the best Sauerkraut. When you buy always look for the emblem printed herewith on can or container—used only by licensed members of the Association. It always means First Quality Sauerkraut. Send for the Free Booklet.

*

15 Cents Worth of Sauerkraut Will Serve 4 to 6 Persons

The National Kraut Packers' Ass'n, Clyde, O.

Send for Interesting Booklet FREE

The National Kraut Packers' Association
Clyde, Ohio
Please send me postpaid your free booklet "Sauerkraut as a Health Food," with new tested recipes.

.... Name

.... Address

PC-2-31 .... City and State

Wednesday

Baked Sliced Ham Apple Rings
Baked Sweet Potatoes Artichokes Hollandaise
Lettuce with Russian Dressing
Orange Gelatin

Thursday

Consommé with Celery
Mutton Croquettes Baked Potatoes
Currant Jelly
Buttered Broccoli
Peach and Almond Salad, Whipped Cream Dressing
Sponge Cup Cakes, Coconut Icing

Friday

Halibut Turbots with Tomato Sauce
Baked Stuffed Potatoes Buttered Beets
Molded Spinach Salad
Lemon Pie

Saturday

Corned Beef Boiled Potatoes
Buttered Cabbage
Watercress Salad
Frozen Custard Lady Fingers

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY LUNCHEON

Cream of Mushroom Soup Cornsticks
Broiled Lamb Chops Grilled Pineapple
Baked Stuffed Sweet Potatoes
Asparagus Tip Salad
Pastry Logs

A VALENTINE BUFFET TEA

Heart-Shaped Sandwiches of White and Brown Bread with Watercress and Mayonnaise also with Pimiento Cheese
Salted Nuts Candy
Valentine Cake
Beverages

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY FIRESIDE TEA

Chicken Supreme with Pineapple and Coconut in Pastry Shells
Hot Buttered Whole-Wheat Rolls
Whole-Wheat Toast
Green Salad in Bowl
Dark and Light Fruit Cake
Decorated or Fancy Cookies
Russian Cocoa

¶ *Tune in on Old King Winter's Vegetable Program*

Continued from page 63

not the least of their advantages was that they were likely to be available at seasons of the year when foods that grew above the ground were scarce. In the autumn and winter the botanical function of the expanded fleshy root or tuber is to serve as a food storage reservoir for the plant's next season of growth. The tuber may function as a seed, as in case of the potato, or the main root stalk may merely be a storage of nutritive material to be drawn on for a later growth of seed stalks as in case of such plants as parsnips or turnips.

Whether we eat the leaves, the stalks and stems, the seeds and fruit, or the roots of plants, the primary source of the food substance is the same and was built up into its varied forms from the simple beginning of sugars formed in the leaves of plants, acted upon by sunshine. The root vegetables are often thought of and often spoken of as starchy vegetables. But the only one of the group common in the temperate zone which is essentially a starch-bearing food is the so-called Irish potato—a native of the American continent in spite of its Celtic name! It isn't a root but a tuber, or an expansion of an underground stem.

The sweet potato contains a mixture of starch and sugar. When grown in the tropics, the starch and sugar are in about equal proportions; when grown in the north, this potato contains about twice as much starch as sugar. The parsnip contains about equal parts of starch and sugar. The other three most common root vegetables, beets, carrots and turnips, contain practically no starch.

That the beet is a sugar-bearer should be well known to all of us, since one kind of beet cultivated for its sugar content is one of the two great sources of the world's sugar supply. Most of us would also recognize carrots as containing sugar for they have a sweet taste. But the turnip, especially when white, would be suspected by most of us of containing starch instead of sugar. However, there is no starch in it.

The total calories in these common root vegetables is given as follows:

	Calories per pound	*Pounds for 2,500 calories*
Sweet potatoes	558	4.5
Irish potatoes	378	6.6
Parsnips	284	8.5
Beets	209	12.0
Carrots	204	12.2
Turnips	178	14.0

The latter column is an informative way of expressing energy value since twenty-five hundred calories is about the daily food requirement per individual in the typical family. Therefore these figures show the number of pounds of these foods each of us would need to eat to keep our weight, if we ate nothing else. A man might eat enough sweet potatoes to keep going. But when it came to turnips, three meals of nearly five pounds each of turnips is more than one would want to tackle. The Germans found this out during the war when turnips often became an important part of the ration. Scarcity of fats added to the bad reputation of turnips in war-time Germany. When butter or another fat is added to any of these root vegetables, they not only become more palatable but sufficiently concentrated in fuel value that they could form the main ration without any stomach-stretching effects if our taste inclined us that way.

The adding of fat to the root vegetables in cooking or serving makes a big difference in the dietetic effect. One

* *Nat'l. Kraut Packers' Assn., First Quality Sauerkraut has been tested and approved for purity and nutritional qualities by the Physical Culture Institute of Nutrition. See page 9.*

ounce of fat contains two hundred and fifty calories which is more than the calories in a pound of the more watery of these vegetables. An ounce of fat to a pound of vegetables is not excessive for ordinary cookery yet it may double the fuel value of the food as served and halve the quantities that would be needed to make up a weight-maintaining ration.

Such fat-containing foods are all right if one needs the fuel energy, but they play havoc in a reducing diet. It is the customary added fat, even in mashed potatoes, which has given potatoes such a reputation as a fattening food.

Another common misconception concerning these underground vegetables is that they are inadequate or incomplete foods containing nothing but carbohydrates and are lacking in other nutrients. Especially are they considered as lacking in protein. But laboratory analysis has proved that in twenty-five hundred calories of beets there are eighty-seven grams of protein; in the same amount of turnips, eighty-three; potatoes, sixty-six; parsnips, sixty-two; carrots, sixty-one; and sweet potatoes, thirty-seven.

The distinct virtues of this group of goods are their generous mineral content. The value of the root vegetables as calcium, phosphorus and iron producers cannot be slighted by us when we plan our health menus. In the following table the needed amount of each mineral is represented by the figures 1.00 as a basis from which to judge the comparative worth of the separate foods.

	Calcium	*Phosphorus*	*Iron*
Beets	2.78	1.91	2.60
Carrots	5.39	2.29	2.66
Parsnips	3.96	2.66	1.80
Potatoes	.69	1.57	3.12
Sweet Potatoes	.69	.84	.82
Turnips	7.00	2.66	2.55
Whole Wheat	.48	2.29	2.20

The whole wheat was added for comparison. It contains about as much phosphorus as the richest of these vegetables, but the calcium in this grain is less than the lowest of the vegetable calcium suppliers. It is this relative excess of phosphorus over calcium that is chiefly responsible for the grains being acid-forming and the vegetables having the effect of increasing the alkalinity of the blood and body fluids. The turnip, which was at the bottom of the list on total food value, rates the highest in its calcium contribution.

Meat like bread has an excess of phosphorus and a deficiency of calcium. Eaten with bread it is a case of the blind leading the blind. But the lowly turnip in combination with meat would be a case of the lame man riding on the blind man's back to their mutual advantage. Vegetable meat stews have their dietetic justification besides satisfying a hungry man's winter appetite.

As a source of vitamins the root vegetables rank well above the average run of foods, though only reaching the highest ratings in a few instances.

Beets, which rank well in other nutritional tests, show lower vitamin ratings throughout. Turnips have no appreciable vitamin A, whereas carrots show a triple rating in this vitamin. Rutabagas or yellow turnips are distinctive

Helen disliked the very sight of milk

Now I give it to her a new way . . . and she loves it!

DELICIOUS HOT

"My little girl was underweight and I had the hardest time getting her to take proper nourishment. She hated milk, and I had to threaten to send her to bed before she'd touch it.

"My husband's sister suggested that I mix Cocomalt with her milk. I took her advice—and how glad I am! Helen loves it—drinks all she can get. The extra nourishment has put eight pounds on her already. She's filling out like a little kewpie!"

What every child needs

Thousands of mothers have the same thrilling story to tell!

Cocomalt provides *extra* proteins, carbohydrates and minerals so essential to the active, growing young body. Every glass a child drinks is equal to almost two glasses of plain milk. For, by actual laboratory analysis, it *adds 70% more nourishment to milk.* And it transforms milk into such a delicious, chocolate flavor food drink, youngsters love it!

Strong, sound bodies in children are impossible without Vitamin D. This vitamin, produced by summer sunshine, is present in Cocomalt. It helps substantially to prevent rickets and to build strong bones and teeth.

Special trial offer—send coupon

Cocomalt comes in powder form, ready to mix with milk. ½ lb., 1 lb., and 5 lb. family size. High in food value, low in cost. At grocers and drug stores. Or mail this coupon and 10¢ for trial can.

Cocomalt*

ADDS 70% MORE NOURISHMENT TO MILK

R. B. Davis Co., Dept. T-2, Hoboken, N. J.
I am enclosing 10c. Please send me a trial-size can of Cocomalt.

Name..........

Address.......... State..........

City..........

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in that their vitamin ratings are higher than those of white turnips. There are usually given a triple rating under vitamin C and perhaps also have more vitamin A than the white turnips. Sweet potatoes also rank higher than white potatoes. Both of these distinctions are in line with the general rule that vitamin A seems to be associated with yellow coloring in foods. (The same contrast is found in yellow versus white corn.) Present laboratory discoveries indicate that vitamin C ratings are lowered but not destroyed by cooking. Potatoes boiled for fifteen minutes still give a double plus rating on vitamin C. It is a recorded fact that there have been epidemics of scurvy in Ireland in years when the potato crop was a failure and the people substituted cereals for potatoes in the diet. Since there is no reason to believe that the Irish ate their potatoes raw, this is practical evidence that cooked potatoes are still a good enough source of this vitamin.

There is no need in a diet containing raw fruit and raw leafy salad vegetables for the use of any of the root vegetables in an uncooked form. However, where leafy salad material is scarce, any of these root vegetables which we find palatable in the raw state may be used as salad ingredients. Their crispness is a welcome addition to the salad and when grated or slivered so that they are well flavored with the seasoning and dressing of the salad, almost any raw vegetable is delicious. Carrots are probably the most acceptable of the list, many people preferring them raw. Very few people care for either kind of potatoes raw, but all the other raw root vegetables find enthusiastic users, raw sugar beets among the favorites.

THE last dietetic qualifications of the root vegetables to be considered is that due, not to their nutrients, but to their "bulk." By this we mean both the cellulose or fiber and the natural moist condition or water content. These two factors together serve to give a distinctive action in digestion which can hardly be rivaled by any type of dry concentrated food. The two varieties of potatoes, however, contain much less cellulose than the other roots in the list. In this respect they rank along with the whole-grain cereals, but the beets, and still more so the carrots, turnips and parsnips, contain cellulose in greater proportion to their digestible food elements.

The root vegetables as a whole deserve a regular place in the thrifty and health-maintaining menus. They combine enough good qualities that those who use them freely are likely to have a better diet than those who do not eat them. They are seasonable just now and therefore economical. They bring variety to the diet and with the other winter vegetables, such as cabbage, Brussels sprouts, eggplant, oyster plant (which is a root vegetable), onions, artichokes, broccoli, kohlrabi, celeriac, dasheen, squash, and the dried legumes (lentils, beans and peas which are high in protein) our menus need not be monotonous. King Winter's vegetable program is a generous one!

¶ *The Charm of Culture*

Continued from page 56

on his knowledge is just one long yawn.

On the other hand, years ago I knew a young Irishman who ran away from home when he was fourteen and whose academic education was meager. He landed in this country, sold newspapers and afterward served his time, first in the Navy and later the Army. He was still in one branch of the service when I met him. A more fascinating conversationalist I have never met. It is possible that his grammar was not of the purest, but he could inform any story he told you with his colorful and eager personality. He got *so* much out of life!

He read a great deal, was quite conversant with politics and the wide general situations in which this exciting world finds itself and he had a poetic and stimulating imagination as well. He also had the most graceful and absolutely inborn good manners that any one would wish for. Therefore I feel that he was—and is—an entirely cultured person, according to my standards, while the first man of whom I told you was merely a dullard with a lot of education and undigested advantages.

CULTURE is not a matter of education nor yet a matter of travel, although these advantages, properly used, help a good deal. A person who lives in one small town all her life and has had nothing more than an ordinary schooling may, nevertheless, be what I consider a perfectly cultured human being. Reading contributes amazingly. I do not mean by this just reading everything and anything, nor taking a library course, nor reading things because people tell you to. I mean keeping up with current magazines, current fiction, biography, history and philosophy in an amount commensurate with one's interest in the subjects, one's time and strength. To pick up some recommended book because it is talked about and to read it without either liking or understanding it will not add to your sum of knowledge. It is better to read a few books a year and find them exciting and stimulating and comprehensible than to read a hundred and forget ninety-nine of them.

As far as travel is concerned, if you cannot travel by sea, land, or air you can travel in books; and recently there have been very fascinating books written which far surpass the old style travel books. These, in the modern manner, give to the reader the very soul of a strange country rather than the bare bones of geography or history.

Current events are available to anyone who cares to read one or more good newspapers intelligently with an eye to something beyond comic strips and lurid headlines. Politics and world events are brought to the reader in this way and general information is a part of culture.

But culture goes deeper than a knowledge of books and lands and world happenings. Culture has an integral part in human relationships. People who are really interested in other people, not from a standpoint of mere social contact, or backstairs gossip, but because human beings stir their interest and their pity, are interesting people in themselves.

Culture means religion in its broadest sense and an abiding faith in humanity. It means, too, sentiment but not sentimentality; and a sense of humor which does not stop at the custard-pie-throwing stage.

Culture means good manners. Not stilted manners, but the sort of inborn courtesy which is from the heart. This sort of courtesy means tact. It means that the person possessing it is not narrow nor intolerant nor prejudiced. It means a live-and-let-live sort of standard, and it means that no person possessing it would willingly wound friend or stranger.

Culture means care of one's personal appearance. It means ease in all social contacts. It means, at least to me, a complete freedom from the petty snobbery which seems to afflict this day and age. It means an open mind and the realization that we can learn something from everyone regardless of their so-called "social" standing. It means a complete desire to set the other person at his or her ease in conversation; and it means, above all, an interest in life and an eagerness to live life to the full, in the best way possible.

True culture, then, is not limited to one phase alone nor to a sort of intellectual pastime. It means the beauty culture of health and body; the mental culture of reading; the culture of general information; and, above all, the instinct for friendship, for tact and kindliness and a vivid and vital interest in life itself.

WHETHER you are educated in the university sense or lack all academic knowledge, whether you live in a big city or on a farm or in a village, whether you have the happy advantages of travel or have never been twenty miles from your home in your life, whether you are Saturday's Child, working for your living, or a person of means and leisure, doesn't really matter. You may possess true culture in any situation and in any walk of life. Friendliness, tolerance, an open and eager mind and a heart big enough to accommodate all humanity will encompass this for you. And, believe it or not, this sort of culture means charm and magnetism and personality.

Of Personal Interest

QUESTION—I am a girl seventeen years old and would like to know if you'd answer the following questions for me, please: (a) Does standing a long time increase bow-leggedness? What are some good exercises for bow-legs? (b) I have a habit of blinking and cannot overcome it. I have large greenish-brown eyes and thick, long black lashes, but this blinking is what spoils my looks. I don't want to

wear glasses unless it is absolutely necessary. (c) I have been sunburned and would like to know of a good harmless bleach.

—Anxious.

Answer—(a) I do not think that standing will increase the tendency toward bow-legs. You have not told me how bad this defect is. In any case, the present-day fashion of long skirts is very helpful; also darker stockings which are in the mode. Wear the darker shades and do not draw attention to your legs by light stockings or too fancy shoes. If you will send a stamped and addressed envelope, we may be able to find some exercises for you. (b) I wonder if you tire your eyes under artificial light? A good eye-wash to be used in an eye-cup, fresh for each eye, and the cup kept sterile, is one heaping teaspoon of boric acid dissolved in a pint of boiling water. Use, cool or tepid, twice a day. But, in the meantime, it would be wise to have your eyes examined. (c) A bleach to be harmless must be slow. Buttermilk or lemon juice or sponging the skin with a solution of peroxide after washing with an alkaline soap and warm water may help. But if your skin is tender or dry, do it with caution and always apply a good cold cream afterward.

Question—I am a married woman nineteen years old and I would like to reduce. I am five feet one inch in height and weigh one hundred and thirty-five pounds. My stomach and hips seem to be the largest part of me, and the calves of my legs. I will certainly thank you for advice. What should I weigh?

—D. D. C., Texas.

Answer—Drastic reduction by diet or exercise is always inadvisable save under the care of a physician and at your age it is better to be overweight than underweight. I do not know the size of your bones, which one must take into consideration, but I should say that a correct weight for you would be about one hundred and eighteen. In your diet avoid too many fats and starches, too many sweets, such as pastries, and fried foods. Eat plentifully of greens, raw and cooked vegetables, salads and whole-wheat bread and do not eat between meals or nibble at candy. Large abdomens can be corrected by exercise. Stand, the arms out before you, and bend to one side, one arm down, the other above your head; then repeat to the other side. Stand erect and try touching your fingertips to the floor without bending the knees. Lie on your back on a mat on the floor, arms above your head, and raise yourself to a sitting posture and touch your toes. For large thighs, stand with hands on hips and raise first one leg and then another straight out in front of you and then try it raising each leg to the side. Kicking exercises while lying on the floor are very good; pedal the legs as if on a bicycle. The same exercises are good for large calves. A stamped addressed envelope will bring more details if you wish. Outdoor exercise is excellent as well—walking, swimming, playing games. Watch your diet and your eliminations. Do the indoor exercises only ten times apiece at first and gradually increase them but do not get overtired.

Quaker Oats gives children more to go on and grow on

The most nourishing of all hot breakfasts . . . yet the quickest to prepare. Boiling water . . . Quick Quaker . . . 2½ minutes of cooking . . . and breakfast's ready!

2½ Minutes . . .
Quick Quaker Oats

That's all you need for this delicious hot breakfast

First Quaker roasts and toasts the plump whole oats through 14 different ovens to give that toasty flavor.

Then *you* cook them for 2½ minutes and they're deliciously, wholesomely done.

Bring water to a rolling boil. Sprinkle in Quick Quaker. Pop on the cover. And by the time the coffee's ready, there's your hot tasty Quaker oatmeal . . . deliciously, wholesomely done.

Why ever serve less nourishing breakfasts?

"IF mothers could only see their children in school as we do," say teachers, "poor breakfasts would soon be a thing of the past. Again and again we see naturally bright children listless—unable to concentrate, from lack of enough energy food. Again and again we see marks raised as much as 20%, when breakfasts are improved."

No mother would knowingly deny her child a good breakfast. But what *is* a good breakfast? And how does it differ from a poor one? "A good breakfast," say authorities, "sticks to the ribs, stands by the child all morning long, is full of lasting energy! And the greatest energy breakfast of all," they say, "is oatmeal."

The Quaker process keeps every bit of the vital parts of the oat, where Nature stores her 3 great protective foods. So perfectly are growth and energy elements, vitamins and minerals balanced in Quaker Oats that it has long been known as "the most nutritious of all hot cereals."

Fastest of all hot breakfasts

But perhaps you say, "There's not time to cook oatmeal at our house." Here's the answer. Quick Quaker Oats actually takes less time to cook than toast or coffee!

Every day protect child health by serving these steamy, creamy bowls of hot tasty nourishment. Start the whole family off with that lasting glow of energy that only Quaker Oats breakfasts give.

For delicious "Johnny Cake," try Quaker Cornmeal. It's richer . . . more flavory, like all Quaker Products.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY, CHICAGO

*

Quaker Oats . . . ***and . . . Quick Quaker Oats***

* *Quaker Oats has been tested and approved for purity and nutritional qualities by the Physical Culture Institute of Nutrition.* *See Page 9.*

¶ Tracking Down the Common Cold

Continued from page 55

cent. reduction among the students taking the treatment last year. Proper diets are also recommended, as well as correct ventilation, frequent bathing, and sufficient hours of sleep. So far as is known, this is the first time that any university has organized as comprehensive a plan for improving student health through the prevention of colds.

Sunlight is probably one of the most prominent factors in the prevention and cure of colds. But during the winter months of December, January, February and March, when the mercury is down below freezing in a large part of this country and when colds are most prevalent, one cannot easily expose his body to the sun's rays. But it is now possible for us all to have artificial sunlight indoors, and it has been demonstrated among the 5,500 students at Cornell University that by ultra-violet irradiation during these months the number of colds can be substantially decreased.

Experiments conducted by the Departments of Physiology and Hygiene at Cornell show that: (1) *there is a direct relationship between the acquisition of colds and the number of daily hours of sunshine, and* (2) *either a deficiency of vitamin intake or* (3) *a disorder of vitamin metabolism during these "dark" winter months lowers the resistance of the human body to colds and other ailments.* It has been proven in many places by experimentation on animals that those kept on diets *deficient in certain vitamins* were addicted to snuffling and eventually lung infections that often terminated in death. As the animals lost their vitality through restrictions to faulty diets, they became more and more a prey to disease.

A few years ago it was decided to try a system of ultra-violet irradiation of the skin surface for cold-susceptible persons during the winter months to determine if it would be an adequate cold-prevention measure. A group of 81 male students were selected who were known to be very susceptible to colds—that is, who had reported as having had four or more colds during the college year. Twenty-three of these students received one 10-minute irradiation a week from an quartz mercury vapor lamp, while the remaining 58 took no special treatment.

The results of the study were as follows:

	Irradiated	*Non-irradiated*
Number of persons	23	58
Colds during period of treatment:		
Mild	26	93
Severe	8	51
Total	34	144
Number per person	1.48	2.48
Apparent per cent. reduction	40.3	

In order to make sure that this result could be taken as a positive index and criterion for the prevention of colds, a similar experiment was repeated among 23 freshmen students whose previous records showed them to have had four or more colds a year. They were selected for weekly ultra-violet light baths from a hygiene class of 160 young men, and the result was similar to that of the previous experiment.

Twenty-six freshmen in the cold-susceptible groups who were not irradiated over a period of 12 weeks reported 44 mild and 29 severe cases for a total of 73 or an average of 2.80 colds per individual, while an irradiated group of 23 freshmen who were accustomed to having frequent colds reported 23 mild and 13 severe colds, for a total of 36, or an average of 1.56.

In a second period of nine weeks in which another test was made there was an average of *1.24 colds per student in the treated group* and *2.79 in the untreated group.*

Experiments conducted at Cornell during the past few years tend to prove that a 10- to 16-minute exposure of the naked body (5 to 8 minutes front and 5 to 8 minute back) during the winter months to the rays of an ultra-violet lamp once a week will, in most instances, reduce by at least 40 per cent. the incidence of colds among cold-susceptible individuals. But the use of this artificial light is not alone to be expected to produce a complete cure, as there are several other factors—*including diet and ventilation*—to be taken into consideration in maintaining resistance to colds.

Causes of Common Colds as Determined at Cornell

EXPERIMENTS conducted by the Departments of Physiology and Hygiene at Cornell University show that:

1. There is a direct relationship between the catching of colds and the number of daily hours of sunshine.
2. A deficiency of vitamins or a disorder of vitamin metabolism exists during these "dark" winter months and lowers the resistance of the human body to colds.
3. Diet and faulty nutrition have a direct relation to colds.
4. Ventilation has a direct relation to colds.
5. Heavy underwear does not prevent people from catching colds and those who do not wear it are freer from them.
6. Heredity is a possible factor in a lowered resistance to colds.
7. The removal of infected tonsils and nasal obstructions does not necessarily stop a person from having frequent colds.
8. Women have colds less frequently than men, possibly because the fewer clothes that women wear both winter and summer keep their skin toned up and better able to withstand chilling.

Replies to a questionnaire given to 1,968 freshmen one year showed that only 24 per cent. of those having not more than one cold a year wore woolen underclothing in winter, while 43 per cent. of those students who had four or more colds were "protected" by this type of underwear. In addition, only 6 per cent. of those who had one or no colds a year had parents who suffered from frequent colds, while 17 per cent. of those in the cold-susceptible group had parents with whom colds were almost habitual. Forty per cent. of the no-cold group had had some sort of an operation on their nose or throat, while 54 per cent. or more than half of the extreme cold-susceptibles had had such operations.

It may be assumed, therefore, (1) that heavy underwear does not prevent people from catching colds; (2) that those who do not wear it are freer from them; (3) that heredity is possibly a factor in a lowered resistance to colds and (4) that the removal of infected tonsils and nasal obstructions does not necessarily stop persons from having frequent colds.

In a questionnaire study of 2,485 freshmen and sophomores at the university it was discovered that women had colds less frequently than men. This is possibly due to the fewer clothes that women wear both winter and summer, keeping their skin toned up and therefore making them less susceptible to chills and exposure.

In eliminating the number of colds, one must find the causes for their undue prevalence in the winter months. The main reasons, it is believed, are poor ventilation, faulty nutrition and lack of sunlight. Regarding ventilation, the atmosphere of our homes, and school and college class rooms, during the winter months is apt to be hot, dry, and considerably polluted by infective moisture droplets coughed, talked, or sneezed out of our throats. In class rooms, windows are sometimes opened here and there, and adequate mechanical systems of ventilation are in operation in a few of the more modern office and school buildings in our cities, but in order to keep the feet warm and comfortable, it has been found that windows can be opened only conservatively, if at all, when there are many people congregated in one room. Thus a student at the end of an hour's recitation, or an office worker after a morning's work, often steps out abruptly from a room with a temperature of 70 degrees Fahrenheit and a relative humidity of 25 per cent. into an outside temperature of nearly zero Fahrenheit and a relative humidity of 70 per cent.

People are all the more susceptible to common colds and other sicknesses in winter because they eat fewer vegetables, the milk they drink comes from stall-fed cows, and the eggs from winter-housed chickens, all of them lower in vitamin content, which results in a deficiency in vitamin intake sufficient to lower resistance to many types of infection,

(*Continued on page 78*)

Nervous and Mental Breakdowns!

They Tell You—"Your troubles are only imaginary—FORGET THEM!"

C. Franklin Leavitt, M. D.

The Psychology of Your Fears

Nervous and Mental Breakdowns are primarily due to FEAR. These FEARS are due to your possessing a sensitive, emotional, impressionable nature. Such people are known as introverts. No one who has never experienced such a state can conceive of the suffering and torture which is possible. These FEARS become very real and intense in character—to the point perhaps of one becoming panicky and even hysterical. You feel "trapped" and know not which way to turn. Your relatives tell you it is all foolishness, your physician tells you—"to forget it," and you are ashamed to tell your friends of your trouble for fear they may think you queer. Thus you suffer in patience and wonder what the end is to be. Deeper and deeper into the mental mire you sink and inwardly cry—"Oh what shall I do?"

What Your Imagination Can Do

You are told your FEARS are not REAL, but yet you suffer quite as much from them as though they were real. You do not understand the condition, therefore your mind is full of doubt. If a good friend told you that a dear one had been killed in an automobile accident you would suffer keenly and pass through some very pronounced physical reactions, even though that friend were mistaken about its being your dear one. You believed him, and that was enough. In a like manner you believe these fears you have are likely to culminate into realities, and believing it causes keen reactions. Through constantly holding these fears you generate a very real poison in your body, with a definite chemical change, which produces an auto intoxication. This means a lowered vitality, functional inaction, and supersensitive nerves—all of which forms fertile soil for the growth of very real disorders. Every fear has its reaction on the Sympathetic Nervous System and is a shock which is felt throughout your entire being.

Your Fears as a Neurasthenic

Neurasthenia is a child of FEAR. It is due to your sensitive, emotional nature getting the upper hand and dominating YOU, instead of your controlling and directing it. Frequent indulgence in these fears form fixed HABITS which trap you. Some of the more common fears are:—Fear of insanity, fear of suicide, fear of injuring a loved one, fear of crowds and closed places, fear of being alone, fear that something might happen to you, fear of death, fear of disease, fear of germs or dirt, fear that people may recognize your trouble, fear that you might lose control of yourself and make a scene. You find it practically impossible to forget yourself and you assume an overserious and overanxious attitude toward most everything. You lose interest even in life, and each morning you get up to—"just another day." Where the fears and feelings are acute the nerves become extremely sensitive and weak and you have peculiar sensations, such as uncertainty in locomotion, a slight dizziness, nervous indigestion, etc., which seem quite alarming to you. Remember worry alone, which is a form of fear, can upset your nervous system completely.

You Ask, "Is My Mind Weak?"

No, only those with active, "going" minds experience these breakdowns. It is merely due to lack of understanding and repressed emotions which have accumulated to such an extent that you are like an overloaded boiler—just about ready to burst. This good mind of yours has become introspective, that is all. But to just continue to drift of course will mean more and more acute suffering. Such a nature as yours is capable of carrying you to great heights. The truly successful have just such a type of mind. You are out of adjustment, that is all. The depressing reactions you are experiencing are NATURAL reactions for the life you have been living. Things are according to LAW. It is a matter of "reaping what we sow." You lack UNDERSTANDING, TRAINING and DEVELOPMENT.

You Are Wasting Your Energies

RIGHT thinking and living, along with proper mental and physical training and development, will set that delicate and wonderful machinery of yours working FOR you instead of against you, and will bring HARMONY. You have tremendous power, the SAME power that others have used to win success and happiness. Your confidence has been badly shaken and you are now on a negative plane of life, with your life's batteries short-circuited and low. All this CAN be changed completely and has been in thousands of cases.

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Dr. Leavitt has been helping people make adjustments for THIRTY FOUR years; ten years in the practice of Medicine and Surgery, and the past twenty-four years exclusively devoted to Psychology and Physical Culture. He has made several trips abroad and is thorough, scientific and practical in all his work. He is the author of several books which have had a wide sale, a writer for magazines, and conducts a Psychological Department in one of our leading magazines. Each month, for the past eighteen years, he has carried his message to Physical Culture readers and thousands have profited by it.

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including common colds. And in addition, the frequency with which colds follow the eating of too much candy by children is suggestive that too much sugar plays a part in lowering resistance to colds.

A large number of the experiments conducted by various health agencies designed to control just one of the factors that cause colds, have given surprisingly favorable results. Thus the New York State Commission on Ventilation reports a uniformly decreased incidence of colds among school children whose class rooms are ventilated by the modern modified window method rather than by the mechanical method. Colds have also decreased in number among children whose attention has been called rather continuously through "no cold" campaigns to such hygienic faults as sneezing or coughing with mouth uncovered by handkerchief. Other workers report that diets rich in "protective foodstuffs," and especially butter, are very successful in reducing the incidence of colds.

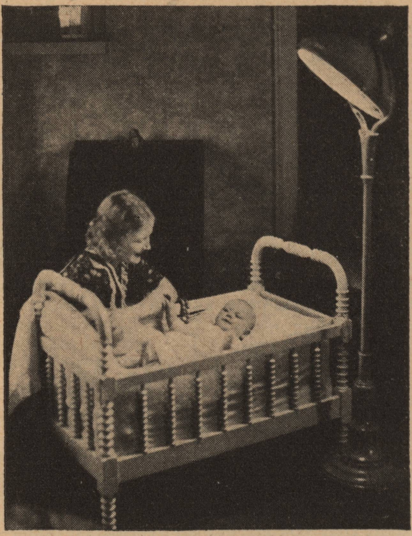
LET us now take up the matter of sunlight. A skin that receives little, if any, sunlight is likely to become pale and rough. Very little vitamin D is formed in such a skin, and makes it very sensitive to chilling and a person becomes more susceptible to colds.

For this reason, this winter and the two winters previous, groups of cold-susceptible students at Cornell have been given weekly irradiations of ultra-violet light which corresponds roughly to the amount of similar light which the average student would obtain from the sun's rays on his neck, hands, face and wrists in ordinary clothing in midsummer. It has been proven that this is a great boon to students suffering from colds.

In order to cope more efficiently with the problem of colds, the university has recently installed up-to-date equip-

(*Continued from page 76*)

ment in the men's gymnasium of four sun lamps and eleven mercury vapor lamps. Instead of the young men lying for so many minutes on their backs and for so many minutes on their stomachs, imprints of feet have been made on the floor under and around the lamps, and the student stands for one minute each in 15 different positions. An alarm clock rings at the end of a minute, and the student moves on to the next position. In this way every part of the body



(*Courtesy General Electric Co.*)

Baby may have the benefit of sunshine all winter long

is irradiated. Six sun lamps and two mercury vapor lamps have been installed for the use of the young women in their gymnasium. The solariums will accommodate 90 students per hour at present and at this time 150 of the estimated 1150 cold susceptibles in the university are paying the nominal fee and taking the ultra-violet irradiations once or twice a week. The record of colds among the irradiated group of cold susceptibles is kept each week, and if in the individual case no reduction of colds is secured, abnormal conditions such as sinus infection or marked nasal obstruction are being sought and their special treatment attempted.

A check-up of the first 100 cases of cold susceptibles treated showed that there were an average of 1.15 colds per person during one term as contrasted with an average of 2 colds per person among 38 cold susceptibles of the same type, but untreated. A reduction of cold incidence of 42.5 per cent. in 100 cold susceptibles is not as spectacular as it could be, but one is convinced that if applied to the whole group of cold-susceptible students in the university, it would aid considerably in stamping out the menace of common colds.

FOR those who would keep from having colds during the winter months it is recommended (1) That they protect the mucous membranes of their noses and throats by keeping the indoor atmosphere moist, moving and at 68 to 70 degrees Fahrenheit, through the use of sufficient heat, and open windows, at least a few inches, most all the time. (2) Be careful to protect others in coughing, sneezing, spitting and blowing of the nose. (3) Keep a normal blood sugar by avoiding an excess of sweets, and build up a high vitamin and alkaline reserve by including in the daily diet two or four glasses of milk, two helpings of leafy or fiber vegetables, fresh when possible; at least one helping of fruit, preferably two or three oranges, and one or two salads; (4) A sun bath at least once or twice a week in summer, and a short ultra-violet bath once or twice a week in winter to provide adequate amounts of vitamin D and keep the skin immune to chilling and exposure. (5) At least eight hours' sleep a night.

¶ *Whole-Wheat Flour Now Standardized*

Continued from page 62

But the confusion should now end, for after a long and rather uncalled-for delay in getting at the matter, federal pure food authorities at Washington have finally issued a "definition" of whole-wheat and Graham flour. Such definition has the effect of a prohibitory law because any flour that is labeled and sold as whole-wheat, entire-wheat, or Graham flour must henceforth conform to the definition or be considered misbranded and therefore unlawful.

By this new definition we go back to the idea and intention of old Sylvester Graham, for whole-wheat flour and Graham flour are now declared legally to be the same thing and must be by law what they have always been by common sense, ground whole wheat with nothing added and nothing taken away. Therefore, if you now buy whole-wheat or Graham flour in the United States, it is genuine whole-wheat flour or else it is unlawful. Since there is very little profit incentive to make the blended mixture, the law will be respected and the confusion of these mixed and near whole-wheat flours will be ended.

The law does not specify whether light- or dark-colored wheat should be used or whether the flour should be coarsely or finely ground. As both of these factors alter the appearance and color of the flour, not all genuine whole-wheat flour in the market looks alike nor gives the same texture and color when baked.

For Underweight Child

QUESTION: My nine-year-old boy is underweight. Is it safe to feed him eggs and milk at the same meal?

ANSWER: Yes, decidedly, it is both safe and wise. The growing child, and particularly the underweight child, needs milk at every meal. A moderate amount of eggs is also good for him. Therefore, if one were to avoid milk and eggs at the same meal it would mean meals without any milk. In practise this would be likely to do more harm than the eggs would do good.

The mother who asked this question has probably been viewing the problem from the standpoint of trying to balance the meals and is classing both milk and eggs as "protein" foods. She therefore feels that using two such foods at the same meal would destroy the balance and lead to an excess of protein.

Efforts to simplify nutrition by classifying foods according to the principal ingredient are of doubtful value. It not only gives an inaccurate idea of foods but may lead to such practical errors in application as the one here suggested. Many of our best foods contain so many of the elements of nutrition that it gives an erroneous idea to class them for their content of any one thing. Protein is only one of the many valuable nutritional components of milk.

For the lad in question, a quart of milk a day and two eggs would be a conservative allowance. It would be wiser to increase the milk to more than a quart than

to increase the eggs. It is certainly simpler and easier with most children to see that they get their needed milk when there is at least one glass of milk served with every meal, no matter what other foods the meal contains. Milk is also given in cocoa, soups, on cereals and on simple puddings and desserts.

What Advantages Has Comb Honey?

QUESTION: Is honey in the comb of any greater food value than the extracted or strained honey?

ANSWER: There is no difference in the honey itself. Neither is the comb or beeswax of any particular value as food. This wax is not digestible and in that respect would act as "bulk" in the digestive tract as does cellulose. However, there is not enough eaten at any one time to be of consequence one way or another.

This leads to the natural question as to why comb honey is the more prized and sells at a higher price. One answer is that the "labor cost" of production is higher—it takes the bees much longer to manufacture the comb than it does to gather the honey to fill it.

The discovery that the bees put in a lot more time making "bottles" than they do filling them led the bee-keepers to devise the methods of extracting the honey and putting the comb back in the hives for the bees to fill it up again. That clever trick greatly increased the honey production and lowered the cost.

But regardless of any arguments about labor economy in the beehive, many people still prefer to eat their honey in the comb.

Mineral Oil and Digestibility

QUESTION: In the reducing menus put out by your Institute, you recommend the use of mineral oil in salad dressings. However, I was told by a doctor that mineral oil should not be mixed with foods, as it rendered the food indigestible. Is this true?

ANSWER: Mineral oil is itself indigestible, or, more properly, non-digestible. In that fact lies its value, both for the relief of constipation and in reducing diets. The idea that it might render food with which it is used indigestible comes from the notion that the food particles would become coated with the non-digestible oil and therefore could not be acted upon by the digestive juices.

Experimental tests have shown that mineral oil does not have any appreciable effect of decreasing the digestibility of other foods. If the other foods are moist when the mineral oil is added, the moisture prevents any real absorption of the oil by the food substance and the oil is readily separated in the digestive tract and the food substance digested.

However, any agency that relieves constipation and causes a more rapid passage of the food substance along the alimentary tract does tend to cut down the percentage of food absorption, because there is less time for such action. Mineral oil would have this effect, though not to the extent of that of the usual dose of laxative drugs. But that is usually desired by those who use the oil.

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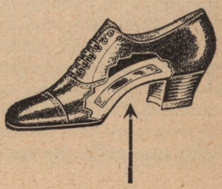

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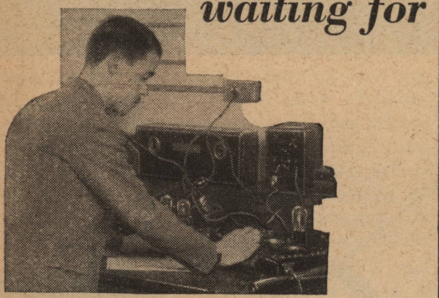

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DEAR SIR:
I note your answer in the November issue to an inquiry concerning an auto tour from this country to Mexico City in which you describe the tour over the new International Highway. I am interested in this tour and would like to know if this highway is completed all the way through from the Texas line at Laredo to Mexico City. I had been advised that it isn't. Could you give me some assurance in reference to this?

T. G. W., Pittsburgh, Pa.

ANSWER—In replying to the inquiry of T. S. H., of Chattanooga, we had accepted the statement sent out to the effect that this International Highway would be completed from Nuevo Laredo through to Mexico City in August and to assure safety to American automobile tourists the Mexican Government had arranged to have the highway policed by Mexican soldiers. We have since been informed by the Laredo (Texas) Chamber of Commerce that this is not so, and have been set right in the matter of actual conditions by the following letter received from Mr. C. Mumm, secretary of the Laredo Chamber of Commerce:

DEAR SIR:
Your reply to a query published in the November issue states that there is a good auto highway from Nuevo Laredo to the City of Mexico. We wish to advise you that you have been misinformed. The highway to the City of Mexico is far from being completed. At present tourists do not go further south from Laredo than to Monterey, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles. This stretch is paved. From Monterey south they can drive as far as Linares in dry weather, but from there on it would be extremely hazardous to attempt to drive further. In fact, there are long stretches through mountains and desert where no construction work has even been started.

The auto trip to the City of Mexico, however, is made once in a while by persons seeking adventure, but in that case they do not follow the proposed route of the Pan American Highway to Mexico City, but they drive over the old Mexican roads, either via Saltillo and San Luis Potosi or via Victoria to San Luis Potosi. But it is the general policy to discourage tourists from attempting this trip.

If tourists driving through the Southwest or contemplating an auto tour into Mexico will call at the offices of the Laredo Chamber of Commerce, 718 Convent Avenue, Laredo, Texas, we will furnish them with all information in reference to road conditions and routes and the regulations for tourists visiting Mexico, or if they will write to us we will mail them this information before they start.

A great deal of annoyance has been caused in the past by misinformation through which people have driven long distances from the north to the border with the intention of driving through to Mexico City, and for this reason we would like to suggest that you kindly give this corrected information to all inquiries in the future, and publish this in your next issue.

(Signed) C. MUMM, Secretary,
Laredo Chamber of Commerce.

DEAR SIR:
I have a shooting lodge and camp on a small lake in northern Minnesota, and as it is on the direct line of the duck flight I would like to know what is the best foods to plant in order to induce wild ducks to make the waters in the vicinity of my camp a regular stopping place and to get them to breeding in this locality. Could you give me any advice in this respect?

H. K., Duluth, Minn.

ANSWER—The best foods to plant for wild duck are wild celery, wild sago, wild duck millet, wapato or duck potato, and wild rice.

Wild celery is the favorite food for canvasbacks, redheads and bluebills. Widgeon, teal, pintails, mallards, coots and geese will also come to wild celery waters, and it is an excellent food for game fish. It grows readily in bays and nooks in fresh and slightly brackish waters.

Wild sago is perhaps the best all-round duck food that can be planted. Its clusters of seeds are eaten greedily by mallards, teal, widgeon, and its tubers form food for canvasbacks and redheads. Marl bottoms are good for planting sago. It grows submerged.

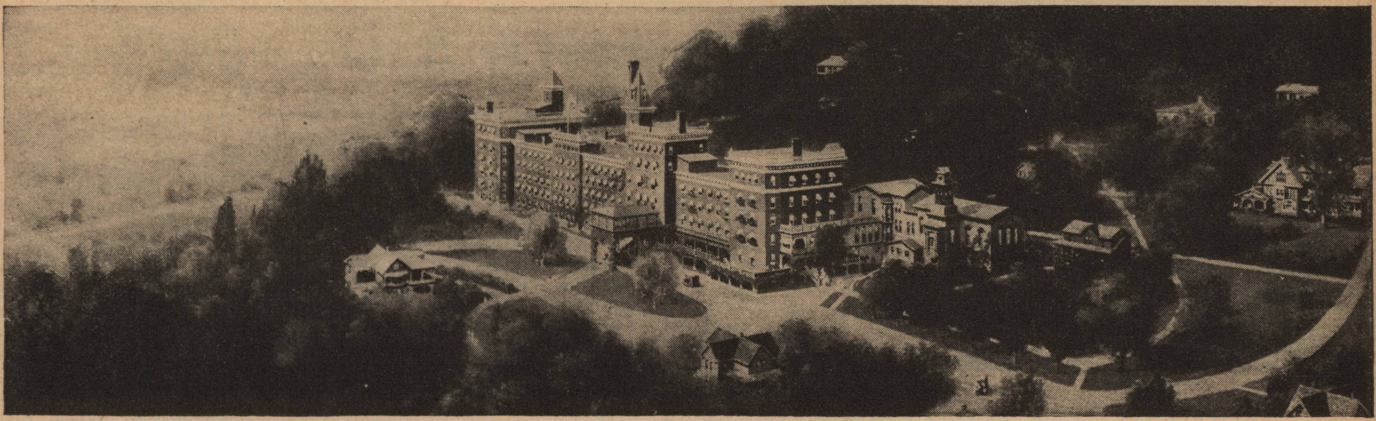
Your best plan is to plant a mixture of all the duck foods given above according to the bottom soil—wild sago on marl or clay bottom, wild celery and the duck potato on mud flats, duck millet on mud flats where the water lowers in summer, and wild rice where there is a current and where the water stage doesn't change much.

DEAR SIR:
Are these air beds or pneumatic mattresses practical for sleeping outdoors, or are they just a fancy idea that does not prove practical in actual use? If they are practical, why are they not in general use by the woodsmen who sleep outdoors most of the time?

E. G. K., Albany, N. Y.

ANSWER—Pneumatic mattresses are thoroughly practical, and what is more, they are coming into common use by woodsmen who are naturally slow in accepting modern ideas advanced by "city men." A great many big game hunters use them now, as they provide a comfortable bed where the old type of sleeping bag slapped down on a rock is decidedly uncomfortable. As an adjunct to a sleeping bag they are invaluable to the person who likes a comfortable bed, and when deflated they roll up into a tiny roll and add no weight at all to the equipment. I have seen hard-boiled guides of the Canadian woods casting envious glances at the "city sport" they had taken out into the woods because the latter had a comfortable pneumatic mattress to sleep on.

Physical Culture Hotel Offers You Renewed Health—Vigor—Happiness



Physical Culture Hotel—Founded by Bernarr Macfadden

Where Nature Cooperates With Science

High on a hillside, overlooking the beautiful Genesee Valley at Dansville, New York, Bernarr Macfadden, the vigorous exponent of Physical Culture Methods, offers you a health resort, *unsurpassed.* Here, under ideal conditions, health building has been made a positive pleasure.

The Physical Culture Hotel, a completely modern, fireproof building accommodating three hundred or more guests *welcomes you!* The most modern mechanical equipment has been added to nature's own curative agencies, with expert dieticians and physical culturists ready to work with you towards new health and strength. The Physical Culture Hotel has become the largest institution in the country devoted exclusively to natural methods of healing.

Physical Culture methods have proved particularly efficacious in connection with the following conditions: Heart and stomach troubles, coughs, colds, catarrh—Rheumatism, also arthritis, sciatica and neuritis—Skin diseases (non-contagious) including eczema, acne, and psoriasis (chronic inflammation, skin disease with scale formation)—Female disorders; displacements, nervous debility, prolapsis, leucorrhea—Hay fever, asthma, bronchitis—Nerve disorders; nervous exhaustion, debilitation, neurasthenia, neuralgia, nervous depression, encephalitis-lethargica (sleeping sickness), hysteria.

Come Here For Your Health's Sake

To persons who are run down from the effects of protracted colds, pneumonia, neuritis and other complaints which are particularly prevalent during the winter season Physical Culture Hotel offers a haven of refuge. Here, under the expert care of skilled Physical Culture attendants they can renew their health, their vigor and resistance to a point where they are far less subject to attacks of this nature than ever before.

Come here for your health's sake! For here you'll find Physical Culture's true spirit of vibrant, buoyant life which is the most necessary element towards a full and worthwhile existence. Here you'll find new vigor and a fresh clear outlook on the world. Physically and mentally it will be a rebirth.

A Charming Place for Rest and Recreation

In addition to being the ideal health resort, the management of Physical Culture Hotel have gone to great lengths to make it a delightful and charming spot at which to spend a few days or weeks in rest, recreation and personal enjoyment. It radiates comfort and luxury indoors and out. Sports in season are encouraged in every way. Social activities are plentiful and varied. Fellowship and friendliness abound. And, above all, the nature of the infirmities in the care of which this great health resort specializes is such as to create absolutely no depressing air of pain and misery so prevalent at many health resorts.

How to Get to Dansville

In case you wish to go to the Physical Culture Hotel without further correspondence, Dansville is located on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad, approximately seventy miles from Buffalo. All trains from New York and Buffalo stop at Dansville which may also be reached by motor bus from Rochester.

For the motorist there are improved highways from all directions running through country whose glorious scenic beauty makes the drive to Dansville from almost any point of the compass an experience long to be remembered.

Use This Coupon For Further Information

PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL, Inc.
Dept. PC 131
Dansville, New York.

Please send me full information, rates etc., regarding the Physical Culture Hotel, Inc.

NAME..

ADDRESS..

Guest Rates
$25 per Week and up.
Including Attention, Advice, Etc.,
$30 per Week and up.

PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL
INCORPORATED
HEALTH RESORT

Such knowledge is too vital to be hushed

. . . and this one small booklet will tell you

GRADUALLY the fact dawns upon the young wife. Her married friends are showing reluctance to discuss one particular subject frankly. Surely they *are* her friends. She has always counted on them. And now they seem to be failing her when she has joined their ranks and needs the help of their experience.

Many women are so confused about feminine hygiene that they fear to advise others. But don't worry. The knowledge you seek is too vital to be hushed and an authoritative booklet has been prepared for your guidance.

The old-time fear of poisons

There was a time when caustics and poisons were the only antiseptics strong enough for feminine hygiene. Much as doctors approved of surgical cleanliness they did not approve of bichloride of mercury and compounds of carbolic acid. Women didn't like them either. And when they discover *Zonite*, when they realize the difference, all the old-fashioned fear leaves at once and forever!

Zonite is safe as pure water

Zonite is not caustic. Zonite is not poisonous. It can never cause mercurial poisoning; nor produce areas of scar-tissue; nor interfere with normal secretions. It is actually soothing to membranes. Yet—*Zonite is really far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that may be allowed on the body.* And in addition Zonite has remarkable qualities as a deodorant.

Send coupon today for book of information and instruction. It is called "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene." It is complete and revealing. Zonite Products Corporation, Chrysler Bldg., New York.

In bottles: 30c, 60c, $1.00 Both in U. S. A. and Canada

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Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below.

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☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

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Address..
City..............................State........
(In Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto)

THE Philandering Husband

A Department of Everyday Living Conducted by Barbara Allen

> ### The Problem of Your Happiness
>
> ALL of the problems of our daily life are really a part of the larger problem of happiness. Happiness in our work, in our business relationships, and in our domestic affairs is vital to health and personal efficiency. That is why many problems that seemingly have little to do with physical culture do nevertheless actually belong in this magazine.
>
> What is your problem? Perhaps Barbara Allen can help you. Also, write and tell her your opinions of some of the problems that you see presented here from month to month.
>
> Barbara Allen will be glad to advise you, either through the pages of this magazine or, if you prefer, by a personal reply. In that case, please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.
>
> THE EDITOR.

I HAVE two problems today for our round table discussion. The first comes from overseas but repeats itself in a great many American homes, and is the old tragic story of the philanderer.

DEAR MRS. ALLEN:

What am I to do about my husband? He is forty years old to my twenty-eight. We have been married eight years and have two children. And for the last five years I have been made alternately angry and miserable by his affairs of the heart. He has had a good many, always with young girls, and he believes each time that he is madly in love with this or that youngster. In some cases his affection has been returned, in others the girls have merely made a laughing stock of him. Some of these girls work or worked in his office, others are friends of ours or of his younger sisters. He is an attractive, well-educated man and holds a good position and a responsible one. In a way I think I have gotten over being just jealous, for it has happened so often that my misery and jealousy has worn itself out Now I am just irritated and feel that I would do anything in the world to keep him from making such a fool of himself. I really love him, you see, and I am convinced that his sincerest affection is given to me and the children but he does not seem to be able to cure himself of these constant flirtations. They always burn out, of course, and he returns to me but I can't spend the rest of my life waiting for him to come back, can I? I have tried every method. I have even sympathized with him and encouraged him to confide in me and several times, early in the game, offered him a divorce so that he could marry one or another of these little flames. He refused, of course. When he comes back to me—I mean, in heart, for he has never left me or the children literally—he always tells me I am the only one and that he was terribly disappointed in the character of whatever girl he has been amusing himself with last. With the exception of one affair none of them has gone beyond the sentimental, secret meetings, letter-writing stage, that I know of.

My friends all know and are sorry for me, which makes me more annoyed than ever. Several of them, including members of my own family, urge me to pay him out by flirting on my own account. I don't want to, and, moreover, I believe that he would never stand for it but would leave me for good, as I think what brings him back to me is his belief that I am loyal to him alone and that he is the only thing in my life. But really, Mrs. Allen, this cannot go on indefinitely. Can you give me any advice? I will not leave him, because I love him and have my children to consider. What else can I do?

MURIEL.

Poor plucky little Muriel. When I read of this type of man most of my calmer judgment deserts me. The trouble with a philanderer of this sort is that he has never grown up; and he isn't quite sure of himself. He always has to be showing off in the sense of his sex-appeal; he always has to prove to himself that he is attractive to women other than his wife. Such a man is not emotionally adult; he has remained in a state of emotional adolescence. It is a pity that this particular type ever marries. But, of course, he does. He wants a home and his comfort and he also wants a woman to whom he can return in order to be babied and petted. Then, if the last bright flame has burned his fingers and hurt his vanity he can be sure to have the wounds salved by the faithful wife who is waiting at home for just such an opportunity. Such a man has never really outgrown his mother's knee. He comes back to his wife after some disappointing affair of heart or senses just as he used to come to his mother after a battle lost at school, a reprimand from the teacher, or trouble with the gang!

No, Muriel, I would not advise you to return like for like. As you say, your strongest hold upon your husband is that, while he runs around in circles after a happiness which doesn't exist, you remain at home, like a fixed star, serene and quiet. He always knows where he is with you; he doesn't know where he is with these other girls. And a man of that type is very apt to demand the utmost loyalty and the most spotless purity from his own womenfolk. He knows too well the lack of these qualities in the women outside his home!

And, of course, I would never advise you to leave him as you love him and your children, and your happiness lies with him and them.

I can only advise you to ignore his peccadillos. Indifference to them may annoy him more than anything else would and bring him more quickly to his common senses. If you sympathize with him each time, he is, you may be sure, getting something out of it. Some sort of a "kick," as we say in this country. It may be an added impetus for his philandering—the babying and soothing understanding he gets at home. *Try* indifference! Not anger,

not coldness, but mere indifference. As if he and his silly little affairs didn't exist for you. Take up some interest outside your home, harmless and wholesome. A club, a lecture course, athletics or charity, and really work at it whether it is a hobby like gardening, or some culture of the mind.

You need not neglect either husband or children for it; arrange your time properly so that you will have leisure for this outside activity.

Show him plainly that you cannot spend your life sitting with folded hands waiting for him to come home and tell you the success or failure of his latest affair. One reason he so indulges may be in order to get your entire attention, just as the oldest boy in a family of babies often acts in a very naughty manner, sure that his parents will pay some attention to him and forget the claims of the youngest for a time, even if it is only to scold and spank him! This state of little boyhood is recognized by the psychologists as a bid for attention. "If I can't have it when I'm good, I'll be bad," says the little boy, in effect, to himself. Subconsciously, your husband may reason in the same manner; may feel that he can hold your interest by his escapades.

Also, he is forty. Between forty and fifty men go through a dangerous enough age. Many of them, feeling their youth departing, reach out for a little vicarious warmth and youth.

It is ridiculous and a bit disgusting to the onlooker but it is really rather tragic and pitiful, as are most of our human reactions to the knowledge that life is very brief.

I feel that you are a very sensible and charming person, and that you can handle this situation.

I feel, too, that if your husband once were made to realize that he does not possess a sympathetic audience in his wife he might mend his ways. I do not advise scenes or anger or demands or ultimatums. He might rather enjoy such manifestations. Indifference is a difficult thing to battle. Once he comes to know that your interest and sympathy in his wanderings no longer exist, he may stay at home.

There is no use acting a tragic love drama or "showing off" when the audience is lacking! If he should ask you whence this sudden indifference you might tell him that repetition has staled your reactions and you can no longer become emotional or miserable or sympathetic over his frequent philanderings. Good luck and write me again if you care to.

AND now for the second letter which comes from a very young girl.

Dear Mrs. Allen:

I am a girl of sixteen and go to high school, where I am a junior. I am an orphan and have been living with my great-aunt and uncle. My aunt is very strict with me. I do not have the enjoyments that my friends have. I lead a lonely life. I am not allowed to go out with my friends and have to be in every night at nine o'clock. Otherwise I am locked out. I don't have pretty clothes. Many people have told me that I am quite attractive except for my clothes. I have never had an older person from whom to ask advice. I have to fight my own battles and take what I get. I have a lot of friends. Most of them are well off and so I am just an outsider among them. I'm very lonely.

I am interested in becoming a nurse. I would like to leave home and go out for work. Do you advise me to leave or stay and take things as they come? How can I make my friends notice me more? Both boys and girls?

M.

Dear M.:

In the first place, I cannot advise you to leave home, at your age. If your great-aunt and uncle are your natural guardians they could prevent this. Even if you succeeded and went to work without their consent in most states they could take your earnings from you until you are of age. I sympathize with you in your wish to become a nurse. No more noble profession for women exists, but you must be sure that you have the qualities such a profession demands—perfect health, a good disposition, a real desire to alleviate suffering and enough stamina to see you through the hard training, which includes sights and sounds foreign, and often disgusting, to a sheltered girl. Most good hospitals will not accept students who have not had a high school education, so I advise you to finish your course and then to apply to the various hospitals for their requirements. You will not be paid while in training save a very small monthly sum, you know, and most hospitals demand that you supply your own uniforms.

IN the meantime, you can fit yourself for the life you have in mind by keeping yourself physically well and vital, by exercise and plenty of fresh air and sunlight and rest and sleep. That all helps. And it would be wise to have the cooperation of your aunt and uncle. Tell them frankly what you wish to do and ask for their help when the time comes. One reason they are so strict with you is because of the gap between your generations. It is hard for people, related by blood, but so far removed from one another in outlook, to understand one another. I am sure it is because they are so fond of you that they are strict. Nowadays, so much is said of the younger generation that older people get panicky and feel that the best way to avoid danger is by removing all possibility of it. I am afraid that I do not see anything very terrible in the nine o'clock edict. At your age, while you are in school, you should be home at an early hour in order to preserve your health and help with your school progress. Friday and Saturday nights, perhaps, you could stay out later without undue harm. Can't you talk to your aunt and point out to her that on such nights you might be allowed a little latitude, but promising that she will always know where, and with whom, you are? Ask her, too, if you cannot invite your friends to your home now and then, under her chaperonage, and such entertainment as you offer them there need not be expensive or noisy or in any way annoying to the older people in the house.

It is hard to say what to do about the clothes. I can only counsel frankness with your aunt. Perhaps if you talk to her lovingly and understandingly she will be able to see your viewpoint, and perhaps permit you a little dress allowance, or help you in some way to earn it at home. When you go into training you will find the rules quite as strict as those of your aunt—not much opportunity to wear pretty clothes and practically none, until you graduate, to earn them! And the students have to be in very early, too!

If you are really attractive you don't have to rely on clothes. Simple clothes can be pretty and are, in fact, much prettier than fancy and unsuitable frocks for a girl your age.

And your friends will continue to be your friends and to "notice" you, if you give them something of yourself—your interest in them, your friendship, your kindliness. It always takes two to make friends, you know, and friendship does not depend on pretty clothes.

Boys and girls alike will like you if your disposition is a happy one, if you are interested in all the happy things of youthful life.

My advice to you is stay where you are and make the best of it and try to make a confidante of your aunt. She has perhaps missed this in you. Perhaps she is lonely, too. Most people are. Go to her for advice and see if she doesn't respond by taking an interest in you. And begin now to work toward your ambition of going into training after your school course is finished.

Barbara Allen.

For a more beautiful complexion

A clear and youthful skin! Every woman knows that cleanliness is the secret. But how? Where to begin? Exactly what to do? Isn't that the big problem? Then send for our free booklet, *The Thirty-Day Loveliness Test.*

For highlights in your hair

Grime kills lustre. Keep your hair soft and smooth and beautiful. How? Frequent shampooing, done properly. Learn the fine art of shampooing by reading our booklet below.

For elbows that are dark and roughened

Just a little thing, but really quite important! Again the remedy is simple. Soap-scrub this unloveliness away. Three times a day at first and at least once daily thereafter.

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Here's something that we wish you would try. Every day for a month. Put on *nothing* that isn't crisply clean. Just see the difference that it makes. (And read our booklet).

Send for FREE booklet

Here is a beauty booklet that is as simple and practical as it is helpful and inspiring. It's called *The Thirty-Day Loveliness Test.* Easy instructions . . . and *a definite program to follow.* Free for the asking; use coupon below.

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Please send me free of all cost, "The Thirty-Day Loveliness Test."

Name..

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City.............................State..............

¶ February Is the Party Month!

Continued from page 59

great pyres where human sacrifice was made. The music of ribald dancers and abandoned merrymakers echoed from temples and woods. Juno, the mother of life, was the presiding goddess at this long-ago holiday. Pan, that mischievous, troublesome goat-god of field and wood, was also responsible for the ceremonies of the day. Later, eager church fathers, striving to convert a pagan world to their Christian beliefs, ordered such celebrations ended. But it so happened that the same day was the birthday of one of the Christian martyr saints, a cause for annual rejoicing among the common people. They still cherished remnants of their elder and livelier festivals of pagan days and these persisted in a modified form for celebrating their Saint Valentine's birthday in games of match-making, frolicksome dances, innocent delights to which the church did not object, and which have come down through the ages to modern celebrants of February 14th.

Later on, in the days of gallantry of eighteenth century France and England, there were famous Valentine parties at the courts and in the lavish homes of lords and ladies. Symbols of gallantry, tokens of affection, any device which suggests match-making, the twining of happy hearts, the bestowal of betrothal gifts are today the accessories with which the modern hostess garnishes her Valentine party. Such entertainment for grown-ups or for the children is easily planned for so established has this party day become in modern times that shops everywhere offer bounteous displays of decorations and favors.

Two Tea Parties

Perhaps a Valentine tea may be the best choice for your house. The rooms are colorful with flowers and candlelight and the tea-table carries out the color and detail of February 14th decoration. For such a party, a frilly lace tea-cloth is laid with a centerpiece consisting of a large red paper heart on which a crystal bowl stands filled with red roses; narrow, red satin ribbons run out from this centerpiece from all sides and hang toward the floor, dangling a little lace paper Valentine from each. There must be thin sandwiches cut in heart shape (cutters galore at the five-and ten-cent store in this form) and little tea cakes of heart shape and iced with snowy coconut frosting, each bearing a red candy heart on top.

If this is to be "high tea"—a buffet supper almost—there should be small salads on heart shape of red tomato aspic dotted on top with a small heart of white mayonnaise, and each plate garnished with heart-shaped cheese crackers. Or any delicious salad mixture may be blended with aspic and chilled in individual heart-shaped molds; chicken and lobster are particularly suitable for such salads. Hot bouillon, each cup floating a little red heart cut from a slice of cooked beet or pimiento, may be served from one end of the tea-table and the tea and coffee poured from the other. Sandwich fillings are pimiento cheese, the pimiento dominating so that the red color shows between the slices of bread; also currant jelly and minced maraschino cherries; thin slices of chicken; chopped tongue and mayonnaise; smoked beef.

After the beverages, salads and sandwiches have been served at the large tea, an ice, mousse, or frozen pudding as well as the heart-shaped cakes are welcome. At this season the caterers make a profusion of cherry and strawberry ice creams in heart-shaped molds both large and small; or any good ice cream may be bought and shaped into heart molds in the home kitchen, while home-made desserts may be chilled in heart-shaped containers in the boxes of the automatic refrigerator or packed in molds and buried in ice and salt, until firm.

A large heart of strawberry ice cream garnished with little whipped cream hearts and a sauce of cooked cherries (not the maraschino variety) is the approved red and white for this scheme, and it has a dulcet, delicious flavor of extraordinary goodness. Such a heart is brought in from the kitchen on a large platter and served from the buffet tea table.

Red and white heart mints, red candles in silver or crystal sticks complete this table. If the tea and coffee services are of silver, the plates and cups and saucers may be either of crystal or of ruby red glass, or a mixture of the two for a completely charming Valentine table.

A Supper Dance

The same menu (without the tea) and the same color scheme may be used for an evening buffet supper following a home dance. If the guests come in the lace-frill and ruffled costumes of the eighteenth century, the party will be the talk of the community for many Valentine days to come. The supper dance, of course, will be a matter of choosing partners, either by matching broken hearts—red paper ones cut in intricate halves, each girl given a half and the others mixed in a big red paper heart box from which each man draws—or by matching Valentine poems. This is done by writing half as many rhymes as there are guests. Each rhyme should be on a small slip of paper, or on a Valentine place card, bearing a little heart or cupid or other memento of the day. The cards are cut in half, one of the two pieces going into a heart-shaped box from which the girls draw, the other halves tossed into a heart-shaped box from which the men draw.

If the scheme of red and white seems too flamboyant for your house, Valentine pink, blue and lacy white may be combined delightfully, the keynote everywhere being lace valentines rather than the bold red heart, the table bearing pink candles, crystal or rose glass plates in place of ruby red, pink roses and snapdragons in place of red roses, the red notes of the menu, such as the aspic salad,

End NERVE Torture!

Are you NERVOUS—
Have you Nervous Indigestion—
Do you feel tired and rundown—
Do you worry unduly about your troubles—Fears, etc.
Are you Self-Conscious, Irritable, Bashful, Mentally Depressed, Unable to Sleep well—
These and similar conditions are due to "Nerves."

PAUL von BOECKMANN has for more than 30 years been known as a national authority on NERVE CULTURE, deep breathing, psychology, and kindred subjects. Over a million copies of his various books have been sold, and they are on file in many libraries and at the National Medical Library at Washington, D. C.

PAUL von BOECKMANN

WATCH your NERVES

Master your Nerves or they will master YOU. Thousands of nervous people commit suicide every year. Millions of people are depressed, unhappy and in "mental pain," because of their Nerves.

If you are one of those unfortunates that have been told by your doctor that your main trouble is "*your nerves*," read my 64 page book, "Strengthening the Nerves." It explains **WHY** you're nervous—and when you know **WHY**, you can **STOP** it. You will be able to **RELAX** and *control* your nerves, and with this control your self-confidence will grow and grow—Unhappiness will be dispelled. You will have a *finer* and *larger* view of life. Your nervous-mental Torture will **END**.

The book will be sent postpaid in plain wrapper on receipt of 25 cents (coin or small denomination stamps). Order today—NOW.

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FREE A reprint of two interesting lectures is offered free on application, (1) Bunk on Dietetics; a lecture containing valuable information on diet. (2) Nervousness and Sex; a lecture explaining how the Mind affects the Health, and other valuable information.

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replaced by a molded ham mousse salad, or lobster salad both of which have a pinkish tinge; pink sandwich fillings are salmon mixtures and smoked salmon, pimiento blended with cream cheese and ham mixtures.

For Lincoln's Birthday

A Lincoln's birthday bridge luncheon, tea, or supper or a dinner party using the decorative detail inspired by this day, is obviously a more dignified occasion than those enjoyed on Valentine's day. Here again, the modern shopkeepers come to our aid, and offer us effective bits for table decoration. Centerpieces may be anything as simple as crossed flags with smaller flags used at each individual place. Or the famous log cabin may make the centerpiece with tiny log cabin or Lincoln stove-pipe hat favors supplementing this. A miniature plantation showing pickaninny workers in the cotton field might be devised as the centerpiece, with little crossed flags surrounding this. Place cards bearing log cabins or cotton pickers are in better taste than those showing a Lincoln head or figure. Place cards consisting of a black Lincoln hat bearing a little card, the hat intended for nuts or mints, are new this year. The menus for any party celebrating this anniversary should be our best party dishes, regardless of tradition. Corn pone and bacon, hominy and the other simple foods of the Lincoln log cabin days are delicious and exactly suited to the party if we are giving it in the camp house or country cabin warmed for the occasion with a roaring log fire. But around our dinner tables, or in the living room of the apartment or suburban house, appetites call for something a little more sophisticated. For dinner to be followed by bridge there might be a steaming, fragrant soup to take the February chill out of the evening; a savory, browned roast or fowl; succulent, tender vegetables; perhaps a salad of alligator pear or artichoke, those two exotics now in wide popular favor. Dinner comes to an end with a dessert of preserved and spiced fruits, and a nibble of fine cheese, the happy guests lingering over their coffee until bridge begins, or dancing to the radio and phonograph, or until the backgammon boards are out in place.

If this hospitable house has invited guests for a bridge luncheon instead of an evening party, the decorations may be much the same as those intended for the dinner table, or fresh flowers may make the centerpiece and each place have a Lincoln favor to denote the significance of the day. The good things served are of course much simpler, or at least fewer in number; a hot, clear bouillon in which a few shredded almonds are floated; an escalloped dish of sea food such as crab or lobster or oysters; or mushrooms stuffed with chicken and baked; a green vegetable such as asparagus, peas or broccoli may accompany this; there are delicate luncheon rolls; either a green salad, or a molded one of aspic and vegetables; or an artichoke served hot or cold with vinaigrette, Hollandaise or melted butter. To conserve waistlines and complexions, a heavy dessert is avoided by thoughtful

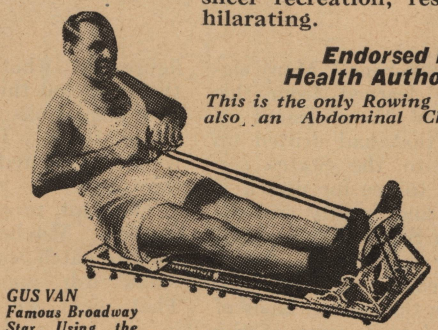
Here's glowing Good Health for you!

Easily—joyously achieved

"Miss America" famous star of Earl Carroll Vanities, using the "Seat of Health"

The SEAT of HEALTH
Body-Builder and Reducer
FOR MEN AND WOMEN

THE whole world is waking up to the need of BODY-CULTURE—not only for Beauty, but as a means of living more efficiently, more abundantly, more joyously. Think!—your body is the instrument the Creator has given you with which to realize all the joys and satisfactions of living. You cannot lead a happy life with an unhappy body. You cannot make a success of your life with a body that fails you. The condition of your body colors every experience of your life, determines your fate.



GUS VAN Famous Broadway Star Using the "SEAT of HEALTH."

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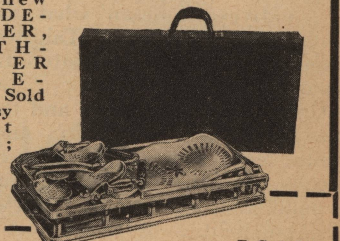

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hostesses. She may offer a compote of fresh fruits, topped with fresh pineapple juice; or a melon, or a water ice flavored with fruit juice. Or she may have a log cabin roll of pastry which the caterers make at this season. There is coffee, and mints, the latter, if the guests are to play bridge, are usually carried to the tables.

The Children's Party

The children must have their own special party in this festive month and the twenty-second is a most happy choice for their good time. If it is a costume affair, half the fun will be arranged for in the dressing up. Snowy wigs, frilly pannier dresses and silken knee breeches make this affair one of certain importance to the ten and twelve-year-olds who are invited. The very young should not be included in this occasion, nor those over twelve who already are beginning to show the sneer of boredom at "those kid parties." Let these sophisticates go to the movies and eat the family supper. Let the babies have a modest party of their own or bribe them to wait until next year.

For the others, the deluge of neighbors' darlings, plan in such detail before the onslaught that no moment of the affair is allowed to lag. Invite them for about an hour before the supper is served, have an able-bodied assistant hostess who will keep the games going, have a second lieutenant who will see that wraps are removed as the guests arrive and placed in orderly array somewhere away from the scene of the fracas. The games need not be intricate or fancy; the familiar ones are the most popular. New ones require too much explanation and there are always some of the guests, about half of them, who cannot remember directions, who forget the vital rules and in general make a mess of the hostess, who otherwise would be considered by her outspoken guests as a bright and worthy citizen.

There may be prizes for the winners in these games such as a "Life of Washington," a framed picture of Mount Vernon, a framed silhouette of Washington. Supper partners may be chosen by the simple procedure of matching halves of hatchets or cardboard cherry trees. The dining room table may bear a glorious profusion of flags, or red, white and blue crêpe paper streamers may descend from a chandelier over the table to a gigantic George Washington hat in the center of the table, which is filled with the favors. Little ribbons of the same colors run out from the hat to each plate, and on the hat end of the ribbon, there is a seasonable favor. (No whistles, drums, fifes and horns, unless you want a large percentage of the neighborhood eventually driven to padded cells.) But amusing toy soldiers in Revolutionary uniform and red, white and blue snappers are pretty safe for the boys, and tiny Martha Washington dolls and snappers for the girls. At each plate, an additional favor such as a little Revolutionary hat filled with mints, or cherry-suckers on little sticks will doubly endear you to the guests.

The supper itself must be wholesome (for it takes the place of the children's regular evening meal) and yet it must wear a festive air, the latter secured largely through decorations. Individual casseroles of chopped chicken and vegetables baked under a delicate cheese sauce, a small baked potato (which has been opened, the potato mashed and stuffed baked into the halves) and two small buttered graham rolls, make a good beginning. These may be served on one plate, with a frilly lace paper doily for added importance, and a tiny American flag topping the casserole when the plates are brought to the table. More rolls spread with currant jelly may be passed, for hungry children make these disappear by the dozen. Cups of hot cocoa are brought in after the plates. Then squares of sponge cake iced with white and coconut and strawberry ice cream with a red cherry on top, are the final enticements.

¶ *Tales of the South Seas*

Continued from page 19

fifty years in the South Seas. Many significant things we learned from this trader; and some of them cleared up mystifying rumors that had drifted up across the Pacific to the States.

I was very keen to see for myself if the fabulous color and beauty and romance of the South Seas really existed; and if so what they really were. When a mere boy I dreamed of the South Seas. I longed to sail down the endless lanes of this vast ocean and visit some of the islands. And when I found myself there I realized it would take a great deal more than a few cheap pearls, and half-naked, half-savage native women and fine French wines to be had for nothing, to constitute the glory and the dream that have emanated from the South Sea Islands.

We interviewed ship-captains, traders, natives, to learn what we could about the fishing round Tahiti and the islands. It was all very interesting, but discouraging.

Only a yachtsman here and there had ever fished around Tahiti; and these trolled leisurely to and fro with ordinary spoons and lures. Their luck had been as indifferent as their zeal and method. The possibilities of the waters around Tahiti and the Puamotus practically were unknown.

Broadbill swordfish, Marlin, and sailfish were numerous in these waters, and also big tuna. One native had been killed by a broadbill. He washed ashore with a hole in his head. Later his canoe was found with a piece of the sword of a broadbill impaled in it. No one could figure out what had happened. My theory is that this native happened upon two pugnacious swordfish, and hooked one of them. They capsized him, and while one speared him the other attacked the canoe.

The bait proposition did not worry Captain Mitchell and me until we tried to catch some. It was impossible. Small fish appeared mighty scarce. That night we interested the natives in our bait problem. We learned they fished mostly at night, and the best time was in the dark of the moon. I saw lights out on the reef, probably torches made of palm leaves. Next morning I was up at dawn, and the dawn surely was wonderful.

After breakfast a native came in his canoe—queer little narrow bark with its outrigger—and fetched us a string of small fish, green and shiny, with big dark eyes, and soft protruding mouths. They were too small and not the proper shape for trolling. Nevertheless we took them, and started out again.

I had a blank day. The sun bored into the top of my skull, like a fiery worm, and I was glad to run in early. My New Zealand boatmen, Francis and Peter, were likewise affected by the heat.

The next day began hot and sultry. Squalls came up. We welcomed rain, and soon were soaked through. I liked that at first. But after several hours I got tired of being wet. On the run in, during a lull in the wet downfall, I espied a wavering, gold shape far back in the wake of the launch. I yelled, and then all of my companions saw. The shape came on swift as a shadow. I never saw anything like its color or speed. Then it dropped back fifty feet behind the teasers. Finally I decided the wavering motion was due to the sail of a large sailfish. Suddenly it shot forward, and crossed our wake. It was a sailfish, very long and slim, with huge sail, and a blue tail. Then he dropped back, wavered in the blue billows, and vanished.

You tire easily in the tropics. The energy of the northerner keeps him on the go when the languorous native or the experienced visitor does nothing. I have no idea how long that energy would keep up, but I imagine not long. I found what I liked best was to sit under the awning on deck in an easy chair or under the rustling coconut palms and feel the cool, sweet breeze and watch the crawling white and blue sea.

The pearl and opal morning before sunrise, and the golden flushing of the mountains, and the drenching of the sea in magical light were the glorious moments of the day. Sunset was warm, rich, sultry, smoky, a great blaze of red fire through massed clouds. Sunset over the island Moorea is famous. All visitors to Tahiti speak of it, and many writers have attempted to describe it. I will not be so vain.

Trolling out of the pass next morning, I raised and hooked a large, white sharp-nosed fish that broke water and escaped.

We caught no fish of any kind that day, and ran back to the ship early. To don bathing suit then and row to the beach and cool off was something too good to describe adequately. The natives

(*Continued on page* 88)

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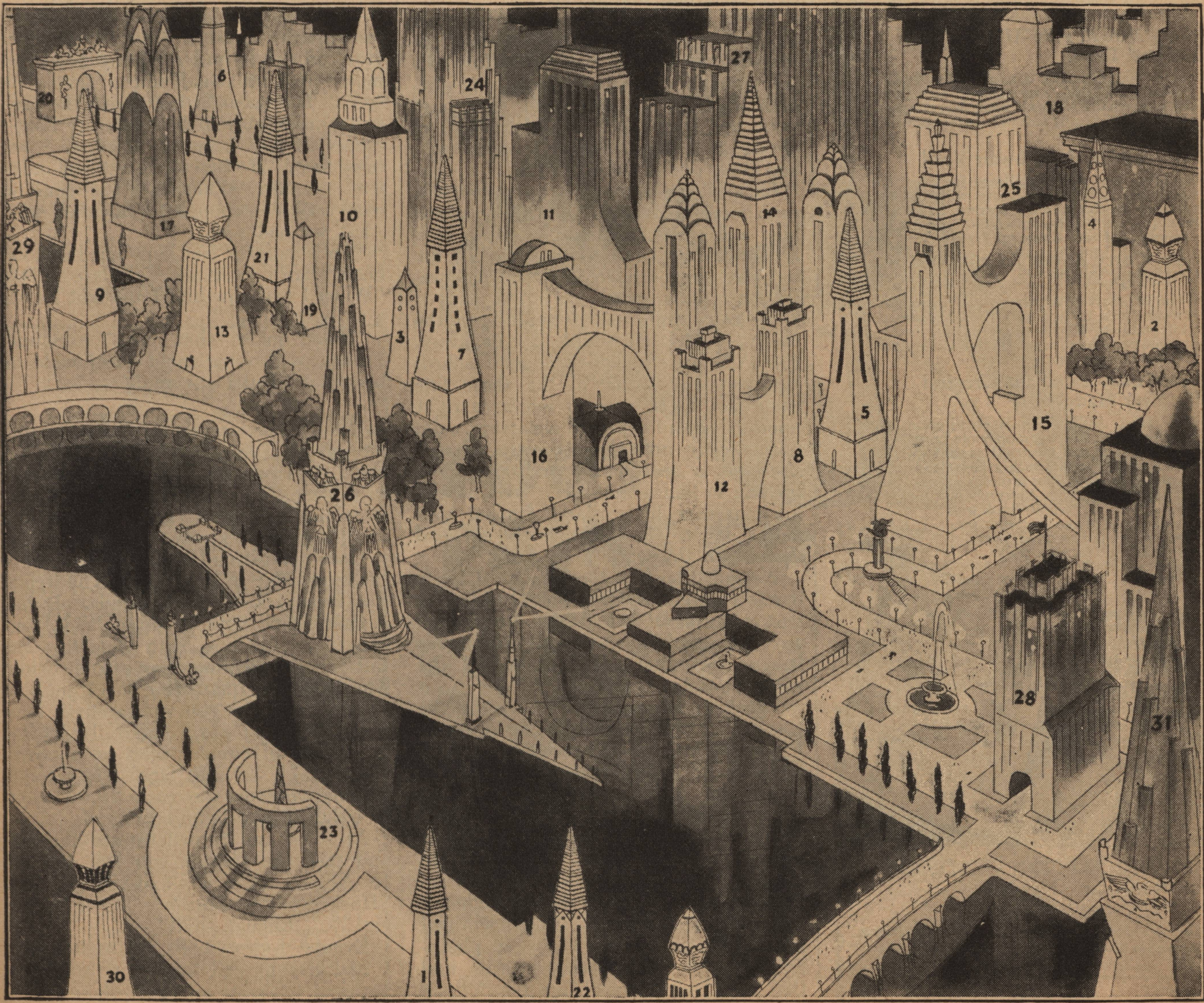

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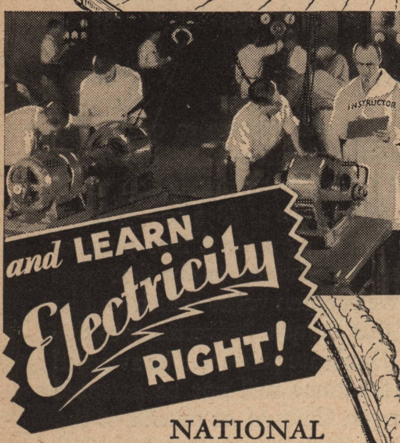

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(*Continued from page* 86)

appeared to have no concern about sharks inside the reef. I never saw a fin while we were anchored there. Nevertheless. I did not feel at ease for myself or anybody, and kept a sharp lookout.

There were a number of picturesque native houses up on the palm-shaded bank, and nearer town many beautiful residences belonging to Papeetians. We walked inland some distance, and up and down the shady lanes. Flowers, foliage, color, perfume, languorous warmth everywhere, and always in the background a golden-skinned, dark-haired Tahitian maiden.

TEN days of faithful scouting for big game fish up and down the west coast of Tahiti resulted in raising eight sailfish and three Marlin swordfish. One sailfish was caught and one Marlin fought for an hour. This may not appear to be good fishing at all, but in so far as finding these fish are concerned it was a distinct achievement.

From different sources we had heard and kept hearing about the wonderful variety and number of fish around the Puamotu Islands. So we decided to run over there and take a look.

It was fairly early in the morning when we first sighted Rangiroa. A few low blurs on the horizon, dots thickening to a long green line, next a white flashing surf, here and there a wandering stretch of sand, and then the beautiful wild fringe of coconut palms—what a thrill each and every one of these gave me!

Late in the afternoon we rounded a cape more to windward. The sea was blue and white; the surf breaking in a long heaving tumbled crest; and the coconut groves merged into one unbroken mass of green.

We came quite unexpectedly upon the pass. It was not visible a mile away. From the angle by which we approached, however, any break in the shore line could not be seen until we were right upon it. I had expected a narrow, calm passage-way into the lagoon. What I saw was a seething, tumultuous river rushing in like a mill-race. Well inside, a picturesque little island, fringed with palms, lay to the right with a broad channel to the left.

We sailed on into the lagoon. I knew it was a lagoon, though it looked a sea as vast as the ocean we had left. But I could see the lines of coconut palms curving for leagues, reaching out to surround the lagoon, and to disappear.

The next morning, how different the lagoon and the wandering line of coral! I had an hour alone on deck and the serenity and sweetness and beauty of the scene were worth almost what it had cost to find them.

Our interpreter, John Blakelock, went ashore to the village, Avatoru, and fetched back some native fishermen. We interrogated them in the same manner as we had the Tahitians. They identified all the fish of which we showed photographs, except broadbill swordfish, and they positively claimed him for Polynesian waters, only his sword, instead of being an extension of the upper maxillary, was an extension of the lower.

This was a statement impossible to take seriously. But we were compelled to take it seriously. One of our visitors was the native governor of Rangiroa. He was intelligent and spoke English fairly well. He stuck to his statement and could not be shaken.

We put out to sea in three boats, with orders from me to hang pretty well together. Middleton, the camera-man, was in the *Red*, and he was to follow us closely. We trailed two teasers behind each boat.

Peter caught a small yellowfin tuna, the same species we found off Mexico and South America, a wonderfully brilliantly colored fish, blue and silver, with yellow fins. Soon after that Peter hooked another on the feather gig. He was hauling this up and had brought it somewhere near the boat when he let out a yell. I jumped up and instantly sighted a huge green shape looming up astern.

"Whale!" shouted Peter. As he was a whaler I at once took his word for it. But as the fish came closer, I saw it was not a whale, but a shark. Only in size did it resemble *Rhinodon typus*, for which fact I took it to be one of those most colossal of sharks. I was intensely thrilled and excited, but not frightened.

The great fish passed astern of me, not far from the surface. He was yellow and green in color, had a square head, immense pectoral fins, and a few white spots. He was eight feet across the back, and considerably longer than my boat—conservatively between thirty-five and forty feet. He had been with us only a few seconds. When he was gone we recovered wits enough to calculate upon what we had seen.

"He was forty feet long and had more beam than our launch," declared Peter. "When I first saw him I thought he was a fin-back whale."

"Some joker, that fish!" exclaimed Francis. "No one could have made me believe it. But I saw him."

EARLY next morning, before anyone was up, I caught a big fish from the ship. It was one of the blue-green bass-like fish I had seen swimming around. Catching it was no great matter, but landing it on deck was.

Once upon deck the fish turned out to be remarkable in all details. The weight was around a hundred pounds. It had a bass shape with a hump back, long snout and big lips, with wide fins and tail almost meeting above and below. The color was aquamarine blue from head to gills, and the rest appeared to be a green blue, and was wonderfully marked in a maze of circular lines on a brown background. It had large white teeth. The native name was *mara tea*. It grew to weigh several hundred pounds.

At sunset we turned toward the reef and met the Captain on the way in. He cupped his hands and yelled to me: "Hooked a big Marlin! On a feather gig! . . . Enough said!"

Events appeared to be multiplying. I had not needed any more evidence, however, to assure me that fishing among these South Sea Islands was to prove a very difficult, exasperating, and almost fruitless task. The water was too clear

and the great game fish too scarce. Still the fishing had singular attractions, perhaps because of the many obstacles.

We reached the entrance to the lagoon at sunset; and if it was not purely a place of enchantment I did not know what to call it. Words are inadequate to express some things. They must be seen. The sky was a mass of broken white and purple clouds, the west a blaze of gold, the atoll a shining blend of sea and reef.

The following morning I called a council of war against the bait difficulty, with the result that we got out the flying-fish net, and hired half a dozen natives to take us where there were small fish.

We ran several miles up the lagoon, along the inside. The natives stretched the net across the narrow inlet into the lagoon, and while several of them held it the others splashed and threshed in the water to scare the fish. They scared them all right. And what mullet did not escape under the net leaped over it.

The natives next tried another place, inside the channel, and corralling a few fish in a corner they lifted slabs of coral and caught some little fish with their hands. These were not large enough or suitable in any way for bait. I gave up then and left the gang puddling around in the pool, having a fine time.

I started to walk across the reef, conscious of thrilling and profound sensations. Once far out on the reef, I could see miles of it stretching on toward the horizon, bounded on the sea side by the white wall of waters and on the lagoon side by the green line of graceful palms. The circle of the atoll was scarcely perceptible. How vast and mysterious the sea that could develop this atoll as amere atom!

(Further "Tales of the South Seas" will appear in March Physical Culture, *on sale February 15th.*

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(Continued on page 92)

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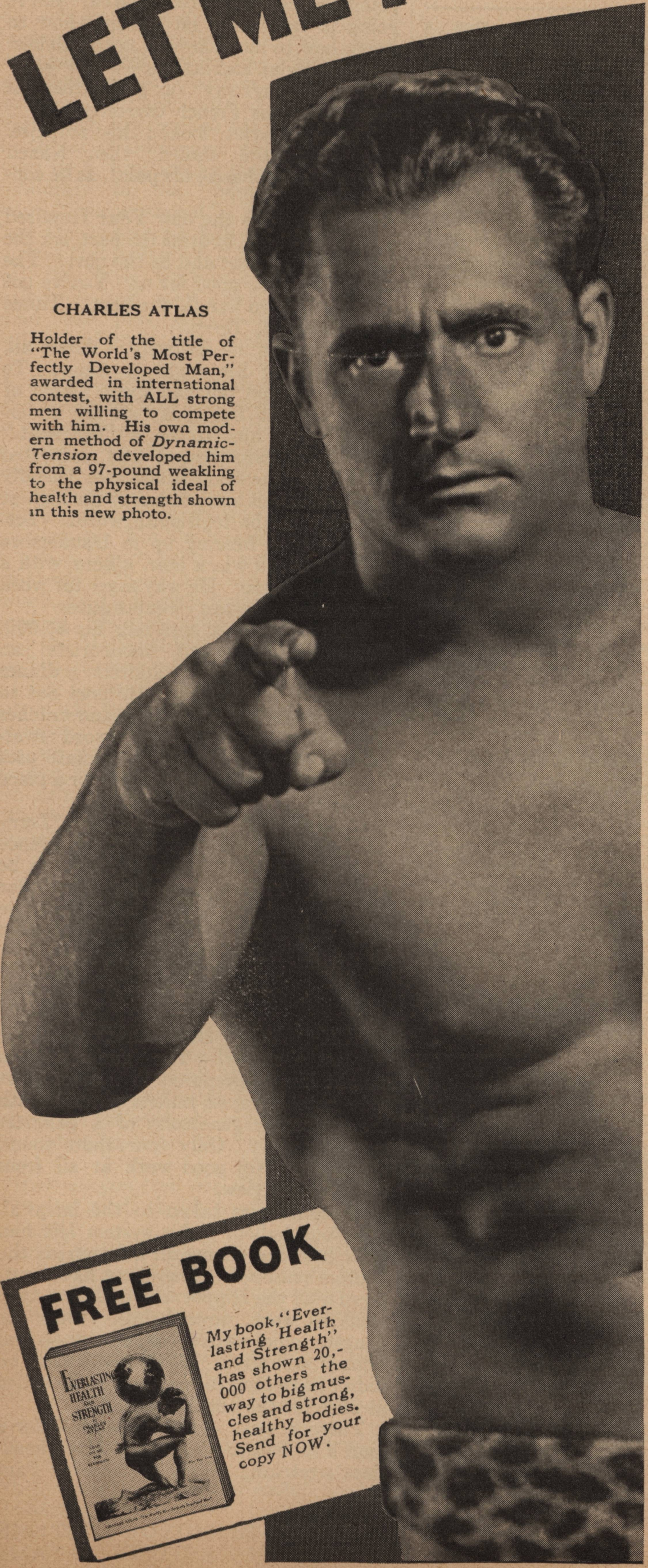

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It tells the fascinating story of how I've taken under-developed, flabby, no-muscle men of all ages and given them big powerful muscles, increased-measurements all over, amazing strength, endurance, vitality and pep—all in a few minutes of spare time daily at home.

Thousands of fellows all over the world have used my methods—and now *you can too.* Like them, you can put on firm layers of muscle where you need it most, tone up your whole system, banish constipation, poor digestion, bad breath, pimples and other ailments that rob you of the good things and good times of life, and get the "drive" that'll take you to the top of the ladder.

Easy My Way

I haven't any use for apparatus; I don't dose you or doctor you. *Dynamic-Tension* is all I need. It's the *natural,* tested method for developing real men inside and out. It distributes added pounds of powerful muscles over your body, gets rid of ailments and surplus fat, and gives you the vitality, strength and pep that win you the admiration of every woman and the respect of any man.

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Why be only 50% of the man you can be? Send NOW for a free copy of my new large illustrated book loaded with pictures of myself and others who have used my secret methods. Read what I did for *them.* And find out what I can do for *YOU.* Don't put off becoming the husky, big-muscled NEW MAN you *can* be! Mail the coupon TODAY.

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Continued from page 90

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Books, Osteopathy, Chiropractic, Naturopathic health. For drugless practitioners and home. Circulars. Murray Publishers, Elgin, Illinois.

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Dr. Crandall's Health School, York, Penn. Im-mediate relief from chronic disorders thru our scientific course of effective Health Building Methods. Fasting, rest, milk, vegetarian, hydrotherapy, physiotherapy, etc. Illustrated booklet free.

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Please insert the attached advertisement of ....words in the classified columns of your next issue. Enclosed find remittance of $.....................at $.35 a word.

Name ....

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¶ "Heroes"—1931 Style

Continued from page 24

"five grand," as they would say, in all.

"Take this money. Know how you're going to spend it? No? Well, you're going to lay it out on learning how to dress, how to move around in the highest circles without making—er—a *faux pas*."

And he didn't say "fax pa," either; he pronounced his French correctly.

The ex-convict looked his surprise. The millionaire smiled, then leaned forward to emphasize his point, as he continued:

"Terry, we're the new Four Hundred now. We've got to dress the part, act the part, look the part and be the part. The best is none too good for us. You've got to learn how to handle the best. Times have changed, Terry."

Terry took it seriously. After all, this friend of his ought to know. To be sure, his old pal had spent plenty of time in a cell, but today all the underworld knew him to be a "big shot," a racketeer-boss feared and respected throughout the whole Rialto area, friendly with politicians and persons of the highest standing in the legitimate world. Yes, Terry'd been hearing up in Dannemora that his friend was a czar, a hero, with a Page One name. He was eager for work under such pleasant circumstances.

Today, Terry is spending his $5,000. Tailors, barbers and manicurists; an apartment with a ritzy address; a dinner jacket and a stiff shirt. He goes out to dine in prominent restaurants and watches and practises—a former "sword swallower" now learning the legitimate uses of a table-knife, fitting himself for a place in society!

Incidentally, I'll remark that Terry and his chief won't enjoy this reference to their talk. That was supposed to be a secret. They'll be looking around for an informant but both of them know me very well and they won't really expect to get anywhere.

JACK "LEGS" DIAMOND was shot last October. The gunmen who caught him unprepared in a quiet West Side hotel sprayed bullets around with the customary generosity of a gangster murder party. Only four shots found the mark. Not good work at all from the gangster view.

Diamond was taken to the hospital. The four bullets in his system left him with just one chance in a hundred, the doctors reasoned. They may have muttered over the Hippocratic oath, but they went to work, nevertheless. Then the gangster chief awoke from a coma to find himself still alive. He gathered that he didn't have long to remain. So he called at once for the newspapers!

There it was. A fitting send-off for a man if he had to die. Huge, black headlines stretching all the way across Page One:

"LEGS" DIAMOND SHOT IN HOTEL! BUT REFUSES TO NAME ASSAILANTS!"

Every paper in New York played him up, giving him preference over every other important individual and event in the world's history of that day. Pages were devoted to him, pictures printed in a dozen poses, views run of his up-state fortress.

Feature writers lavished countless words on his many activities—his twenty-odd arrests for murder, his infallible shrewdness in "beating the rap," his European journey which had stirred foreign governments; writers dramatized him as a ruthless man of power and wealth who had walked for years under the threat of death and who, when cut down by a fusillade at long last, clung stubbornly to the "heroic" gangster code—"I never squeal." There, too, on Page One where all "his public" could see was the picture of a beautiful show girl, the type legitimate millionaires struggle to win with check-books, diamond bar pins, pearls, automobiles. And he had given none of these.

"LEGS" read as much as his strength would permit, accepted the nomination, and went back to sleep to see if he couldn't recover. A pleasant thought, even there in a hospital bed, with policemen by his side, and the doctors in the morgue probably preparing to meet him at any moment. For the moment, at least, he was a bigger public figure than the President! If "Legs" had been able to exert himself, he'd probably have cut out the clippings. Most gangsters keep clippings!

To the Metropolitan Hospital on Welfare Island came callers, a young woman and her husband. An attractive young matron who spoke with striking poise and assurance. Understandable, of course, since she was the daughter of one of the proudest and richest families in America, with an unquestioned, social eminence.

The warden recovered from his astonishment at the unexpected visit, to learn that the young society matron would like to meet "Mr. Diamond, the racketeer, you know." Well, that, it seemed, was up to Mr. Diamond. . . . Her name and that of her husband were sent up to the convalescent. Yes, indeed, Mr. Diamond would receive if his guests would wait while the hospital orderlies performed a few annoying functions. The guests waited, the alert press finding occasion subsequently to remark that it was the first time that particular young matron had waited for anybody or anything.

Introductions over, the young woman smiled.

"How do you feel, Mr. Diamond?"

"Pretty good, thank you," from Mr. Diamond.

"Legs" shifted himself a bit, the better to see his callers, and the pain of an unhealed bullet wound made him wince.

"Oh, that hurt you, didn't it?" cried the sympathetic visitor.

"Well, that shoulder doesn't feel so good when I move it. But I'm all right."

"That's fine. And you'll be out soon, won't you?"

"I guess that's up to the doctor," replied "Legs."

"I do hope you get better soon."

"Thanks."

Then the young matron's husband apologized for any possible annoyance the visit might have caused Mr.

If you are under weight—*Milk* can help build you up
If you are over weight—*Milk* can help reduce you to normal
If you are weak and run-down—*Milk* can give you strength
If you are suffering from any disease—*Milk* can help restore your health
Provided You Adopt The Proper Method In Its Uses

PURE, white, sparkling milk! What is more inviting than a glass of this tasty and delicious food. And nature has indeed been kind in putting in milk the elements necessary to give it immeasurable food value.

Usually when one thinks of a medicine or a curative agent, there comes to mind something that is displeasing to the taste. Something that is going to be "hard to take." But not so with milk. Its delightful flavor and savory appeal rather class it as a delicacy.

From the earliest dawn of human history milk has been recognized as one of the most valuable of food products. It has always been the great builder of sturdy races. It has come to the aid of the ailing and the weak. It has made of them men and women fit to face hardships in the world, and it has added years to their lives and given them more life while they lived.

Milk—the Master Healer

Perhaps it seems strange that anything so simple and so lacking in mystery as milk should effect cures with such uniformity. And in grave disorders that have resisted the efforts of the most skillful medical men, armed with the most heterogeneous assortment of drugs and poisons.

Yet such is the case. By a means so simple that even a school boy could carry it out, thousands of people all over the country are now ridding themselves of grave ailments—particularly of the chronic type—many of which have been pronounced incurable by eminent physicians.

To obtain these miraculous results, however, it is necessary to adopt the proper methods in the uses of milk. Otherwise it may not benefit you at all—in fact, it might even prove injurious. Bernarr Macfadden in his book, The Miracle of Milk, describes in great detail exactly how to take the milk diet. In it he tells you how to build yourself up if you are under weight, how to reduce your body to normal if you are over weight, how to strengthen your body if you are weak and run-down, how to restore your health if you are suffering from one or more diseases. In a word, the milk treatment is truly a miracle.

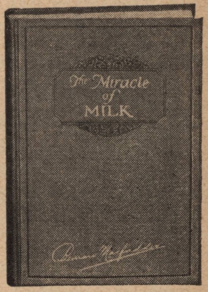
But It Must Be Used Properly

Milk is the great miracle worker, yet it will not cure by magic. It must be taken properly. Different ways for different ailments. Otherwise the milk diet will have but little effect.

All sensible people know that drugs and external influences do not always cure. Nature cures. The body cures itself, provided helpful conditions prevail, giving the opportunity for self-readjustment.

And here lies the secret of the miracle of milk. Milk is a builder of tissue and an enemy of physical ills, because more than any other food, it furnishes elements which are needed to make new blood.

Milk is undoubtedly more easily digested than any other food. It is more nearly akin to blood. It is quickly absorbed into the circulation and becomes a part of the tissues of the body; and the expenditure of considerably less energy is required for this than to bring about the chemical changes essential in preparing the ordinary foods for use in the human tissue.



The physical changes that can be brought about through the use of milk within a short period would be considered unbelievable by the average individual. If you are run-down, and should stumble upon a way to gain one or two pounds a week, you would feel that you had made a marvelous discovery. But when we say that this is only a fair average for those who have experienced the miracle of milk, we are not in any way overstating the facts.

In the case of those who are in extreme need of additional flesh, and who have been poorly nourished, the effect of milk is almost unbelievable. But to get results, it is vitally essential to adopt only the proper methods as outlined in The Miracle of Milk.

You Need Send No Money

We want you to personally examine The Miracle of Milk and see for yourself the remarkable benefits you can derive from it. All that is necessary is to sign the coupon and mail it to us. The book will be sent to you C.O.D. $2.00 plus a few cents postage, and you need not keep it after it reaches you unless you agree with us that the information it gives is worth many times the price of the book—$2.00. At the end of five days' free examination you may return the book for a refund if you are not fully satisfied.

Free Examination Coupon

MACFADDEN BOOK COMPANY, Inc., 3½
Dept. 2, Macfadden Building,
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I am interested in "The Miracle of Milk." Please send me a copy by return mail, and I'll pay the postman $2.00 plus postage upon receipt of the book. It is fully understood that I can return the book at any time within 5 days after receipt for a refund of my money in case I am not satisfied with my purchase.
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Diamond. But it seemed that Mr. Diamond wasn't annoyed in the least.

From the door, the society leader smiled back again upon "Legs," a smile many important people would be most delighted to receive—a guarantee of social status.

"Good-by, Jack. And lots of luck!"

Outside the door, she thanked the warden.

"I wouldn't have missed seeing him for anything," was her enthusiastic exclamation. "He's *so* intelligent."

LET'S shift the scene to Florida, in the late winter of 1929.

A great mansion in the most exclusive section of Miami ablaze with lights, festive lanterns winking like giant fireflies over the spacious lawns.

Within the residence a brilliant group swaying in fox-trot rhythm to the music of a splendid orchestra. A notable gathering for any host and hostess; celebrities of the stage, financiers, lawyers, writers, doctors, young women of high social position, guests whose names meant something in attainment.

The host was affable and smiling, extremely attentive to the wishes of his guests, courteous in manner.

His staff was fully as courteous. Guests chatting gaily in the really charming ground floor rooms, or resting between dances, remarked upon the unobtrusively effective service.

"Won't you have a sandwich?"

A smiling man deftly balancing a large tray of refreshments, neat and cool in silk shirt and immaculate flannels.

Hard to believe this composed servitor wasn't himself a guest. Harder still to recognize in him a dangerous gunman—until one realized that the quiet-spoken host of the party was Mr. Alphonse Capone himself!

No false note, except perhaps the presence of a rather hard-faced, though perfectly flannelled man at the door of the cloak room on the second floor, who never left his post, from where, it happened, he commanded the stairway and could observe all guests as they ascended. Perhaps, too, the other flannelled, silk-shirted gentlemen who remained by the gateway, observing all who entered and left, gave an impression of hair-trigger alertness. An impression only the most observant might obtain.

A grand, glorious comedy, all of it—the society-minded racketeer, the thrill-seeking matron, the clipping-saving gangster, the awed, curious public—if it weren't for the underlying menace of this "comedy"—or is it tragedy, our national tragedy?

You can't blame the gangster of 1931, if he thinks he's really a "big shot." Ten years of adulation have finally turned his head. Nor can you blame the newspapers, the movies or the stage. They can't fail to notice men who are spending money with the carelessness of Diamond Jim Brady, who bump off enemies with absolute indifference to the law, who are dictating to our politicians, who are allowing honest men to do business only if they pay them for the privilege, who manipulate whole industries today, and who give an all around, wild-west show every hour of the clock.

That's the new picture today, in this year of 1931, and a dozen years ago, the gangster was an East Side tough or a West Side rowdy with a black jack. He was rich with $100 and was content to find his pleasure in a cheap dance hall, his bed in a poor tenement, his luxury in a shoddy Turkish bath. Indeed, *quite* a change!

A change that is amazing even to a veteran detective. Ten whole years of my police work went into the pursuit of gangster-killers. I made it my business to know personally every gangster of note in Greater New York. If a detective ever is a specialist, I was a specialist on this racketeer game. I think I know the gangster's character, ideas and ambitions as well as any police campaigner ever can.

I'm ready to confess that the racketeer had gone a good many miles beyond the point I ever thought he could reach, *even before prohibition turned this crook into an industrialist and financier and produced for him an undreamed-of bonanza.*

I don't believe that any observer, practical worker, student or theorist, ever could have imagined such an appalling combination of Klondike wealth and public hysteria as these past ten years have actually produced here in America.

A curious character, this new-day racketeer, this man of yet unclassified potentialities, this new "hero" and "social lion," the product of a real social upheaval. . . . in his hands are unlimited power and wealth, yet he walks always in the shadow of death and fear . . . able to hold his own hired killers in line by arrogant command and ruthless forays, yet he sends out his murder squads only when he can get a man from behind, or without a chance of defense . . . a king revelling in the terror his name creates, yet a secret coward ready always to murder his friend at any word his suspicious mind can twist into disloyalty . . . the typical gangster, in other words, who is always a "hero" with a craven spirit, bolstering his false "courage" with excesses, lulling his fears on flattery.

PERHAPS that is why the racketeer wants to meet the best people. The attention of such persons is the highest possible tribute to his egoism. That he is able to mingle with them makes him realize the reality of his new-found luxury and authority. With them, too, he takes relaxation and a full enjoyment of pleasure impossible when on parade before the men he controls, or the rivals he must scare.

Yet, a professional murderer admittedly isn't worrying very deeply at heart about social niceties, and the racketeer maintains an open eye and a business head, no matter how greatly his vanity is being flattered by social celebrities. Influential men and women may come in handy, any time. And then it happens that the blackmail "take" is growing fast to enormous proportions. No matter how friendly you may find him to be, the gangster becomes a business man, pure and simple, if he gets something on you!

But this article is not to be chiefly concerned with the safety of the Social Registerites. They'll find a new thrill eventually, after the gangster idea becomes stale and commonplace. They're old enough to take care of themselves, anyway, and if they get into trouble that's their lookout. The real problem lies a good deal deeper; it lies at the very root, I'm afraid, of the American family. For detectives are asking themselves two significant questions these days:

> One: What effect has all this mass of crime dramatization, this publicity for vicious men, *upon the minds of growing boys and girls?*
>
> Two: What will be the crime result in America ten and twenty years hence?

If I'm any judge, it will be plenty unless the parents of the country stop sleeping on post! Certainly there are many avenues of danger.

IN NEW YORK now there are thousands of boys of subnormal or abnormal mental development, who today look upon the big gangster with all the hero worship the Boy Scout accords to Byrd or Lindbergh. They, too, see themselves as future racketeer heroes, rich and powerful, their exploits chronicled in the press, a mere crook of the finger summoning the most beautiful actresses of Broadway . . . and some of them are from good families and possess high school educations. From among them will come gangs of five and ten years hence.

The children I'm most worried about, indeed, are those of the average, normal American family, the boys and girls whose only acquaintance with crime and the gangster-racketeer is derived through the newspapers, the films, and magazines and books. What I have to say applies to families in every city and town of the country, from Tremont Street, Boston, to Market Street, San Francisco, and points between.

Perhaps my point may be strengthened by an incident at the home of a business friend of mine in New Jersey. He has a daughter, a bright little miss of twelve years, who seemed quite pleased to meet me when I called.

"Oh, a detective!" and she clapped her hands.

"Yes, Little Lady, a detective," I replied with my best smile.

"Oh Captain," she trilled, "I wish I could meet Al Capone. All the kids talk about him all the time. He must have a wonderful life, so exciting. I know he must be brave because everybody's afraid of him. He's a very good man, too, isn't he?"

"Good?"

"Why, yes, Captain. They never arrest him, do they? And I read that all the famous people want to meet him."

It took me a long time, but that little girl now understands a lot about Al Capone as he really is.

Recently a friend and I were taking a walk along a quiet residential street, the type that can be found in any suburban district of comfortable families—large homes set back from the walk with well-trimmed hedges and lawns.

Up the street three boys of the neighborhood were at play.

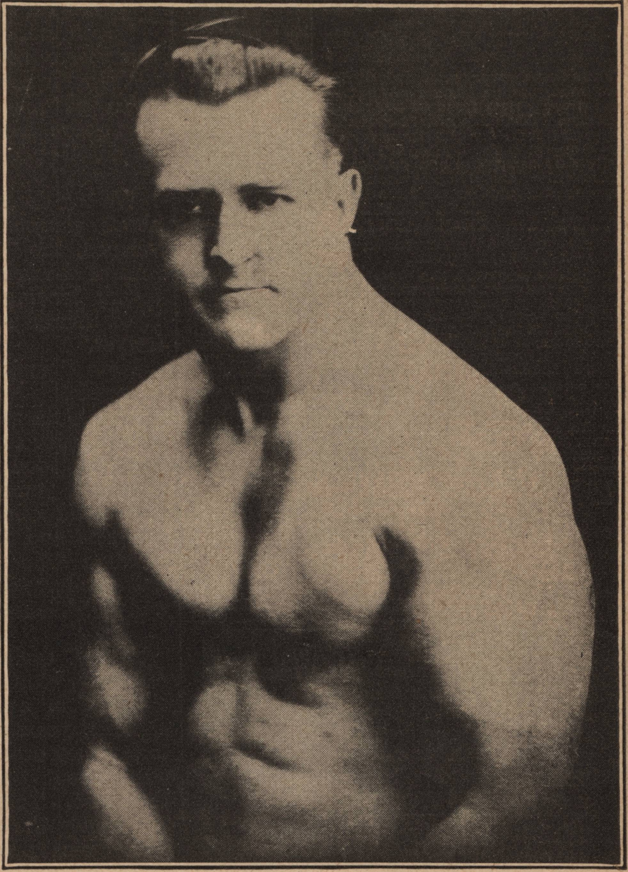
(*Continued on page 96*)

The Man I Pity Most

POOR OLD JONES. I see him now, standing there, dejected, cringing, afraid of the world. No one had any use for him. No one respected him. Across his face I read one harsh word—FAILURE. He just lived on. A poor worn out imitation of a man, doing his sorry best to get on in the world. If he had realized just one thing, he could have made good. He might have been a brilliant success.

There are thousands and thousands of men like Jones. They, too, could be happy, successful, respected and loved. But they can't seem to realize the one big fact—that practically everything worth while living for depends upon STRENGTH—upon live, red-blooded, he-man muscle.

Everything you do depends upon strength. No matter what your occupation, you need the health, vitality and clear thinking only big, strong virile muscles can give you. When you are ill the strength in those big muscles pulls you through. At the office, in the farm fields, or on the tennis courts, you'll find your success generally depends upon your muscular development.



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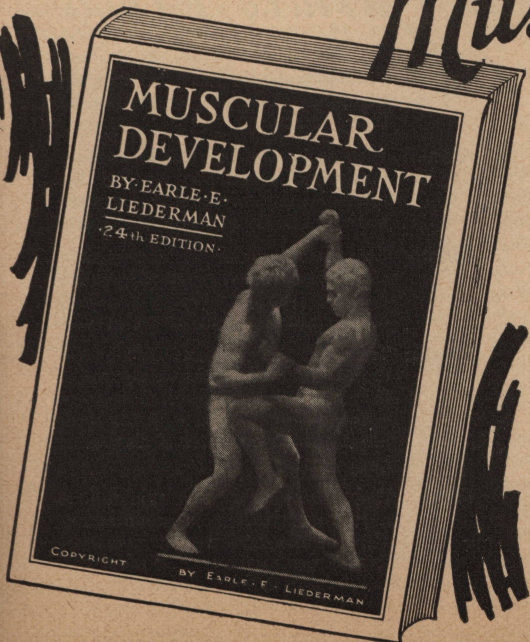

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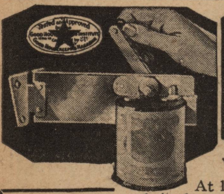

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FREE SAMPLES

(Continued from page 94

"Bang! Bang! Bang!" came in a shrill boyish tenor.

The author of the shouts was waving a stick from the hip while the other two lads collapsed on a convenient lawn.

"Killing a few Indians, Sonny?"

"Gosh, no, I'm Bugs Moran! I've got this Cicero mob on the spot!"

"What's the stick, Sonny, a pistol?"

"A pistol's out, Mister. This is a Thompson machine gun. I've had it sawed off so I can carry it around under my coat."

We sat down on the curb and talked about gangsters. The victims, it developed, the "Capone henchmen," were sons of the neighborhood doctor and the town's leading jeweler. "Bugs" identified himself as the young hopeful of a lawyer.

Now, I'm not a busybody or a traveling evangelist. But I've had twenty-five years on the police force and I've been lecturing for some years. My audiences have included thousands of boys and girls and young people and I've had a first hand opportunity to observe the interests and trends of thought among children who represent solid families, and who have the advantages of schooling and good homes.

AFTER each talk to the young, I've been surrounded by boys and girls, children in ages varying from ten to eighteen years. But irrespective of age today they come at me with eager questions about the gangster—1931's Page One hero. They ask: Does he make all the money the papers speak about? Do really nice people attend his parties? Does he actually spend each minute watching out for enemies? Isn't he brave not to squeal on his enemies when they shoot him? And they aren't particularly pleased, either, when the gangster is called just a bum.

Fathers and mothers? Well they ask me questions, too. And it's not hard to see that the American parent attends the movies, reads the crime news and wonders, just as does his son, what makes these racket wheels go round.

Nor is it difficult to determine the potential effect of a prominent woman's thoughtless call on a racketeer who's been arrested twenty-three times in murder cases, or the implied, if unintended, approbation placed upon his doings when she wishes him, "Good luck."

Step by step with the rich gangster's advance up the financial—and social—ladder, the murder toll has kept increasing. Murders by the gun average now one a day in New York, and most all of them are racket shootings. With the gangster's expanding sense of power has come its natural accompaniment, an increasing boldness in his killings. Crowded streets and hotel lobbies now hear the roar of his guns; banks find it necessary to erect machine-gun turrets at the door and money isn't moved except in armored trucks. Yet only a decade or so back, the most desperate crooks hesitated at a killing, even in out-of-the-way places.

Give any criminal the proverbial inch and he'll snatch a yard. Let him have a rod, and he'll travel a mile. Then give him a whole nation which yields up *$1,000,000,000* a year without complaint, which tolerates laws and courts systems as obsolete as the sand-bag has become, whose great mass of people find excitement in his exploits, well, only the Almighty can tell what will happen to the next generation which is beginning to view criminals as the real heroes of our time.

In another issue, Captain Willemse will tell how the gangsters are now separating Americans from a million dollars a year and how they do it . . . how they are really invading the home of every citizen in the United States whether we are aware of it or not.

The Physical Culture Creed

We Believe:

That our bodies are our most glorious possession; that health-wealth is our greatest asset; that every influence which interferes with the attainment of superb, buoyant health should be recognized as a menace.

We maintain that weakness is truly a crime; that sickness is the penalty of violated health laws; that every man can be a vigorous, vital specimen of masculinity; that every woman can be a splendidly strong, well-poised specimen of femininity, IF THE LAWS OF LIFE ARE RIGIDLY OBSERVED.

We believe that the requirements in the building of glorious health are:

First: Pure air and sunlight whenever obtainable; thorough ventilation of living rooms.

Second: Wholesome diet of vital foods, well masticated, eaten only at the dictates of a normal appetite; frequent fasting of a day or two if needed.

Third: Reasonable regular use of the muscular system throughout the entire body, in work, in the gymnasium, on the athletic field, or otherwise.

Fourth: Thorough cleanliness, which requires frequent baths—cold baths for a tonic, hot baths for cleanliness—though dry friction with the open hands, brush or towel is also valuable.

Fifth: Right mental attitude; thinking is a powerful factor in maintaining vital health, and can be constructive or destructive. The mind can build up or tear you down

¶ Your Shoulders and Your Personality

Continued from page 53

illustrations of this point is found in General Pershing. Perhaps more than any other man in the world, Pershing looks "every inch the soldier." His presence is distinctive in any circle. Even in civilian clothes he can never escape the suggestion of "an officer and a gentleman." But the dominating factor in the personality of the superb and upstanding chief of the A. E. F. is his shoulders.

Jack Dempsey, former heavyweight champion, with the kick of a mule in either hand, presents another interesting illustration. Dempsey, even in his street attire, at once suggests to the eye this quality of dynamic hitting power, but it is his shoulders that carry the impression. And of course his shoulders convey not only his vitality but his self-confidence and his indomitable, more or less swaggering, spirit.

BUT now to take an opposite extreme, also as instancing the point that the shoulders not only represent the physique but convey the spirit of the individual, let us take a mental look at some spindling, round-shouldered bookkeeper, a man of sedentary occupation. I don't mean to suggest that this is a picture of all bookkeepers, or even typical, for I've known a couple of robust specimens who happened to have the mathematical and analytical qualities that naturally put them in that line of work—otherwise they'd have been only good sportsmen. But contrast this shrinking, round-shouldered type, with the physically powerful and spiritually robust and fearless "Sea Devil," Count von Luckner, for instance. The shoulders tell the story. Drooping shoulders sometimes convey the impression of the man who is licked, the man whom the world has spanked until he lacks the spunk to fight back.

There are shoulders that express the intellectual man—the thinker. It is true that you sometimes find the thinker in a body of massive proportions, and then again in the rangy type, none the less masculine, indeed, sometimes actually aggressive, as in the brilliant, militant attorney-at-law, but with shoulders that give vigor and strength to that elastic and active type of physique. The slender man, however, should be especially concerned lest his shoulders lack normal development, and in that way suggest lack of vitality. They should not droop.

The matter of development of some parts of the body is relatively simple because it involves little else than muscular development, secured through exercise. In the case of the shoulders we have especially to consider the matter of bone growth and, in a measure, the matter of chest development, together with the whole question of bodily carriage. The shoulders bear a special relationship to chest conformation. When we deplore a flat chest we are prone to extoll a full, round chest. But when the chest is too round that means that it lacks breadth. Good broad shoulders mean width of the upper chest. But just as it happens, the types of exercise that build shoulder strength are also those which tend to bring about this broadening of the chest.

The majority of arm exercises are really shoulder exercises rather than arm developers, and they are shoulder exercises in this double sense of broadening the upper chest and putting upon the shoulders themselves the muscles that belong there.

Movements which grip the fingers or move the hands at the wrists are forearm developers. Those which move the forearm in its relation to the upper arm are upper arm developers. But those which move the whole arm, as in swimming, involve the shoulder muscles, not only the deltoids but the *trapezius* (between shoulder and back of the neck) and other upper back muscles, and the upper chest muscles in front. The shoulders have more to do with what one might call arm strength than the arms themselves.

But we are so built that all arm-lifting movements inevitably raise, expand and broaden the chest. That is why we have briefly illustrated for this article some simple movements of this type for feminine consumption chiefly, because for masculine purposes more vigorous activity will be wanted. And that is why we have illustrated Indian club swinging as a very attractive form of exercise, of benefit almost exclusively to the shoulders. Indian club swinging does provide light exercise for the arms, but it is of far more consequence for improving the shoulders, and for raising and expanding the chest, thereby putting the shoulders just where they belong.

This very matter of putting the shoulders where they belong is vital, so much so that movements which correct round shoulders are of far greater value in the general scheme of things than exercises which give you greater strength of the shoulder muscles themselves. And that is why we have illustrated some simple movements that all round-shouldered folks should practise not once a day, but many times each day, to correct this condition.

NOW a special word for the round-shouldered woman. Usually she is the victim of too much housework. Housework may be done without detriment if you watch every movement, but as ordinarily and carelessly done it distinctly is not physical culture. Sweeping, laundering, shaking rugs, making beds and other forms of housework all tend to pull the shoulders forward and cramp the chest. The houseworker especially needs physical culture as a corrective, to pull the shoulders back and expand the chest.

I have already mentioned swimming as an ideal shoulder builder, especially for women. It is not too violent. All girl swimmers have good shoulders. Where men are concerned, swimming should be supplemented by other more vigorous work. Remember the arm-lifting factor in this connection. You will get it in pitching hay, if you live on a farm, and you'll get it in chopping wood, especially in the lift and swing of the axe, not in the

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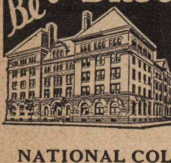

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downward pull. That depends upon the undershoulder muscles to pull the arms down, the *latissimus dorsi* or broad back muscles and the pectorals that we have already mentioned.

Wood chopping is a good illustration of the point we have made, that what seems to be an arm exercise depends upon other muscles of the upper body and shoulders, rather than on the arm muscles themselves.

Wrestlers are bound to have good shoulders; how could they be otherwise? It is the most perfect all-around, strength-building sport. An example of good shoulders due to wrestling is seen in Harry Scott, who posed for some of the photographs illustrating this article. Scott, by the way, played end on the Columbia University football team, and played with distinction in Columbia's defeat of Cornell last fall and in other big games. But he developed his powerful physique through three years of wrestling at Columbia.

Aside from the specific exercises illustrated, we would recommend what for obscure reasons are called "chest weights," or those elastic wall exercisers that offer the same kind of work, whether made of rubber or of spiral wire springs. These are pulled out backward, upward or forward, depending upon the position in which you are standing, and are essentially shoulder developers. This is also true of unattached springs or elastics, to be stretched by pulling the hands apart. In the absence of such apparatus, you can get the same type of exercise by taking a little piece of clothes line, heavy twine or even rope, and trying to break it by pulling apart on it, in front of the chest, overhead and behind the back.

The exercises illustrated by Miss Grace Moore, in the nature of raising the arms overhead, are made more effective for either masculine or feminine use by using any small weights. If you haven't a pair of small iron dumbbells, you can use a couple of flatirons or, for that matter, a couple of bricks. If one brick in each hand is not enough, use two bricks, or a bunch of them tied together.

You can have good shoulders if you want them. You will not get them without effort, if you are underdeveloped, but the work of getting them may well be a pleasure, especially if you devote yourself largely to swimming, tennis, canoeing, rowing and other pastimes that have much to do with the shoulders. And never forget, the improvement of your shoulders will mean incidentally an improved personality.

¶ *Is Your Family Starved for Salads?*

Continued from page 60

lemon juice should be used with moderation and discretion. Oil should be used lavishly in French dressing and the seasonings chosen should depend on the use to which it is to be put. Salt, a little sugar, a touch of onion or a bowl rubbed with a cut clove of garlic makes a fine seasoning for the usual French dressing served with salad greens. In addition, many gourmets like a dash of cayenne or tabasco, a touch of mustard, the flavor of tarragon vinegar and some paprika for color. The mayonnaise and cooked dressings should be similarly flavored with spice and condiments.

Dinner salads are essentially simple, unless a fruit salad replaces a dessert, and should consist chiefly of a mixture of greens with French dressing. If the meal is otherwise very simple, a Russian or Thousand Island or cheese dressing may be used. The luncheon salad may play an important part in the menu, in fact may be the chief dish and therefore it must be more filling than greens dressed with a simple salad dressing.

The common greens used for salad vary in color, shape, texture and flavor so that our menus need not lack novelty. Among them are:

Cabbage—The green outer leaves of young and tender cabbage are sometimes used for salad. Shredded coleslaw is more common.

Chicory or Curly Endive—This plant consists of a large flat head of very curly slender leaves, shading from dark green at the outer edge to a pale green yellow at the heart. It is slightly bitter but very decorative and the taste for it grows. It needs careful washing.

French Endive—These small heads of blanched leaves are from four to six inches long and about an inch in diameter. The top leaves are faintly tinged with yellow. The heads are usually cut in half and one head served to a person. Endive comes packed in tissue paper in boxes and is sold by the pound. The single leaves are additions to a mixed green salad. Endive requires practically no cleaning or preparation. It is slightly bitter but crisp, dainty and delicious.

Escarole—Escarole is somewhat similar in appearance to chicory. It consists of a large flat head with broader, less curly leaves than chicory. The outer leaves are dark green and shade to pale yellow at the heart. Escarole is slightly bitter. It needs thorough washing.

Lettuce—There are a number of varieties of lettuce. Garden lettuce consists of single, tender, long green leaves. Boston lettuce is a compact head of roundish green and yellow leaves. It is tender and moderately crisp. It is used for hearts of lettuce salad, salad mixture foundations and sandwiches. Iceberg or Simpson lettuce consists of compact heads of tender, thoroughly bleached, mild-flavored leaves. It is suitable for hearts of lettuce but difficult to separate into single leaves. These are cup shaped when separated. Romaine is known by its loose head of long, slim, green leaves. It is not so tender as Boston or Iceberg lettuce but is characteristic in flavor. It is frequently served with orange or grapefruit sections, alone with French dressing or as part of a mixed green salad.

Watercress—This is a water plant, with small round leaves on branching stems, somewhat spicy as to flavor, but very crisp and refreshing. It is used in mixed green salads and as a garnish.

Artichokes—The French, globe or Cali-

fornia artichoke, as it is variously called, is not strictly a salad vegetable as it must be cooked before being served, but it makes a delicious salad when eaten cold with mayonnaise dressing or with vinaigrette, Hollandaise or a sauce made of Hollandaise and chopped cucumber.

As soon as they come from the market, all greens should be thoroughly washed, drained and chilled either in a clean cloth directly on the ice or in a covered ventilated container in an automatic refrigerator. They should never be served wet. Most greens will keep in perfect condition for several days. They should be put on chilled plates or in a chilled salad bowl and carried to the table at the last possible moment. Dressings should be added at the table. A bottle of French dressing which can be well shaken and passed individually, or the ingredients for dressing a bowl of salad should be on the table. Mayonnaise, Russian and Thousand Island and cheese or other mixed dressings may be passed in a bowl. Salad mixtures should be marinated with French dressing and garnished, when served, with any other desired dressing.

ADD THESE TO YOUR SALAD LIST

(All measurements are level)

Artichoke Salad

Cut off stems of artichokes, leaving about one-half inch. Soak five minutes in cold salt water. Drain and place in a deep saucepan and cook in plenty of boiling salted water, about forty minutes, or until the stems can be easily pierced with a fork. Cut off remaining part of stems, making the bottoms flat. Set each one upright on a salad plate. Chill and serve with a separate small sauce dish of mayonnaise or French dressing into which each petal is dipped. Only the tender stem end of the petals is eaten. The rest of the petal is laid on the plate. When all have been eaten off, the heart or bottom is eaten with the salad fork.

Pineapple, Carrot and Celery Salad

1 cup diced pineapple	6 tablespoons salad oil
1 cup shredded or grated raw carrot	2 teaspoons lemon juice
1 cup cut celery	1 tablespoon pineapple juice
Lettuce	

Salt and paprika

Prepare a dressing of the oil, seasonings, lemon and pineapple juices. Beat until well blended. Put the mixed pineapple, carrot and celery cold on crisp lettuce leaves, dress lightly with the dressing.

Rose Apple Salad

6 "rose apples" or whole pimientos	1 cup celery diced
	French dressing
1 cup apple, cubed	Mayonnaise
Lettuce	6 nut halves

Use either raw or canned rose apples (tomato-shaped sweet red peppers or pimientos). Remove the stem end and seeds. Combine the apple and celery, marinate with French dressing and fill the rose apples. Place on lettuce leaves, top with mayonnaise and garnish with nut halves.

Tomato and Cottage Cheese Salad

6 medium-sized tomatoes	1 cup cottage cheese
½ cup chopped nut meats	⅛ cup mayonnaise
Salt	¼ cup chopped pimiento or green pepper
3 tablespoons cream	
Parsley	Paprika

Lettuce

Moisten the cheese with the cream and add salt, mix in nuts and pimiento or chopped green pepper. Add one-half the mayonnaise. Scoop out the peeled and chilled tomatoes, stuff with the cottage cheese mixture and decorate the top with the remaining mayonnaise. Sprinkle with paprika and serve on a platter on a bed of lettuce or on a plate with two crisp lettuce leaves. Garnish with parsley.

Cheese Carrots Salad

1 whole-milk cheese	Few caraway seeds or cloves
2 small carrots grated	Few sprigs parsley
French dressing or mayonnaise	Lettuce

Shape cheese like small carrots, roll in finely grated carrot, stick caraway seeds or cloves here and there and a sprig of parsley in the top (use a toothpick for this). Serve two or three carrots on lettuce leaves, with mayonnaise or French dressing.

French Dressing

1 cup salad oil	½ teaspoon pepper
¼ to ⅓ cup lemon juice or vinegar	1 teaspoon salt
	Slice of onion
¼ teaspoon mustard	1 teaspoon of powdered sugar

Place the ingredients in a preserve jar or screw-top bottle and shake vigorously. The seasonings of French dressing are a matter of personal taste. Omit or add to them as desired.

Mayonnaise

1 egg yolk	1 teaspoon salt
1 cup olive oil or salad oil	2 tablespoons lemon juice or vinegar

Add the salt to the egg yolk and beat until very thick. Add the lemon juice or vinegar a few drops at a time, beating constantly. Add oil very gradually, beating until thoroughly mixed at each addition. If it should separate or curdle, beat another egg yolk until well blended and add the curdled dressing to it. This should make a thick dressing. The whole egg may be used. Beat it well then proceed as above when only the yolk is used.

Note: Mineral oil has no food value but may be substituted for food oils in dressing when a reducing diet is followed.

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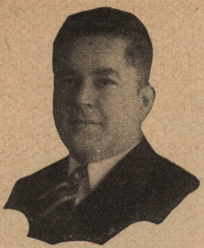

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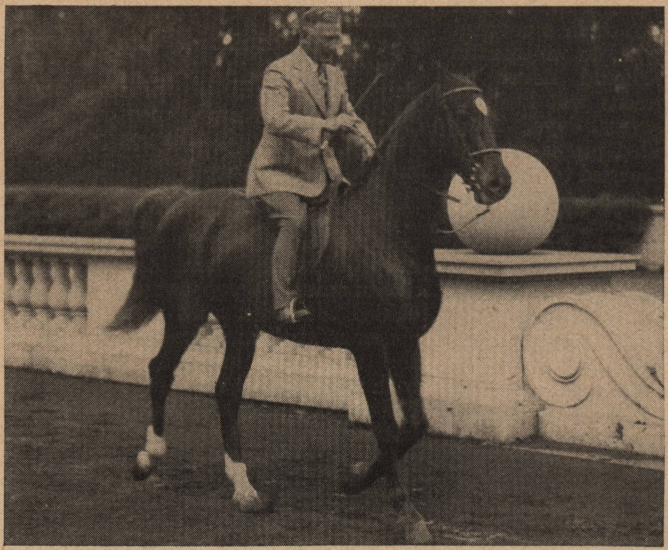


An emaciated youth with a chronic cough, Henry C. Ahlers of San Francisco, California, cheated the tubercular death which threatened him and today, at seventy-three, he is a sound and vigorous man

How to Acquire a Painless Suntan

To the Editor and Fellow Readers:

After having worked out in gymnasiums all summer and part of the winter with good results, we decided trying exercise and sunshine combined as an experiment to see whether both together would give us better results. We packed our bags and were off for Miami. We had to find a place where we could take sunbaths unmolested, and we intended to wear short trunks only, leaving the upper part of the body exposed. This cannot be done at public beaches even in Miami, so we established ourselves at a spot about five miles from Miami Beach and fixed up a sort of house from boards and dried palm leaves—a regular "native" hut.

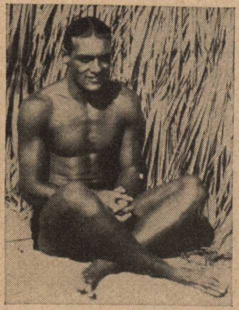
We got up early in the morning, took a walk and a dip in the ocean, had breakfast, then some light setting-up exercises, and after that we would lie in the sun, exposing front and back of body to get an even tan. At noon we had a light lunch, another rest, and then came the big work-out of the day. For about an hour and a half we went through various exercises using as much weight for each separate exercise as we thought fit. After a few weeks of this life a big improvement was beginning to show. We decided we had found what we went after. Before long, we had people coming down to watch us and ask us questions about what we were doing and why we were doing it.

We would like to give a few hints on sun bathing from what we learned at the time, and which helped us to get an even coat of tan without burning. We noticed that we could get the best tan from nine to eleven each day, although the sun gets noticeably hotter from twelve to about two o'clock. In Miami the sun-rays are effective until about five P. M., as there is very little smoke or dirt in the atmosphere.

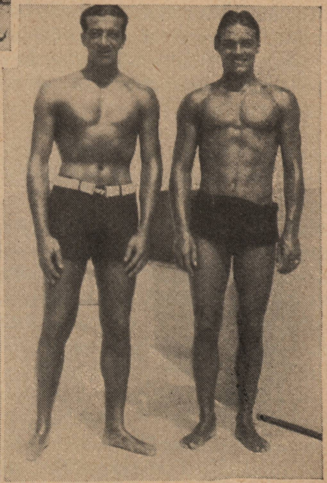
In the first stages of our sunbaths we used vinegar and did not expose our bodies more than half an hour each way (front and back) and gradually increased the time of exposure as the tanning progressed. Continual exposure to sunrays tends to dry up the skin so it is advisable to use a light oil, rubbing it in thoroughly. In some cases this produces a darker tan.

Needless to say, after over two months of living like this we had bodies like Indians and improved our health greatly.

Fred W. Ritter and Cy Miller.
New York City.



Fred Ritter of New York City (*above*) exhibiting his coat of tan, acquired during two months spent in the open



These two young men, Cy Miller and Fred Ritter, "went native" last winter. (*Left*) With a friend at the secluded beach where they built a hut of drift wood and palm leaves

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Once Doomed—I'm Strong at 73

To the Editor and Fellow Readers:

When I found myself at nineteen with an emaciated body, an enervated spirit and a hacking cough, I was alarmed. I groped for a way out of the clutches of the tubercular death that I felt sure was creeping upon me. I found the way out in exercise. Today at seventy-three, I am vigorous, enjoy life, weigh one hundred and fifty pounds of solid muscle and still enjoy vigorous daily exercise.

When that hacking cough first become chronic, I was a young watchmaker and jeweler. I was bent over my work table for ten hours a day, the worst possible posture for a person with a tendency to tuberculosis. A friend suggested that I take up gymnastics. I did, joining the Eureka Turn Verein in San Francisco. Two evenings each week, I worked for two hours on the trapeze, the weights, the horizontal bars, tumbling and general gymnasium work. In two years, my body that was as thin as a match was perfectly developed.

By now I had come to know and love outdoor exercise. Every Sunday, I would take a long walk in the mountains around San Francisco. In those days, a hike of fifty miles was nothing to me. I would walk fifty miles, take a swim and spend the evening dancing. Then up early next morning, for another hike.

Through my twenties and thirties, I went in for anything that was exercise. I tried tennis and handball in Golden Gate Park in San Francisco. I would trot for three miles along the ocean beach and plunge into the surf. I would rise at five o'clock for an hour's run.

Exercise had long since ceased to be a grim struggle against ill-health. It was a joy. It filled me with enthusiasm and energy.

When I reached fifty-seven, I retired from business and looked around for a hobby.

At the same time, I wished to modify my strenuous program of physical exercise slightly. Because common sense dictated that a man of fifty-seven should not try to emulate a youth of twenty in physical exertion.

So I found my hobby and my exercise in horseback riding. I was an enthusiast from the start. It stimulates the liver, kidneys and other organs, shaking them into activity. A steady trot, not a mad gallop, gives the rider most exercise and the horse least labor.

The beauty of horseback riding is that it exercises without fatiguing. Yet even in riding, one must practise moderation. I do about ten miles each day except Monday. One day's rest in seven from the best of things is a good rule. Monday is a day off for both myself and my horse Bruce. The holiday never fails to send me back to the saddle with fresh enthusiasm and I know Bruce is rarin' to go every Tuesday.

At seventy-three, my routine is very simple. I rise, as I always have, at six o'clock, winter and summer. Seldom do I take more than eight hours' sleep, often six or seven. At seven o'clock, I have breakfast, two soft-boiled eggs and coffee. At ten o'clock, I take a brisk three-mile walk through the Presidio, the army reservation in San Francisco. I do not loiter but step right out vigorously. I stand erect as I walk and bring all my muscles into play. Then I go down to the Olympic Club, where I have spent many happy hours of exercise, for my daily swim. Whenever I can—and that is almost year around—I take a sunbath on the roof of the Club. Lying out in the fresh air with the sun's rays permeating the whole body is the best tonic I know of. At noon, I have lunch and about two o'clock go for my ride. Dinner is about six o'clock and bed generally ten-thirty.

If I had it all to do over again, I would follow the same program of physical culture, except that I think I would do more outdoor and less indoor exercise. Anyone, I think, can have good health if he will be moderate and sensible in eating, drinking and resting and take abundant exercise. And if you can, ride horseback.

Henry C. Ahlers.

San Francisco, California.

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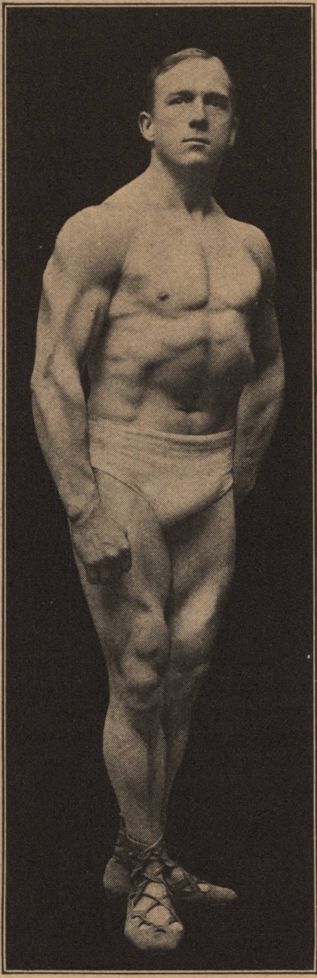

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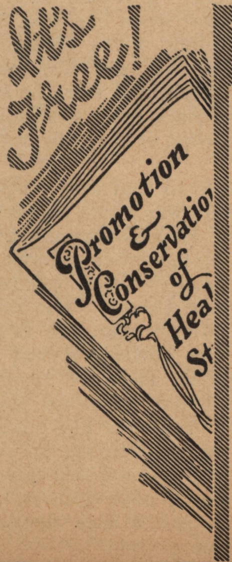

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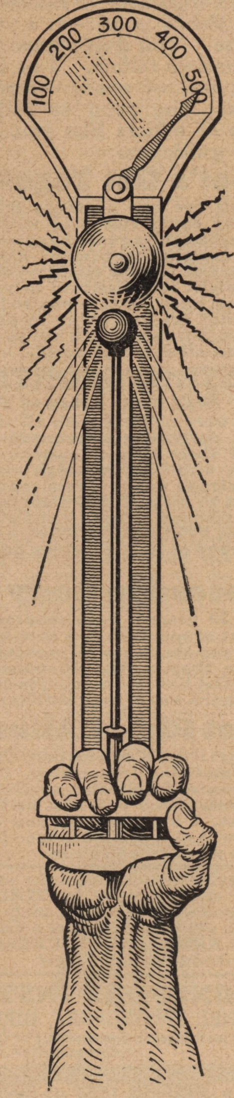

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¶ *What Did She See in Him?*

Continued from page 22

front porch." His eagerness awoke some feminine chord within; she found it faintly soothing after the shock of being chucked off a raft by an unknown roisterer. As a rule people didn't take liberties with the Champion. They said, "Please, Miss Farley," and "Oh, Miss Farley, would you care to come to tea?" and, "Do you think you could join us at the theater next week, Miss Farley?" and especially, "Oh, Miss Farley, how wonderfully you played . . ." Miss Farley, Miss Farley, Miss Farley . . . she was sick of all that. To this man she was a woman, yes, and an attractive woman, too. After all, even Champions are humans in the common denominator of a bathing suit . . . .

"I'M Hank Rodman, friend of the Montgomerys." He waited a minute while she collected her thoughts. For that cool and self-contained person, Florence Farley the Champion, she was acting ridiculously, as she had certainly never acted before. She knew it. She also knew her heart was beating strangely, unpleasantly. But the young man was waiting, waiting patiently with a charming look upon his square face. Oh, if she could only say that she was Mary Smith, just plain Mary Smith. Why must she tell him that she was the great Florence Farley, only to have him become at once afraid of her as a personage in the world.

"My name's Farley," she said faintly. Then louder, "Florence Farley." She looked quickly up into his face for that flash of coordination with the champion, waiting for the inevitable answer; "Not *the* Florence Farley?"

It didn't come. For once it didn't come. She wanted to cheer. At last she had met a man to whom she was a woman and nothing else. There was not the slightest connection in his mind, his face was politely blank. No, the name did not register; instead he smiled and moved away. "Twenty minutes, outside on the porch. . . ."

Dressing, she felt a strange exultant emotion within; a feeling such as she had experienced when she won her first title years before, when championships were a novelty. Yes, she liked this young man, this grown-up lad with the resonant voice and the black eyes; liked him without knowing why or why she wanted to like him.

Once outside to find him waiting, she decided that he was much better looking in his clothes. He looked young; but there were lines in his face when one was close to him, and he was evidently not so young he hadn't done things. The more she saw of this young man, the better she liked him. She realized it was a little idiotic to be so absurdly happy with someone she'd only seen an hour; but there it was. Life was like that. His face had a way of lighting up when he talked, when he glanced sideways at her, as he was doing a good deal, and she remembered he hadn't been saying much with the Montgomery crowd on the beach. This pleased her, for Florence was a woman first and a champion second. Did she get out to the Beach Club often?

"No. I just got back from France."

Then she collected herself. Would he recognize her—she wished she hadn't said it and hastily added, "Is the—are the—I mean do you get here every week-end?"

He laughed. "I should say not. This is the first day I've been away from town all summer."

She looked at him with concern. Yes, he did look white and a little dragged. "All summer—why here it is the end of July. In all that heat! You must be working hard!"

"H'm. Well, I am rather, just now. This is an important time for us now."

"Us? Who's us?"

"Well, me if you like. My company."

"Your company? What do you do?"

"Well, you see Father, he was Kansas and Ozark Power and Light. When I finished Yale he wanted me to come back and work in the main office. I thought we ought to have a branch here in New York. He didn't. I still thought the future was in New York 'cause all the money is here, see? So I started alone in a broker's shop down at Wall and Broad, and then two years ago went on my own."

"I see. You've been bucking your father."

He looked at her with a quick glance. "You must be in business yourself."

The champion hastily changed the subject. "Er—well, not exactly, but anyhow, tell me what's doing now that you're so busy?"

"Well, you see I grew up with utilities. I was raised on 'em. Every summer for six or seven years I worked with Father. I know all his tricks; you get to when you work and live with a smart man like Dad. So I went after Chenango Power. That's here in the East and I knew he'd want it eventually. We had to raise a quarter of a million at the start. Did you ever go out and try to borrow a quarter of a million on your own?"

"NO? Well, try it sometime. It's good exercise. For the voice I mean. Oh yes, I got it, finally, although we've had several Saturday nights when we wondered how we'd pay the office force the next Tuesday. Uhuh, Dad's coming to me now. I knew he'd have to. That is, I think he is. Of course Father's like no one else. One is never sure. But it will cost him an awful lot if he doesn't. Say, what a view!"

He had stopped at the top of a hill; from its summit the water stretched across the Sound to the distant shores of Long Island. But Florence saw it not at all. Instead she was thinking rapidly. Here, she thought, is a man worth while. This dark-eyed, youngish man had jumped into the furnace alone, and come out with a prize. Inevitably she compared him to the men she had met around at tournaments in the United States and Europe,

men who spent the best part of a lifetime trying to develop a backhand down the line. Here was someone fighting a fight which made all sporting battles look like a game of hop-scotch. She decided all at once that she would like to be with him, to chuck her tennis and her career and everything about it that she hated and got so deathly sick of, and be with him . . . near him . . . these were the thoughts that raced through her mind when Hank Rodman leaned over and kissed the Champion of the United States.

Fully and completely. And the Champion of the United States (without a movement, without the slightest protest, Florence Farley the Champion, the hard-boiled slayer of pretenders to her throne, Florence Farley the great, kissed Hank Rodman. Fully and completely also. Then when at long last he finished she spoke. "Please don't do that again." Her voice was heavy and throaty.

"Why not? Don't you like it?"

For a second she was silent. No, she couldn't tell him she didn't. She nodded her head. "That's just it. I do."

THIS was the exact and particular moment that Hank Rodman became aware of the fact that he was madly in love with a girl he had only seen an hour before, that he was in love, and that he hadn't the faintest idea whom he was loving.

It was new to both of them, this sudden sweep of high emotion. Florence Farley had never loved anyone before; her opponents always used to say she was in love with Florence Farley. But how could one find time and energy for men when one's game took up one's entire waking hours. No, never had she been in love until that afternoon. Nor Hank Rodman, either. When you are working ten, eleven or twelve hours a day, Saturdays and often Sundays included, you haven't much leisure to bother with ladies. So they both fell, they fell together, they fell hard. And the universe and the Beach Club and the hour which got later and later and the Jamison's house party, everything was forgotten, it was all part of a world which for them had ceased suddenly to exist. Until long, long afterward when the car finally swished up the curve of the Jamison's driveway and pulled up before the house.

A cheer greeted their arrival. Then it became somewhat submerged in expostulations and queries.

"Here she is . . ."

"Well, Floss old girl, about time. . . ."

"Why Florence dear, we all thought you'd . . . ."

"Where *have* you been, Florence?"

"Welcome home, Little Wanderer."

The hubbub died down as they stepped out. She emerged from the car first and came up the steps, followed by the tall youth one or two of them had noticed in the Montgomery gang that afternoon on the beach. But it was the look on Florence's face which shut the chatter and chaff off dead. Something had quite evidently happened to her. There was a silence as she came slowly up the steps to the top where Helen Jamison stood waiting.

"Helen, I'm sorry to have run away like that. Please excuse me. This . . . is . . . this is Mr. Rodman, my fiancé . . . Mrs. Jamison . . . ."

She knew he must soon find out who she really was, but she was dreading it nevertheless. Perhaps it was just as well to get it done and over. It was Bobbles Wilson, long, loud, gauche, who did it. Amid the polite murmurings and the introductions and the suppressed exclamations of surprise and the ejaculated congratulations, his tone carried to them all.

"Well, well. Our Florence engaged. Think of that. The Champion caught at last!"

She was standing on the top step with the man she loved below, their eyes almost level. He heard the remark and looked suddenly at her.

"Champion? You . . . why you're . . . you must be *the* Florence Farley!"

She nodded. "Yes, I'm the Champion. But I can't help that . . . after all, you loved me when you didn't know who I was. . . ."

"Love you!" he said. "Love you, of course I did. Do, I mean. Only I didn't know . . . look here . . ." and she suddenly felt herself being grasped once again by those two strong arms.

"Look here, you come along and we'll get acquainted all over again."

She was shoved into the car. The door slammed, the gears ground, and the vehicle dashed down the driveway leaving the most astonished group of persons in Westchester County standing open mouthed upon the steps of the Jamison's porch. For a moment they were stunned by the thing. Speechless. Then they talked.

Well, what d'you think of that? Hank Rodman. Yessir, Hank Rodman, of all men. That business owl. Old Hank Rodman who hates women and never goes to dances and is too busy to say good morning to his secretary, falling for Florence Farley. Yes, and Florence falling for him, that's stranger still.

The entire party unanimously turned upon each other, the same sentence on every lip.

"Now what on earth do you suppose she saw in him?"

FLORENCE FARLEY was in love. The cool, efficient, precise champion, the girl who was untouched by the most emotional of matches, the wildest of crowds, was in love with her young husband. Her game—well, that could take care of itself. She was in love and she was in love with Hank and she wanted to be with him, near him always, and that was that. If she could play she would, if she couldn't, well, it was hard luck. Yet as she fingered the envelope with the small English writing that morning, she felt a trace of something stirring within, the call perhaps to battle, the feeling of conflict in the air. For the summons to defend her Wimbledon title was in that letter. But all this was swept out of her mind as she sat in the small dining room of their apartment watching Hank's figure through the open doors as he shaved with brisk, quick movements. His happy voice came to her as he sang, it was husky, and dear to her heart. Presently he came to the table putting on his coat, and sitting down picked up the pile of letters.

"Mrs. Henry Rodman, Mrs. Rodman, Mrs. Rodman, Miss Florence Farley;

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there you are, my dear, Mrs. Henry Rodman, there's a letter from England, here's another from France, Mrs. Rodman, Miss Farley, Mrs. Rodman, gosh, wait a minute, here's one for me. No, its only the electric light bill. What are they after now, all those foreigners? Want you to play next spring, I suppose."

"I haven't opened them. This is from old Foster-Williams at Wimbledon . . . let's see what he says. H'm . . . 'We are looking forward to the great pleasure of seeing you at Wimbledon this spring . . . and have reserved your usual suite at the Park Lane. . . .' Oh he has, has he? Well, he can just unreserve it, that's all."

"But listen, Florence, I want you to defend your title. Honest, you must dear."

"What! And leave you? We've been all over this, Hank. Now when you have so much on your mind, and the deal is just coming to a close. No, Mr. Rodman."

SHE spoke as if she meant what she said, and she did. She was not leaving Hank, not just that moment anyhow, even if it did hurt at times to think of the Wimbledon battlefield without Florence Farley. And the nearer the time came, as soon as it grew possible to practise outdoors and the men from the papers kept asking her when she was going over and why she wouldn't defend her title, then it was a little difficult to put thoughts of Wimbledon out of her head.

Then one night he came home from work his face alight, his eyes excited. He tried to pretend there was nothing much up when he handed her the folder; but she knew differently. It was a first class passage to Europe upon the *Majestic* sailing in ten days.

She shook her head, she wanted in a way to go and yet now that he had done this she wanted to leave less than ever, now her thoughts and desires were centered on her husband and not upon winning a title. But he was insistent, he laughed and joked and told her that she must go, that she owed it to the game. . . . Florence, who had heard that argument before, did not like it much, either. Protesting in his arms she said:

"But Hank, I've had no practise. No practise at all to speak of. And it takes so long to get acclimated over there; why there's only, let's see, six, eight, eleven days before the thing begins. Win easily? No I couldn't either. Those girls aren't the least bit afraid of me. You don't understand, Hank dear, and you, leaving you now, with all this on your mind . . . I hate to, honestly I do. Of course it's darling of you and I do love playing there and all that, but. . ."

"But nothing. Don't you see, five days over, three weeks there and five days back. Just a little over a month. And if the merger comes through with Dad why I'll take a whole month off and we'll trip around Europe and up the Rhine and down to Paris together. How's that, dear?"

She knew he wouldn't. Ever. The merger with his father, despite all his father could do to fight it off, was approaching nearer every day. It meant that Hank, her Hank, was to be a big man in the power industry in the country; it meant a partnership with old Hank Rodman of K. C.

No, leaving him wasn't an easy thing. It was hard, dead hard, downright hard, when she kissed him good-by in her stateroom on C Deck. As the boat pulled away from the dock she felt more dismally lonesome and unhappy than she had ever felt in all her life. Until suddenly she saw Evelyn Brown on the promenade deck.

Evelyn had partnered her several years before at Wimbledon when she won the singles and doubles that time. They fell to talking of their profession and Evelyn, who had seen the young French girl, Mademoiselle Desfforges, play at Cannes, began to warn her. For an hour the two girls walked the deck talking. Just as she was parting to dress for dinner did that sudden pang of loneliness come back.

On the way down to her room she passed a group standing in a hall and she heard someone say, "The one on the outside. Used to be Florence Farley until she married that Rodman boy last year. He's just some kind of a business man I believe. What do you think she saw in him?"

The merger went through. Old Hank Rodman, being a smart man, knew when he was licked. The fact was that he became secretly highly delighted to be beaten by his son, and a clever son too, as he had discovered to his cost. Now Henry Rodman and Henry Rodman, Jr. of New York were one; just Henry Rodman, Inc., with branches all over the country, the most powerful utilities firm in the world.

Work piled up fast with the merger; but finally young Hank found someone to help him through the stormy seas of financial responsibility. A clever young girl, who had been practising for a few years with a big legal firm on the Street as a subordinate clerk, was recommended as someone with a flair for income tax work and an all round genius for figures. He soon found Helen Clark all of that. She could juggle sums as his wife juggled a tennis ball; she supplemented him in the office in a marvelous manner.

"OF course it's pretty far ahead," he said to Florence one snowy afternoon in winter, looking out the window of their apartment at stragglers in the stormy dusk below. "But if this Clark girl pans out as she ought to and if Father will help out with some of the western stuff, I ought to be able to make the trip with you next spring."

"Oh, Hank, how wonderful! Just think, Europe with you . . . we'd go to Paris, wouldn't we? I'd love to play in the French championships and get ready for London later in the month. You know I really didn't get over in time last summer, I wasn't much good. No, I wasn't either, I was darn lucky to get past that French child. She's good and going to be a whole lot better. I know what I'm talking about. I can beat her on grass but not on dirt."

"But I thought it was dirt in Paris and grass in London. Aren't the courts in France all dirt?"

"They are. Only I'd just play doubles and the mixed there, no singles. See? I'd sort of get warmed up for Wimbledon,

tune my game those two weeks and practise mostly. Besides, that would give me time to go round places with you."

Thus was it arranged. But in the Street one's plans are as nothing, and the closer it came to the first week in May the surer Hank was that he would have trouble getting away. Up to a week before sailing he continued his plan as though he were surely leaving. But that night when he came home, Florence knew by the look on his face that something had happened. Briefly he explained; a telephone call from Kansas City indicated that his father needed an instant operation. Only Hank remained to carry things along during the crisis. Europe for the present was out of the question.

"FOR the moment, Floss dear. Only for a while I hope. But just now with Father sick like this and business in general in the condition it is, I'd hardly dare leave. But Father'll pull through all right, and then I can come across for the last week of Wimbledon in July."

"Hank Rodman! Do you think I'm going over again and leave you?"

"Don't be silly, my dear. Of course you're going. Why I'd feel terrible if you didn't. Besides, with two legs on that Cup now, you must go this year and win it for good. You must go, yes you must, I insist."

So for the second time, for the second time against her will, Florence went off alone. She said to herself that if it hadn't been for those two legs on the Cup she would never have gone, she promised herself that this was the last time, positively the last time she would come over without Hank.

But the news that came from home was good. His father rallied quickly from the operation. The firm was busy, and Henry Rodman, Inc. was doing more work than any two houses on the Street. Meanwhile she herself was busy in Paris; dress fittings in the morning, practise matches in the afternoon, and the days rolled rapidly around until it was almost time for her to go to London. In fact it was the day before she was to leave that she came across that annoying—yes, and that is what it was—that annoying bit of gossip. Some traveller had left the clipping on a table in the salon of the hotel, and she had chanced to glance at it while waiting for dinner. It was merely the meanderings of a New York columnist in a gossipy newspaper:

"What famous woman athlete's husband is being seen in an expensive speakeasy on 61st Street with his secretary these days while his wife is abroad?"

That was all. She read it and read it again. No, it wouldn't be, couldn't be, couldn't be. Secretary! Secretary indeed! As if Hank would bother with secretaries, Hank who rarely looked at a woman in his office, who never even knew their names It was laughable. For just a second the suspicion that it might be his Miss Clark flashed across her mind: but she dismissed it. Or rather she tried to dismiss the whole thing. Yet it persisted back in a corner of her brain

She had ten days' time to prepare for Wimbledon and she needed it. To win she had need to be perfectly primed, mentally, physically, she must have possession of all her faculties. So she kept the most regular hours, practised faithfully with the professionals at Wimbledon, and read Hank's daily wire with affection. But if his father was better as he said, if the Old Man was recovering, why couldn't he come over?

Wimbledon was to begin on the Monday. Just a week before Florence went down to her bank early in the morning to cash a check before leaving for practise, and while waiting for the necessary formalities to be performed on her signature, she turned to one side and began glancing over the files of a New York Sunday newspaper. A face looked at her from the rotogravure section. It was the face of her husband. Beside him was a charming young lady. "The Husband of Florence Farley, the Champion. Henry Rodman, the Banker, at the Beach Club, Westchester, with a Friend." A friend! The girl was Helen Clark.

She went out to practise an hour later unable to keep her mind or her eye on the ball. Everything went wrong, her strokes, her timing, her footwork; she was slow, clumsy, ineffective. She played badly and she knew she was playing badly and at the end of twenty-five minutes she stopped. "I don't know, I guess I've had enough, Hilton," she said to the English professional who was knocking balls around for her. With that she went back to the dressing room to bathe and change. There she received her second shock of the day.

She was in her bath at one side of the large dressing room when Evelyn Brown and another American girl came in to dress for their practise. They were both from New York, and they chattered away, Florence inside paying not the slightest attention to them. It was not until she heard the younger girl's voice mentioning her name that her wandering attention was arrested.

"My dear, Jack said he'd seen Florence's husband twice with her now about town. If I get a good-looking man like that I won't go chasing tennis titles in Europe, believe me."

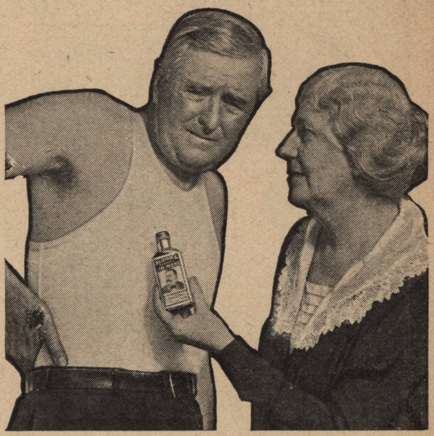
No mistake now. Florence stirred uneasily in the bath. The two girls continued talking, and finally went out to play, before Florence dried herself and left the room at the side. But once she was alone she moved rapidly. In twenty minutes she had packed her bag, dressed, and was at the entrance.

"A taxi, please, Ellis," she said to the attendant. "The Park Lane. As fast as you can make it."

TWENTY-five minutes later she was in the hotel lobby. "Let me see your boat schedules for the States please," she said to the hall porter. She glanced at the calendar above his head. The 22nd. There it was, the *Europa*, leaving Southhampton the 22nd, reaching New York the . . . the . . . 27th. Boat train leaves Waterloo at 2:30 p. m. on the 22nd. . . . It was already twenty minutes past one.

Never did Florence work as she worked in that next hour, and she was by no means unused to hustling, either. In all the hurry and confusion, her mind,

LAME BACK? —Lumbago?



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however, was steely cold, it functioned quickly and keenly, she forgot nothing, made no mistakes, arranged everything. A telephone call brought two maids to pack her trunks and bags, a valet was at hand to strap them up and rush them off, a telephone call downstairs arranged with the Hall Porter himself to bring them to her at the Station. She had no ticket and she had to go to the bank for money. And all through the rush and tumble, all through the hurry and worry and mess of getting away, her thoughts really centered upon Hank. Only of Hank was she thinking. Gone was her zest for battle, gone was the desire for victory, for the third leg on the famous Cup, vanished was the insistent urge that had pushed her on to a championship, and made her cross an ocean year after year in search of fame. She was now pursuing bigger, greater prizes; she was a champion fighting for her man.

THE Atlantic in mid-summer. Storms, wind, rain. The big boat bucked and ploughed through wave troughs, hammered and plunged into the foam, reared and tossed its head in the spume that spun about its bow. Off the Banks there was fog, there was more fog when they neared the entrance of the harbor, until Florence began to think the fates were against her return. It was late afternoon when the ship finally docked and Florence got away from the pier.

She didn't wire him, notify him in advance, for fear it would worry him. He'd wonder why she was leaving Wimbledon cold, whether she was ill. Still, as she wrangled with customs officials, she wished he had been there to meet her. As soon as she could she got to a telephone.

"Barclay 6500." She was more nervous than she had ever been in a big match. "Barclay 6500? Mr. Henry Rodman? Mrs. Rodman talking. Yes, this is Mrs. Rodman . . . well I just got in . . . he's not there . . . he's gone out of town for the week end? Oh . . . ."

She realized suddenly how hot it was, that she was tired and hadn't slept the night before, and that everything was sticky and that she was excessively cross. This wasn't exactly the home-coming she had expected. With difficulty she got her things into a taxi and reached their apartment.

The maid was startled and alarmed. Yes, Mr. Rodman was all right, he had gone somewhere for the week-end, had packed his bag that morning. Westchester, she thought. Florence bathed while her things were being unpacked, and when dressing made up her mind. She hadn't come home for nothing; where Hank was, there she would go! After a cup of tea she set out again in a taxi for the station.

It was dark when she finally reached the little suburban town on the waterfront, and she decided the best thing to do would be to go straight to the Jamison's. But there wasn't anyone home at the Jamison's, the butler could only inform her that Hank was there, that he was off with the crowd at the Beach Club. Should he call the Club on the telephone?

"By no means," said Florence. I'll walk over the back way."

The back way led across the spacious lawns of the Jamison's and then through the Montgomery's place down along the water to the club house. It was a warm night, but there was a blessed coolness in the air down by the sea, and even the turf felt soft and fresh to her feet as she stepped across the grass and through the hedge that separated the two places. Down along the stone wall with the water lapping gently below, across to the row of poplars standing against the evening sky, until she could see the light from the club house and make out the tom-tom-tom of the band. A rustic summer house, which stood by the side of the sea half in darkness and half in the light from the veranda, held two persons. She could hear the murmuring of their voices as she drew near, and for a second she fancied there was familiar note. No, nobody she knew. But yes, there was. Suddenly she recognized those deep tones of her husband, his voice and yet not his voice, a tired voice, peevish, disturbed, un-Hank-like. What he was saying she could not distinguish. Silence, and then plainly, unmistakably a kiss. . . .

He said something inaudible, something that drew forth a laugh from his companion, a jarring, grating, mocking laugh. She saw Hank rise from the shadows and stand up. He started to speak. What he would have said to the woman, Florence never knew. She did not care. She cared for nothing but her husband and she saw immediately he needed her. Before that unpleasant laugh had died away, before he could speak, she stepped impulsively forward into the lighted path before the summer house.

"Hank, I'm here. Here I am, Hank."

He came forward, running to her side; "Florence, Florence, what's the matter, dear?"

HE buried her in his arms, crushed her to him, swept her with his affection. His voice choked, and in the lights his wife could see tears in his eyes; suddenly she realized that he had been under a great strain and that at last the strain was over. He stood there kissing her and kissing her again and again, rather foolishly, in front of the self-possessed young woman in evening clothes who stood looking on. A glance told Florence who she was. A keen face, pretty but hard. Hard and yet intellectual. Hank *admired* intellectual women. But he *loved* her.

"Miss Clark . . . my wife . . ." said Hank, paying not much attention to the young lady.

"How do you do, Mrs. Rodman?" said the financial wizard of Henry Rodman, Inc. to the lady who at that moment was losing her Wimbledon Championship by default.

"You'll excuse me, won't you?" She passed on up the path to the porch of the club house.

There was a crowd of people standing around. The Jamison's butler had telephoned the news.

"Yes," said Miss Clark to the assembled guests, "that's right. She is home and I just met her." Just met her, mused the young lady a second. "And what on earth does he see in her?"

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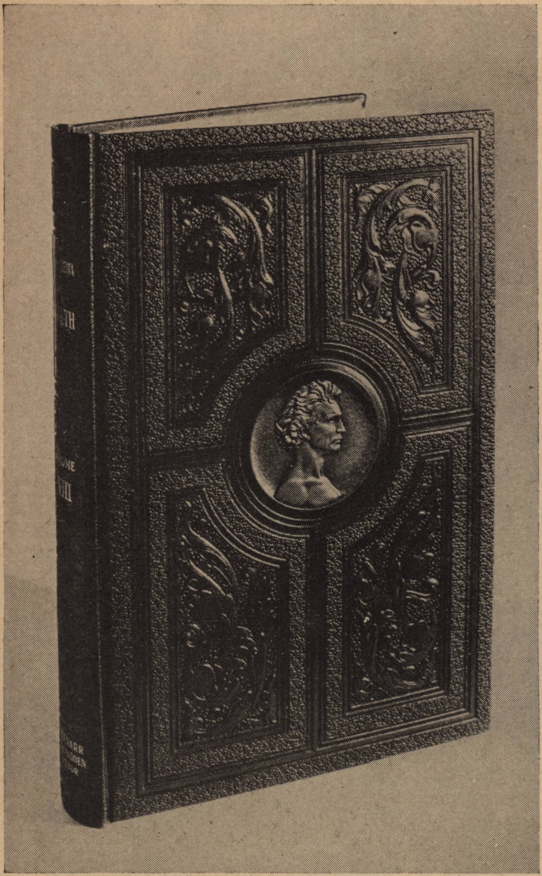

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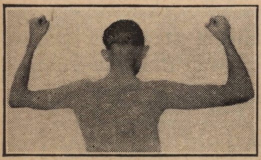
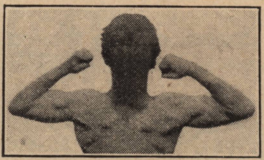


BEFORE



AFTER

I want you to know that I have studied your Encyclopedia just as I would a course of law. When I first received the books I was recuperating from an operation in which the doctors gave no hope. I am sure if I hadn't had the books I would not be in the good health I am now. I advise anyone (whether they are sick or well) to get the Encyclopedia and go according to the simple rules laid down in plain every-day English—easily understandable.—So writes Chester Fulk, Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

Good health is your right. If you are sick it is because you yourself do things that bring on disorder and disease. If you are run-down and "don't care whether school keeps or not," it is because you have violated some of the laws of old Mother Nature.

The Encyclopedia of Health will show you the way to correct living. It will take you by the hand and lead you to the right foods to eat, tell you when not to eat and why; it will help you to lift yourself out of your miasma of disease, of ill-health, and show you the secret to vigorous, vibrant, exultant good health and happiness.

YOU CAN GLOW WITH HEALTH

It is up to you to say whether you will be nervous, vitiated, sick and weakly, or whether you shall glow with vitality and strength—equipped to face life's problems with good-will and good cheer—and that's going a long way to success in your work.

The Encyclopedia of Health points the way. It contains the latest knowledge mankind has obtained through scientific experiment and discovery—and the last few years have brought startling new ideas from the laboratories of science.

Your body is the most wonderful, most delicately adjusted mechanism known in the world. Neglect it—abuse it—and it will go wrong. Ill health and disease will follow. If it is not in perfect working order, it will burn up more energy than it can spare, and open the door to all kinds of ailments.

HOW TO RESIST DISEASE

Treat your body right—and few people know how to treat it right!—and you can put it in perfect condition and keep it there. And that is exactly what the Encyclopedia of Health will do for you! It will show you how to treat your body as it should be treated; how to make it overcome and then resist all disease; how to make it last years and years longer than it otherwise may.

It shows how to cultivate correct mental habits; how to make the most of your personality—in short, how to make the most of life!

I am sending you a picture of our Physical Culture baby on account of your wonderful Encyclopedia —Mrs. R. D. Vreeland, Jackson, Mich.

There is hardly a day passes but what I find use for these books in some way. I use them in every emergency.—Mrs. O. S. Hodges, Boynton. Fla.

The Encyclopedia has made me about 25 years younger and I have lived 56 years.—Writes Mr. E. M. Cheedle, Grand Junction, Colorado.

I was taking medicine for rheumatism and gravel of the bladder. I am cured now and learned how from the Encyclopedia. —Mrs. E. A. Phillips, Ennis, Tex.

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I would rather have these books than any set of books I know of, and in college I learned of many books too. — Mrs. Ruth Scott, Pasadena, Calif.

I went thru long months of expectant motherhood better than ever before. Sylvia Marie has never been sick a day.—Mrs Kerns, Mountain View, Cal.

The Encyclopedia has been the means of saving the lives of two members of our family.—Mrs. John Woods, Unity, Maine

I have had my set for nearly a year—have not been sick a single day since and look and feel like a different man.—Charles H. Wynn, Pittsburg, Calif.

You can prolong your life if you learn how to rule your health as you know how to govern your actions. In fact, the life of the average person can be extended 15 years!

And those last 15 years are the ones we work and slave through early life merely to be able to enjoy. Yet how few of us live to realize that desire! But we can—you can—do it.

From maturity to old age, the breaking down and wearing out process is in process in our vital organs. But, because there is no pain, no noticeable symptom, the victim ignores the little warning signals until stricken down with a dangerous disease.

LITTLE THINGS LEAD TO DEATH

When one is exhausted easily, or suffers from headache, loss of appetite, easily takes cold in the head or chest, has a dull ache across the back, spots before the eyes, ringing in the ears, one should take heed.

These are the first warnings of derangement of the human machine. Ignore these little signals and you may let yourself in for a serious, or even a fatal, illness.

Pay heed to these little warnings! Find out which of a hundred things may be the cause! Then remove the cause by ceasing to do the things Nature forbids! That is what the Encyclopedia of Health will help you to do—to find these causes and to show you how to correct them.

WHAT OF YOUR CHILDREN?

And you mothers and fathers. What of your children? What are their little lives worth to you? What may it mean to their future success and happiness to be stricken down with some dangerous, possibly deforming disease, such as meningitis or scarlet fever?

What is it worth to you to save them from one single dangerous ailment? Is it worth $10? $100? It is worth everything you own!

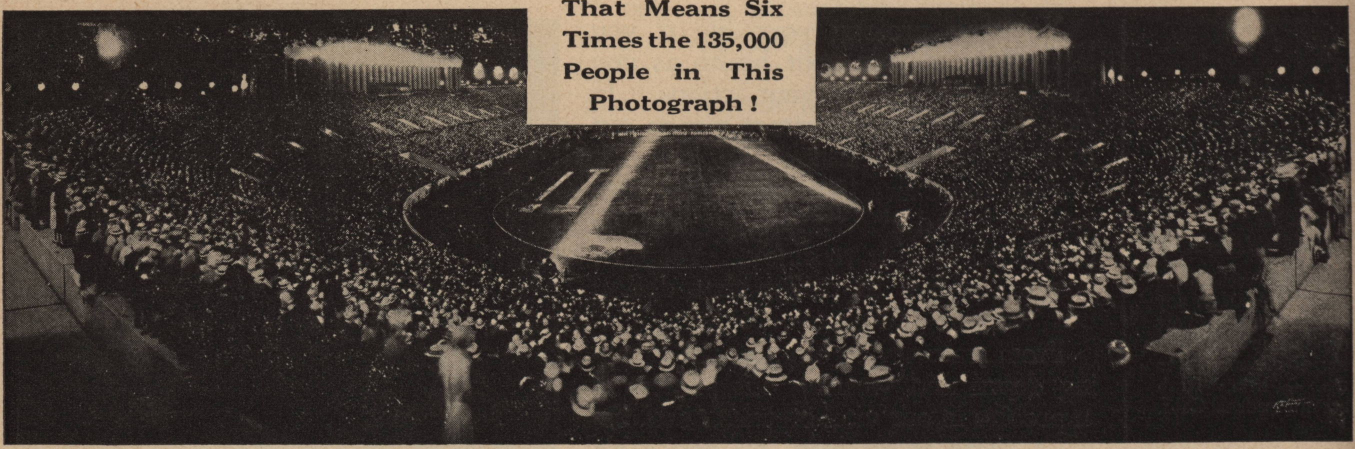
You should have the Encycloedia of Health always at hand if for no other reason than to meet the emergencies of childhood's ills.

I am a Contour Artist. My work consists of reshaping and remolding every muscle of the face, neck, shoulders, arms and entire body to their original contour. By following instructions as outlined in the Encyclopedia on diet, short fasts, exercise, bathing and living a well balanced Physical Culture life, I have purified my own body to such an extent that my greatly improved appearance is instantly recognized by friends and business associates. Your books are being read daily at my treatment salon by my patrons. Permit me to say that radiant health, added prosperity, and a way to cheat the years has come to me through the study of the Encyclopedia. I can truthfully say I have made these books work for me. They have paid for themselves a thousand-fold. I refer to them daily for advice and guidance in my tremendous task of helping my large and appreciative clientele to health and happiness supreme.—Margaret B. Nichols, 540 South Coronado Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

Your Encyclopedia is the most valuable set of books I ever owned. They are my constant companion and guide —Writes Col. John W. Sanborn, Lake Worth, Florida.

I value my Encyclopedia most of all my books because it has done so much for me and my family.—Mrs. John Garrett, Garland, Kansas.

800,000 CONDEMNED TO DIE this year of preventable diseases



YOU need not be one—YOU can LIVE!

There are 135,000 people in the above picture—the largest group ever photographed. Yet six of these stadia full of people will die this year of preventable diseases! What a slaughter! And what a needless tragedy! For most of them could save themselves—if they only knew how! By merely knowing how to keep the body-machine in smooth working condition, these people could keep themselves immune to most of the diseases that doom them! And YOU! You can escape their fate if you only will! There is no hard work in doing it—it is more in educating yourself to the significance of danger signals. That is what the Encyclopedia of Health will do for you.

THOUSANDS OF OTHERS HAVE LEARNED TO LIVE

Thousands and thousands of people—fathers, mothers, children, babies—owe their lives to the Encyclopedia of Physical Culture, the fore-runner of the present and greater Encyclopedia of Health. Letters have come to us by the hundred telling of cases given up for lost, of hopeless lives, restored to vigorous health and happiness. What it has done for others it surely can do for you.

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VOLUME III
Exercise and health; effects of exercise; physical training for women; constitutional exercise; athletics, games, sports gymnasium and class work.

VOLUME IV
Health and parenthood; sex; marriage and health; the expectant mother; the child and sex life; problems of the unmarried; sexual physiology; birth control movement.

VOLUME V
Personality; physical aspects; the endocrine glands; mental aspect and inner source; psychoanalysis, the voice, physical grace, beauty, dress; building personality in children

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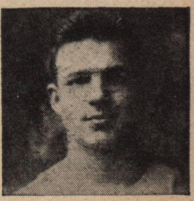
Natural curative methods; discussing water and health, exercise, and sun treatment, electric and miscellaneous treatments.

VOLUME VII
Modern methods of healing; diagnosis; nursing; massage; first aid.

VOLUME VIII
Forms of disease; symptoms, treatment: dietary and vitality—building routines.

We are happy and healthy—the secret? The Encyclopedia.—This from Mrs. Irene Hamilton, 1708 Third Avenue, Oakland, Calif.

We live ten miles from the nearest doctor—25 miles from a hospital—the Encyclopedia has been my best friend in need.—Mrs. William Kehn, Goodrich, N. Dakota.



If ever there is anything wrong we consult the Encyclopedia and correct it without delay. — George F. Buttner, Bayonne N. J.

¶ *Bending the Twig to Incline the Tree*

Continued from page 51

years of "mothering," I have these conclusions to offer. Your child's intelligence and character *is* (and will *remain*) what it is on the day of his birth. They are both the result of the mixed heritage that comes down to him. And although all your children have identical ancestry, they do not necessarily inherit the same traits, nor in the same proportions. Each child will be different. I understand, now, that this is right if individuality is to be preserved.

ON THE face of it, this conclusion sounds discouraging. From one standpoint it is, for it complicates the vocation of parenthood, and multiplies its problems by the number of your offspring. On the other hand, it makes it all the more interesting, and success all the more an achievement. For, although you may not *change* your child, you may (if you have the wit and the patience) emphasize his good traits and diminish the bad ones. If you are "on the job," you may even, on occasion, play off one trait against another to advantage, or even use a bad tendency to good effect. The principal thing to keep in mind is that you must not jump at conclusions, and before you can count yourself a factor for good in your child's development, you must thoroughly understand your child.

Whenever I hear a parent say "I treat all my children alike," I know that particular parent is lacking in intelligence. If you stop to think, I believe you will agree with me that no two children are identical. How, then, do you expect to be successful if you treat them all alike?

Take the matter of punishment. I, personally, dislike the idea of whipping. I have always tried other methods first. But the results have been surprising. To Leonard and Ruth, an explanation of why something was wrong was always enough. Both of them had extremely good reasoning power from babyhood. But with the others—well, some will respond to rewards for good conduct, others must be controlled by punishment. Ridicule works with one of my children. She has a keen sense of humor, and is quick to appreciate a joke, even on herself. She is the only one, however. In most children, a sense of humor develops slowly. Unless you are very confident of your child, don't try cure by ridicule. More often than not it hurts in a way that tends to make the child feel inferior —always a thing to be avoided. One of my children (and I think it significant that he is the least intelligent) never responded to anything but spanking and being deprived of his food. I object to the latter punishment, as affecting physical well-being. A whipping, properly administered, is sometimes indispensable!

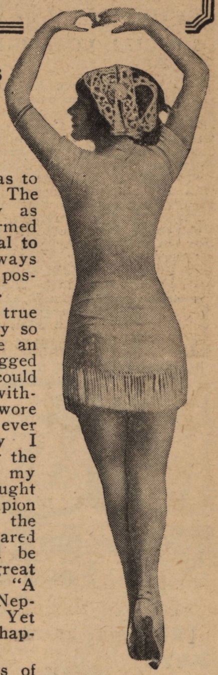
In my article in the August issue of PHYSICAL CULTURE, I outlined a sort of general scheme of child-training. I shall not, therefore, go into that side of the question again. The purpose of this article is to help those mothers and fathers who find themselves confronted with special problems—things totally unexpected and unprovided for—some the result of heritage, some of environment.

I knew of one instance where an apparently model child stole the sum of one dollar from her grandmother. The fall from grace was sudden and, to the grandmother, unaccountable. It was the one and only offense of the kind. But several years of the child's life were made miserable by the constant references to it. The little girl was made to feel that she had done not only a criminal thing, but that she had made a good start toward the penitentiary. In reality, the child was, at least in her own mind, taking only what belonged to her. Her mother, who was away, had sent her a dollar to buy some books she wanted. The grandmother, a thrifty soul, had calmly appropriated the money, saying, "Books indeed! What you need, Miss, are four pair of good thick stockings." And though the little girl wore the stockings, she was determined to have back her dollar for those books. And she stole exactly that amount, carefully putting back a nickel to make correct change! I know all about it because, you see, *I* was the little girl! And I still have the books. And I contend that a child who wanted ten classics instead of four pair of hose deserved to be handled with greater acumen.

There is always a cause when a child suddenly develops an unexpected tendency. To the child, his own line of reasoning is perfectly logical, no matter how absurd it may seem to you. That is why it is always worth while—in fact, absolutely necessary—to hunt for that cause before you attempt to correct a fault. And don't be too hard on the child if he can't help you out. His seeming sullenness and sudden stupidity is often a shell to protect himself against questions which he is quite incapable of answering. For although his reasoning may have seemed logical to him in the silence of his own mind, it has much the same quality as a dream. When he attempts to put it into words he is suddenly overwhelmed by his own inability to make it sound convincing, even to himself.

SOMETIMES, watchful waiting is the wisest course. A little girl whose health had been poor from birth and who, in consequence, was behind the children of her age in school, had an unfortunate habit of saying or doing something and then looking around to assure herself that everyone present had observed her. Quite often, relatives and friends would remark upon the habit, frequently before the child. The little girl was awkward at whatever she attempted, and so backward in her studies that school became a sort of nightmare. Even the home hours were shadowed by the school work which never seemed to be done by bed time, no matter how hard she tried. At length, the mother, who was a woman

The crippled girl who became the world's most perfectly formed woman



Annette Kellermann's Own Story

MANY people will be surprised to hear that as a child I was so deformed as to be practically a cripple. The world knows me today as "the most perfectly formed woman," and it is natural to assume that I have always been fortunate enough to possess a symmetrical body.

Quite the opposite is true however. I was formerly so weak, so puny as to be an invalid. I was bow-legged to an extreme degree; I could neither stand nor walk without iron braces which I wore constantly. No one ever dreamed that someday I would become famous for the perfect proportions of my figure. No one ever thought I would become the champion woman swimmer of the world. No one ever dared to guess that I would be some day starred in great feature films such as "A Daughter of the Gods," "Neptune's Daughter," etc. Yet that is exactly what has happened.

I relate these incidents of my early life and my present success simply to show that no woman need be discouraged with her figure, her health or her complexion. The truth is tens of thousands of tired, sickly, overweight or underweight women have already proved that a perfect figure and radiant health can be acquired in only fifteen minutes a day, through the same methods that I myself used.

In fact, so remarkable are the results that I have brought to other women that I find far greater gratification in helping others than in all the praise and acclamation I myself have received. It became my ambition to extend my services to womankind, and as a result I developed a method by which I could make my help available to any woman, anywhere, right in her own home.

I invite any woman who is interested to write to me. I will gladly prove to you in 10 days that you can learn to acquire the body beautiful, how to make your complexion rosy from the inside, instead of from the outside, how to freshen and brighten and clarify a muddy, sallow, pimply face, how to stand and walk gracefully, how to add or remove weight at any part of the body; hips, bust, arms, shoulders, chin, limbs, waist, abdomen; how to be full of health, strength and energy so that you can enjoy life to the utmost, how to be free from colds, headaches, neuralgia, nervousness, constipation, weak back, and the many other ailments due to physical inefficiency; in short, how to acquire perfect womanhood.

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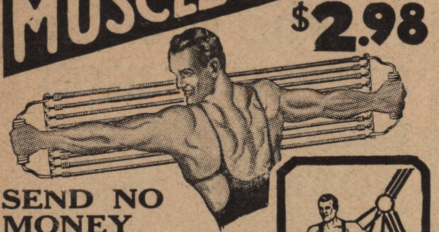

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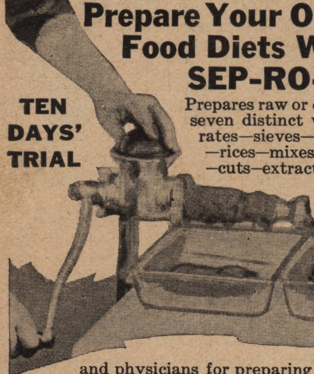

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of sense, decided that the real trouble lay in the fact that the child felt herself to be inferior. Such powers as she had were being subtly undermined. Determined to do what she could to remedy matters, the mother, first of all, cautioned the immediate family against all comments before the child. Secondly, she made a point of asking the child's help occasionally, and giving her certain fixed duties (being careful always that they be simple enough that successful performance was assured). And lastly, she called upon the school superintendent and explained her problem and the solution which she proposed to try. He was in sympathy with her idea at once, and immediately took the child's teacher into the conspiracy. When the teacher understood the child's handicap of ill health and self-distrust, she proved to be most sympathetic. Laura's lessons were made as simple as possible. For instance, when the class had twenty problems for home work, she was given five. She wanted to learn, and with her mother's help, she was able to do the smaller stint each night, correctly. The teacher never failed to praise the neatness of her paper or to say some word of commendation. Soon Laura had lost much of her self consciousness. With that gone, she lost also the old habit of speaking and acting with the idea of attracting attention. Gradually her poor health (which had been largely due to nervousness) improved. The teacher slowly increased her lessons until she was doing the regular work reasonably well.

She now gives every indication that she will, hereafter, be able to hold her own with children of her age. Luckily she had a wise mother and two others, the superintendent and the teacher, who were willing to take the time and trouble to help her to happy normalcy.

ONE problem which at some time or other confronts nearly every parent is that of undesirable companions. I always hesitate to forbid a particular friend to a child. It is apt to lend glamour and interest to the friendship, and you run the risk that the companionship will be continued secretly. Whenever I have occasion to fear that an undesirable friendship is threatening I am more than usually cordial in my invitations to bring the friend around. The presence of mother, father and the family acts as a curb. Also, when your children see their friends among home folk they, nine times out of ten, unconsciously make comparisons. If the friend does not measure up, the child will become conscious of the fact.

Discontentment often causes heartache both to parent and child. On at least two occasions chance has helped me in the handling of it. Of course, from the first, I have tried to teach appreciation of what one has. I still recall a funny incident which happened when Leonard was about four and Rodman a bit over two. The latter had just been outfitted with new shoes, but the family budget only allowed for a patch on Leonard's old ones. On the way to the shop, and in an endeavor to soften his possible disappointment, I had, in my best Pollyanna manner, told him what a "nice" patch it would be. As we left the shoemaker's the air was rent with loud howls from Rodman. It developed that he wanted a "nice" patch, too, instead of new shoes! So easily is contentment won "when we are very young."

On yet another occasion chance took a hand and helped me out. I had taken one of the children to Philadelphia to shop. We made our modest purchases and ate our supper in a cheap restaurant. "Wouldn't it be nice if we had lots of money and could buy everything we wanted!" exclaimed my youngster. "It's tough always to count pennies when everyone else has so much."

I SAID that money and the ability to "buy everything" didn't necessarily bring happiness, and that we were really not badly off, compared with many others. Besides, we all have health—that most priceless of all blessings—not to mention a goodly share of home happiness and love. I don't suppose my words carried much conviction to a little girl eager for pretty clothes and furbelows.

After we had eaten, we stood waiting for the bus. It was raining and we sought shelter under the awning of a restaurant. It was one of those quick lunch places—with the menu on a slip of paper pasted to the window. Presently a woman and a little girl stopped. Slowly the mother read down the list, while the child tugged at her hand and tried to attract her attention to a gorgeous cake on display. After long perusal of the bill of fare, the woman opened her purse and counted the change therein. Then, taking the little girl's hand, she walked slowly away. There were tears in my child's eyes when she turned to me. "I never realized before, that there are other people who have to count their pennies."

In a family the size of my own, life is just one problem after another! Happily, they have, with one exception, been small ones. Whether my handling of the big one has been for the best, only the years will show. I should like to tell you of as many problems as we have been able to meet successfully; but I think one more—a very little one—will have to suffice.

Perhaps you have a small boy like my Jimmy, always taking things apart to see how they work. If you have, be sure to try my remedy. Jim has a tool chest with about six *real* tools. He also has one end of a side porch for a work shop, and a kindly groceryman keeps him supplied with crates and boxes. The family also donates such useful articles as old sparkplugs, broken alarm clocks and equally interesting cast-offs. And the joy that small boy gets out of tinkering with broken toys and building new ones is a delight to the soul. When the shop has a busy day the air is filled with the sound of hammering and what could be a better prophecy of a happy and successful man than a little boy who whistles as he plans and works?

The combined sounds of whistling and hammering always somehow bring to my mind the One Hundredth Psalm:

"Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.

"Serve the Lord with gladness; come before His presence with singing."

And isn't that the purpose of life—to work, to serve, to be happy and to give happiness? I think so.

¶ The Lady and the Pirate

—Continued from page 58

was powerless against it. There was a roaring sound in her ears and she felt herself being whirled about with a dizzy rapidity. Suction was drawing her down. Her temples throbbed as she tried her best to hold her breath. She wanted to call to Tony, but knew that the effort was useless. Expert swimmer though she was, she realized all too keenly that unless some help should reach her soon it must come too late.

Then the terrible pressure seemed to relax and Sheila opened her eyes. It was dark, but the water was warm, and the current was gentle now. Exhausted, Sheila floated as though in a dream. The air had the scent of dankness, and she supposed she was drifting along a subterranean passage.

After a seemingly endless time, she grew vaguely conscious of a light ahead. She could make out the limestone walls of a narrow passage, and a moment later the stream emerged into a sort of pool. Above, its shadowy walls were arched like a cathedral dome. She felt a rocky surface beneath her feet and found she could stand up. Weak from her struggle, but resolute, she stumbled toward a mossy shelf and sank down upon it.

A fire was burning just beyond, and it cast the gigantic shadow of a man against the walls. She must have uttered a faint cry for now the shadow moved. It grew to tremendous proportions. Then, as it vanished, a figure appeared a few yards away from her. In an instant, Sheila recognized the owner of the little shop in Charlotte Street. His baggy breeches were thrust into boots and his open flannel shirt revealed the matted hair of his chest. Short sleeves showed bulging muscles, and into a sash about his waist were thrust an automatic and a wicked looking knife. He was staring at her with frank surprise as she looked up at him in terror.

"Very nice to come." Mendoza grinned. "How you like my place?" With a twist of her wrist, he tumbled her to the bed of the moss-grown rock.

SHEILA was weak and shivering. The warmth of the fire felt pleasant, yet the warmth of Mendoza's welcome might prove anything but that.

"How does one get out of here?" she asked him challengingly. Somehow she must convince him that her presence was an accident—that she had not come deliberately to spy upon his secret.

"Why you want to go away quick?" he asked in his broken English. "You think Mendoza stupid? You make very nice drawing on old map. You guess pretty near directions. Maybe you dream them—yes?"

That made her sure that Mendoza was the man she had discovered in her father's library. In an instant the mystery was solved. Mendoza had never intended *that* map to be placed on sale. He had only realized that *it* was the one she had bought after her leaving his shop. Of course, when he had recovered it, he would naturally have been puzzled by the directions she had faked for the finding of buried treasure. By the strangest chance, she must have hit on the actual location of his hiding place.

"Maybe you think you know secret?" he said and shrugged his shoulders. "People in camp best keep away. Only trouble comes of meddling with Mendoza's business. But tonight Mendoza is lucky. It is not often pretty girl comes floating on the water."

AS he appraised her with narrowed eyes, Sheila sprang to her feet. Her one brief struggle with him would be nothing to what might happen if his actions forced her to battle with him there. The man's strength must be prodigious. But there was, perhaps, a chance of wresting the knife from his belt. As she stood ready to meet his attack, he regarded her with amusement tinged with admiration.

"All of a sudden spunky, eh?" He observed her preparation with obvious enjoyment. "Little tiger-cat needs taming! Mendoza knows how very well."

"What do you want—is it money?" she asked contemptuously.

"Easy get plenty money," he answered ironically. "If you behave like nice little cat, maybe Mendoza show you all sorts of pretty things."

In spite of her innate courage, Sheila's knees were trembling, but she was resolute. Shrewd as well as unscrupulous, it would take all of her nimble wit as well as her strength to escape him. But he made no move to touch her. Instead, he calmly lit his pipe while he watched her slightest movement.

"Now you listen," he said gruffly, all pretense of courtesy gone. "If Mendoza say so, no one in camp ever go back to St. Augustine. Nobody know how it happen. They just disappear like you. Only you and Mendoza go off to some other place."

Sheila stared at him horrified as she fully grasped his meaning. He was calmly proposing to murder the whole party and carry her off with him.

"Don't be absurd!" Sheila's lip curled. "Do you think I'd bargain with *you?*"

"Very good bargain. You like it. You plenty pretty. Plenty muscle, too. You like big lover. Mendoza big—very kind—very rich. He give you everything."

It required but little deduction to realize that Mendoza was the head of a bootlegging ring. And perhaps there was other treasure in his island storehouse. Perhaps he was the master-mind who directed the frequent jewel thefts at Miami and Palm Beach. But her growing suspicion that this was true did not help her any. Even if she could elude him in actual physical struggle, how could she possibly find her way out of the place unaided? To return by the way she had come was out of the question, of course. She might wander through endless labyrinths until she was exhausted—and the exit, if she found it, was certain to be guarded.

Then, as she stood weighing what it was best to do, Sheila saw something moving slowly through the water. Mendoza stood with his back to the stream,

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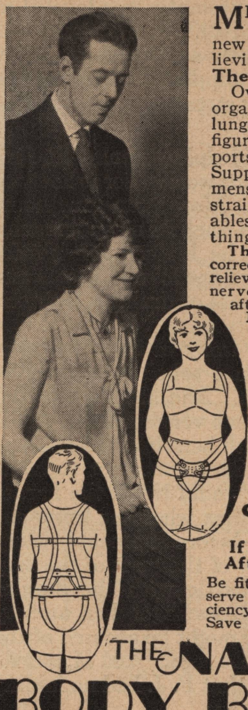

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and Sheila breathed a fervent prayer that he would not turn around. He still faced her as Sasota clambered up the edge.

Mendoza must have noticed her involuntary start. He wheeled about, and like a flash, his automatic was leveled at the crouching Indian. Its roar rang out through the cavern and Sheila stared in horror as Sasota toppled backwards into the swift-running stream.

IN A torment of helpless frenzy, Sheila's father's thoughts were bitter as he stood outside his tent. More than four hours had elapsed since Sheila's disappearance. In his suffering, he blamed himself for having encouraged her love of sports and those healthful feats of daring which had led her into this.

To add to the irony of it, earlier that evening, P. J. had asked Alicia if she would marry him. And although he did not know it, at that very moment, Alicia was struggling with herself in the stillness of her tent. If Sheila was not to come back to them, it would be all the harder for Alicia to confess what she knew she must to Currie—before she could marry him. Alicia knew of the theft of the map and of Sheila's battle with the burglar in the library—likewise of her anxiety lest Tony Jerome might be accused of the shooting of Phil Davega. And of course, Alicia was aware that P. J. had no inkling of any of these things.

That meant she must tell him something else of which she was practically certain. That was *why* Davega had been found murdered on the beach. Behind this previous tragedy was something that might sweep her into its widespread net. That must not deter her now, for her knowledge buoyed up her hope for Sheila's safety—if Alicia acted quickly. Making her way through the silent camp, she hurried to P. J.'s tent.

"P. J.," she said earnestly, "please listen till I'm through. You must know about this some time—and I feel that it's important that you know it now." Then she told him briefly of her relations with Davega, how she had introduced him to people he might interest in his financial schemes—and how she had profited at times by these introductions. "So," she concluded pathetically, "I'm a sort of adventuress."

"Why tell me this? I knew most of it—*and I've asked you to marry me*," P. J. said wearily.

Her hand pressed his affectionately. "But there's something else," she urged, "Phil persuaded me to let him sell Blandford short for me. He said *you* were going to sell that way, and that his tip was straight."

"I rather thought he'd swallow my bait," Currie said quietly. "Whenever Davega was at the house, he seemed to take real interest in my secretary's desk. He was there the day before I planned the Blandford coup. I arranged it so that Davega might see—just what I hoped he would. And he acted on it!"

"But he didn't steal those notes himself," Alicia went on to explain. "I'm afraid he wanted to throw the blame on Tony. In any event, he told the gang he'd been working with about our camping trip. He told them what Sheila had done to the map, and he said there was a fortune in those notes in Tony's desk. You can see, the gang didn't want us out here on the island, and he claimed they'd make a clean-up if they learned what you meant to do. Of course, the market went the other way, and Davega tried to borrow money from Mendoza. They evidently quarreled. Phil may have threatened an exposé—and you can guess the rest. But I'm saying this now because I feel that somehow this gang of Mendoza's have carried Sheila off!"

"If that's true, God help me—!" But before he could voice his threat, Gerhard came hurrying up.

"P. J.," he said, "there's something afoot! We've been scouting about with Sasota's boys, and we've found the old man's body. It was floating in a stream that probably comes from the lake. He wasn't drowned—he was shot."

"Gerhard!" P. J. was galvanized into instant action. "Tell the Captain to arm the yacht's crew and stand by for instructions. Keep the women in camp and post a guard. Then you and I and Derwynt will figure out what to do."

WITH the echo of Mendoza's shot ringing in her ears, Sheila screamed as she saw Sasota's body disappear. But she realized that she must not relax her vigilance now. On her self-possession during the next few minutes, *everything* might depend. It was evident that Mendoza expected a further attack. With his back to the cavern wall, he watched the stream intently.

Sheila was thinking fast. Since Sasota had found the way, the others would no doubt follow. She could not disarm Mendoza, but the moment he raised his pistol she meant to spring at him. Perhaps she could push him over the ledge before he could squeeze the trigger. Possibly he sensed her scheme, for without a word he seized her arm with a grip that made her wince. Roughly he dragged her in front of him, and with a powerful twist of her wrist, forced her to her knees.

In her agony she could not suppress a cry of pain. Looking down at her with a grin, Mendoza's attention to the stream was distracted for a moment. In that instant Sheila saw an arm thrown cautiously over the edge. Mendoza saw it too, and the hand that held his gun was braced against his hip. As the automatic spat, his hold on her arm grew tighter. A wild possibility flashed through her mind, and Sheila's muscles reacted with instant obedience.

Bending down and circling his legs with her unhampered arm, Sheila rolled over deliberately and held on with all her might. As she had hoped, Mendoza tripped. With an oath he stumbled and fell prostrate across her body. Before he could scramble to his feet, Sheila saw Tony crawl over the ledge and make a leap toward them. Desperately, she endeavored to wrap her arms about Mendoza. First, she succeeded in knocking the pistol from his hand. Then the heavy heel of his boot ground into her cruelly, and the man leaped over her.

The bark of another gun rang in her ears, but apparently the bullet hit the ceiling of the cavern, for a shower of splintered limestone came sprinkling down on Sheila. With both hands against the rocky wall, she managed to arise. Then two struggling figures collided with her and they all went down in a heap. Sheila's head struck sharply and she knew nothing more.

But she was not unconscious long. Vaguely anxious she opened her eyes and gazed about, bewildered. She could hear Mendoza's voice gruffly addressing someone. "What do I tell you?" he was saying. "That night you come to my shop and ask what about this ring? I say you and girl mind own business. You keep away from island. I tell you if you come here, you get plenty hurt. Maybe you plain damn fool!"

Sheila caught a glimpse of Tony with his back against the wall. He was in a sitting position, bound hand and foot with cord. Mendoza stood before him, furious in his rage, but the vital thing to Sheila was that Tony had not been shot. Then the pain in her side made her grit her teeth as she strove to get up again.

Tony had noticed Sheila's movements and she knew he was trying to signal her without Mendoza's knowledge. Apparently, Tony realized what she meant to do, and the injunction that flashed from his eyes was pleadingly negative. But so far as she was aware there were no other men in the cavern to come to Mendoza's aid. This was her chance and she meant to take the risk before it might be too late.

With a cat-like spring, she flew at him, but the instant her hands touched his shoulders, Mendoza swung around. In spite of the force with which she struck at him, his great bulk only swayed. He did not lose his footing. Sheila felt the clutch of his heavy hands. They gripped her unmercifully.

Sheila felt his arm about her waist and thought her ribs would snap. She squirmed, wriggled, twisted, kicked at his shins and realized how futile was her effort. It was as though he was carved from stone with muscles of flexible steel! In her scanty bathing costume, barelegged and bare-footed, she only succeeded in hurting herself as her flesh scraped his rough boots. She was gasping for breath, but she dared not even back away. Wildly, she fought to keep his hands from closing about her throat. With her nails, she scratched madly at his face. He swore at the pain she inflicted. Her teeth sank into his shoulder when his brutal pressure made her writhe in torment.

"You damned little imp of hell!" he roared. "I'll smash every bone in your body!"

THAT threat only made her more desperate. Vainly, he tried to imprison her hands. The rage that distorted his features, and made them more hideous, was tinged with sheer amazement. It was beyond belief that this slip of a girl could put up such a furious fight!

Sheila lowered her head and rushed at him. The impact almost jarred her from her feet. Both swayed for a moment—then they did go down. As they rolled over and over, she tore at his hair and clawed him in a burst of maddened fear.

Goaded into fury by now, Mendoza switched his tactics. At first, he had been a little amused. Sheila's reckless belligerence had fascinated him. Now he

meant to subdue her quickly and his blows were punitive. Maddened as he hurt her, and frantic as she felt herself being worsted at every blow, Sheila resorted to a wrestler's trick that made him cry out in torture. Her bathing-suit was ripped to shreds. Her white skin was bruised and bloody. Sheila staggered and panted for breath. But as Mendoza recovered himself, and managed to get to his knees, she leaped upon his back.

She pummelled him with both of her fists. They rolled over with Sheila on top. Her knees pressed into his chest and throat, but he shook her off. If he imprisoned her once again in his fierce embrace, Sheila knew he would crush her—literally—in his rage. Vainly, she tried to pull the knife from the sheath that hung from his belt. He was too quick for her. His own hand caught the hilt, but she knocked it from his fingers before he could strike at her. Up again, he came at her. Sheila eluded him deftly, while Tony looked on in agony.

Cursing and stumbling, Mendoza tried to catch her. Sheila darted back and forth—almost slipped on the edge of the ledge, and braced herself for another attack as Mendoza came lurching at her. His shirt was completely torn from his back. The matted hair that covered his chest was streaked with blood, Shoulders hunched, he advanced, more like an ape than a man. Sheila's heart was pounding. She thought it was going to burst! Exhausted, she felt faint. The fire was beginning to die down and its light was flickering low. If it went out, either or both might go plunging into the stream. But the waning flame gave her a sudden inspiration.

BEFORE Mendoza could stop her, she grasped the burning ember. Then, as quickly and surely as she could, she hurled it directly at him with all of her waning strength. The red-hot brand seared her hand, but the cry that she stifled was drowned out by Mendoza's frightful roar. The blazing missile had struck him squarely in the face.

Half-blinded and cursing vilely, he staggered back with both hands outstretched. If he had not fallen flat he would have toppled over into the running stream. As he fell, Sheila looked about for the knife, and finding it, picked it up. Mendoza lay kicking and moaning, holding his hands to his face. Aware that he could not interfere if she lost no time, Sheila rushed to Tony's side and severed the cords that bound him.

In another moment, Tony was free, sitting astride Mendoza's back and reaching for his pistol. As he drew it from his holster, Sheila cried out to him. Now that their danger was over, she could not beat to witness a killing in cold blood.

"Tony, no! You mustn't!" she begged. "You can't shoot him while he's helpless!" She felt that such a memory would remain to haunt her for the remainder of her life. Somehow, in the heat of action, she could have killed herself. Now it would be different. Apparently Tony understood, but he did not waste a moment. As Mendoza began to struggle again, Tony struck at him with the butt of the gun and he sank back like a log. At the moment the important thing was to get Sheila out of the cave

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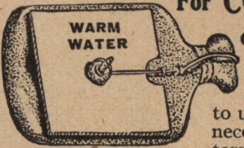

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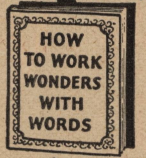

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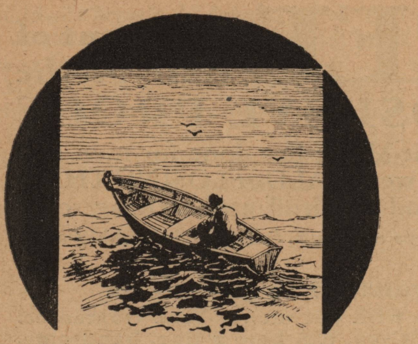

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before Mendoza's men might arrive and discover them.

"We can't leave him here like this!" Tony looked up at Sheila. "The moment he is conscious he'll be after us."

"Why not tie and gag him?" she sugfested practically. "If we run into the others we'll have to take our chances."

They dragged Mendoza's body into a corner of the cavern, and Tony scattered the remains of the dying fire as they both made sure of their weapons. There was only one passageway leading from the place. Hand in hand, they went slowly forward. For some minutes their path led on without a turn or break. Then a fork-like opening necessitated choice.

First, they tried the larger, only to discover that it was a cul-de-sac. Retracing their steps, they tried the next, and the rays of Tony's flashlight revealed a sort of vaulted chamber. In it was piled, case on case, a store of the finest foreign wines and the choicest of liqueurs. In the center were two great chests, fastened with heavy locks.

"SO there *is* treasure on my island!" Sheila whispered to Tony.

"Which makes this the most unhealthy place we've stumbled into yet!" Tony shut off the flashlight and they moved off anxiously. Dark passages, like catacombs, seemed to take them nowhere, and Tony had the idea that they moved in circles. At last, however, they came upon a narrow upward incline. A current of cool fragrant air came to them from above. This would no doubt be the entrance—and there would lie real danger.

As they halted to form some plan they heard voices plainly. There was no time to go forward or back, so they flattened themselves against the passage wall. Unless they could remain invisible they were neatly trapped.

There was a blinding flash of light—a quick exclamation—they were discovered! A voice called out, "Throw down your weapons! If you move you'll get a volley pronto!"

There was nothing else to do, and in spite of her hesitation, Sheila cast away the knife. For a moment the stillness was ominous. Then the passage was brightly flooded and Tony made out five men with guns, leveled directly at them. In the center stood the fellow who had followed them from the shop at *The Three Corsairs.*

With the muzzles of automatics thrust into the small of their backs, Sheila and Tony were marched to the cavern where they had left Mendoza. There were half a dozen ruffians beside the one who had spoken, whom the others referred to as Miguel.

At Miguel's direction, two of the men began to kindle a fire. Their flashlights had already found their furious trussed-up chief. As they released him he arose, blaspheming horribly. Then at the sight of the prisoners, he laughed uproariously.

"So!" he leered at Sheila. "You come back to Mendoza soon. Now we go on and have some fun where we stop before." But he did not order them bound. Instead he ordered them to sit in one corner of the cavern—no doubt while he figured out some fiendish form of torment.

"A knife in them would be safer." Miguel growled his disapproval. "Tie a rock to their bodies and they don't go floating out!"

But as the two of them wrangled, a man appeared from the passageway in evident excitement. "Camp people find dead Indian," he reported hurriedly. "Ship crew come ashore with guns."

Mendoza's decision was instant. "One man stay here," he ordered. "Two more stay at entrance. Others keep between yacht and camp. When I come, we shoot them up and sail away on boat. Then maybe I take this lady on little honeymoon! You like that very much, eh?"

Tony writhed in his mental anguish. But Sheila only sat there with a look of calm contempt on her pretty features. Then, to Tony's intense surprise, she smiled provocatively. With a toss of her saucy little head, she flashed challenge at Mendoza. Tony thought he divined her purpose, but he doubted very much if all her cleverness would mislead the man.

"By an' by we go take walk?" Mendoza grinned at her. Then he glared at Tony. "You Currie's secretary. Write note and Mendoza sign it." He tossed him the stub of a pencil and an envelope. "Tell Currie you both here. Say I no like hurt you. I send you out safe if he do like I want. First he send Miguel all jewels and money in camp. In party there are fifty people, yes? Fifty times ten thousand—that is five hundred thousand dollar, maybe? Currie he get money from St. Augustine—from bank. All people go back safe—and keep away from island all time. You write!"

"Are you crazy?" Tony asked him. "Do you suppose for a moment—"

"You here. She here. I here." Mendoza shrugged. "You see what Currie say. If he say yes, you go. Say no, I don't care. I show you how to give nice lady good kiss!"

Averting his eyes from Shelia's, Tony wrote hastily. There was nothing else to do. At Mendoza's direction, both of them signed their names. As the messenger departed, Sheila's brain was active. What might happen now was vital, no matter how her father might react to Mendoza's demands. Until now she had actually looked on it all as a great adventure. Something primitive in her had exulted in her battle when she struggled with Mendoza. In another such encounter, she would surely be worsted. Neither she nor Tony had slept and there was a limit to the measure of their endurance. From this moment she felt that her safety depended on her wits.

PLEASED with himself, Mendoza was chuckling silently. One guard remained and he signed to him to look after Tony. "If he move, don't shoot—just tickle his ribs!" He laughed and winked at Sheila. "Maybe I need him after while. Now we go for a little walk?"

"Sheila!" Tony's muscles stiffened, and the guard cuffed him brutally.

Sheila stifled an agonized scream and forced an impudent smile. "Don't worry, Tony," she said with a shrug. "I think Mr. Mendoza wants me to see his jewel collection."

Then, with a quick glance of warning, she slipped her arm through Mendoza's and strolled off with him. Like some picaresque Carmen in her tattered bath-

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ing suit, she was practising every wile she knew on the bandit leader, and whether or not she deceived him, Mendoza was apparently enjoying her change of mood.

He led her to the cavern where the great chests stood, lighting the way with a blazing brand he had snatched from the fire. It gave a ghostly illumination as he thrust it into a clamp set into the rock. Their shadows danced grotesquely against the limestone walls. Sheila wondered whether the sentinel could see or overhear them.

Mendoza appeared to have no idea of the working of her mind. Without a word, he produced a key from an old leather pouch. Slowly unlocking one of the chests, he threw back its heavy lid. Sheila gasped in surprise at the contents of the gigantic box. There must have been a fortune in jewels in it. There were rings and necklaces, bracelets and dismounted stones that sparkled in the light of the torch and reflected its red glow. There were also stacks of gold that plainly suggested Mendoza's lack of confidence in banks. Here was probably the loot from Palm Beach and Miami in the last year or two.

"VERY pretty?" He smiled and stood back. "Mendoza let you wear them if you be good girl." Sheila smiled and bending over, slipped an emerald bracelet over her bruised wrist. But she did not fail to keep an eye on Mendoza's movements. Was it possible that this stupid oaf supposed that he could tempt her to sail away with him! At first she had imagined his threat to be nothing more. Now she saw that he was in earnest. *She was the reward he wanted*—not ransom from her father!

She saw the rise and fall of his hairy chest, and her body still reminded her of the power in his hands. She was going to need all of her guile, and she must be wary. Once folded in his cruel embrace, she knew she would be helpless. "Oh, they're perfectly wonderful!" She gave him a bewitching smile as she picked up a pearl necklace. He watched her fascinated as she put it about her throat.

In an instant, he was by her side, just as she had expected. With a saucy laugh, she eluded him and ran around the chest. "Why all the nice little bottles—up there in those racks?" she asked with a childish pout. "All you show me is these," she said, as her fingers ran through the jewels. "You never think to ask me if I'm thirsty and—cold."

"Maybe you drink to Mendoza—*to us?*" he proposed as he looked at the racks in search of the label he wanted. "Very good pair—you an' me. Your father big pirate of Wall Street. Mendoza big pirate down here. Oh, it is funny, so?"

Sheila was watching him closely as he fumbled with the packing of a French cordial bottle.

"Your fingers are all thumbs!" she laughed at him. "Such a big strong man—so helpless!" She took the bottle from him. Then peering into the chest again, she uttered a cry of delight. Mendoza bent down to get a string of emeralds she indicated. As he leaned halfway over the chest, Sheila clutched the bottle firmly by its neck. With all her strength she brought it down on the back of Mendoza's head. Its weight and the force of her careful blow would probably have fractured the skull of the average man. Mendoza tumbled forward limply without so much as a grunt. The edge of the chest caught his waist and his bulk swayed over it.

Sheila gave one glance toward the entrance. There was no sign of the guard. Putting down the bottle noiselessly, she seized Mendoza by the legs. It was not easy to push him, but she shoved with all her might. His heavy figure tumbled in and Sheila forced him down. In a moment she had shut the chest and locked the lid securely.

Panting from her exertion, she stood listening. To play safe, she began to talk aloud, as though flirting with Mendoza. "No, please—you mustn't kiss me—yet!" She edged toward the burning brand, taking it from its socket. Feigning the laughter that might come with a friendly struggle, she beat out the torch. Then arming herself with the bottle again, she edged in the semi-darkness toward the passage-way. Apparently the guard had been told not to peer in or show himself unless Mendoza called him. That complicated matters. Unless she could take him unawares and succeed in disarming him, she had no chance of success.

But an idea came to her. As though she spoke to Mendoza, she called out as loud as she could. "Try that again and I'll kill you! You didn't know I had a knife!" It worked! The guard came rushing in and Sheila struck at him. The fellow went down in his tracks with a groan as the bottle smashed in pieces.

It was only the work of an instant to secure his automatic. Then picking up the rifle that had clattered against the floor, she leaped over the prostrate form and ran back to the larger cavern. As she approached, she saw the guard with his back to her. He was apparently watching Tony without thought of attack from behind.

Seeing her in the cavern entrance, Tony sprang up in surprise. As the guard put down his rifle at Sheila's sharp command, Tony possessed himself of it. Luck had been with Sheila until now, but the disgruntled guard smiled evilly as they heard someone else coming along the passage. Instantly Tony covered the guard and Sheila gripped her automatic with her eyes fixed on the entrance. As they did so Miguel appeared, apparently unconscious that anything was wrong.

"WHERE'S Mendoza?" he looked about, not observing the sentinel's plight.

"The Big Chief's resting," Sheila replied, with a wink at Tony, who stepped toward the new arrival as he grasped the situation.

"Listen carefully, Miguel!" Tony warned. "You'll walk through the passage ahead of us—and don't for a moment imagine I'll have any qualms of conscience. In addition to getting us out of here, you're going to explain to the police that *I didn't kill Phil Davega.* I've no desire to go to the chair for a murder *you've* committed—but don't let that persuade you to try any tricks with

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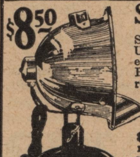

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me. Take us out of here and back to the camp—"

"Do you think you'd get past the sentinels?" Miguel scoffed at him. "They've orders to shoot you in your tracks—but they'll bring the lady back."

"If they do, you'll never know it," Tony said menacingly. "You'll not only pass us through your line, but you'll go with us to the yacht."

Furious, but powerless, Miguel turned and started off, followed by the captured guard. Behind them walked Sheila and Tony, whose flashlight silhouetted the two at every step of the way. But as they neared the outer opening, Tony called a halt. Faintly they heard the sound of firing, shouts, and then utter silence. What was happening they could only guess, and until they could be sure, Tony proposed to wait there with his prisoners. Their suspense was not long, however.

A flash from ahead outlined the group. Behind its glow Tony caught the glint of an officer's uniform. It was the Captain of Currie's yacht. After him crowded Currie himself, Derwynt and Gerhard.

"Thank God you're safe!" P. J. cried when he caught sight of Sheila. "Gerhard, you take her to the yacht. Captain, get hold of those men!"

"Just a minute," Sheila laughed. "I've left a gentleman back in the cave, locked up in his treasure chest. At least it would be courteous if we let him out."

"The revenue cutters are on their way. Mendoza and these blackguards are up to them!" snapped Currie.

"Oh, no they're not!" said Sheila. "Mendoza and this man Miguel can clear Tony of all suspicion in Phil Davega's death. Until they do, they're *my* prisoners—and I shan't budge a step without them." Her eyes sparkled as she added, "I want to see that jack-in-the-box when the chest is opened!"

"You've seen enough about this place!" P. J. sputtered in his rage, but he looked at his daughter with pride. "*I'll* take care of that damned pirate!"

"That's what he called *you!*" Sheila teased. "So I'm a pirate's daughter. That reminds me of something else. Let's all go back together."

Knowing how utterly useless it would be to oppose his daughter, P. J. gave in to her. Ten minutes later, Mendoza, shackled and sullen, was led away by the sailors from the yacht.

There was a mischievous light in Sheila's eyes as she whispered to her father. He nodded and smilingly kissed her. Without a word he turned away and hurried after the others. Tony and Sheila were alone beside the open chest.

"Look!" she pointed into it. On top of the jewels Tony saw a little silk bag much like the one she had worn about her neck. He noticed that it was missing.

"You mean that Mendoza took it from you—while you were here with him!"

"See what's in it!" she ordered with an imperious gesture as he fished it out for her. With a puzzled look on his features, Tony did as she bade him. As he shook the bag a platinum band fell into his palm. "Didn't I say we'd find treasure here?" she asked as he stared at it. "I wasn't taking any chances—so I bought it the night we went shopping at *The Three Corsairs.*"

"Sheila!" he cried and caught her hands. "Dear, do you mean that you *put* it there—that you brought me back here to find it?"

"Sometimes you're almost intelligent!" she told him impishly. "Darn it! Why are you so stupid? Tony, if you don't ask me to marry you this minute—I'll give you a far worse beating than the one I gave Mendoza!"

THE END

¶ *Homesick*

Continued from page 33

huh? Left you to put up for him?"

"But no! It is that I want it like that. In effect, his father searches always to adopt him, but I guard him hidden here."

They had walked still further southward, always away from the picnic of the *apaches*, and presently they came out to the edge of the plateau, where one could see far down the green valley of the Marne. There was a patch of grass here beside the road, and they sat down. Whiz got out his field glasses, and Nanette learned their adjustment and then spied out parts of the valley with which she was familiar.

"Heh!" chuckled Whiz. "I been broke a couple o' times in this town, kid, but I ain't never been so broke yet that I'd hock them glasses. No, sir, nor this bricky neither," and he took out his silver cigarette lighter and looked at it. "Best friend I got in Paris gimme this . . . Bill Field. He's a big man, an American consul. Sometimes we go to the races together. He gimme this for Christmas once. You bet I hang on to that."

"Down there, that is La Varenne," said Nanette. "One can find a restaurant there."

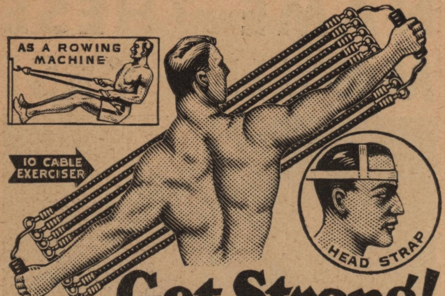
They made the descent and found the river still covered with boats and the banks as well populated as ever. And here swimmers were displaying midstream daring to the crowd on the La Varenne bridge.

"MY little Weez," teased Nanette, "take me for an all little promenade in a canoe."

Whiz chartered a punt and rowed down among islands, Nanette lazing in the stern and dragging an indolent hand in the water. On the river's surface it grew dusk; and, though the last yellow rays were still bathing the shoulders of the hill to the east, in the dark trees of the islets here and there a nightingale was already shrilling a startling solo. Phonograph music from the punts also drifted over the quiet water, and Nanette would join in with their refrains.

When they got back to the boat house it was dark. They ate fried minnows and boiled rooster and danced in the pavilion afterward.

(*Continued on page* 120)



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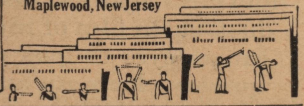

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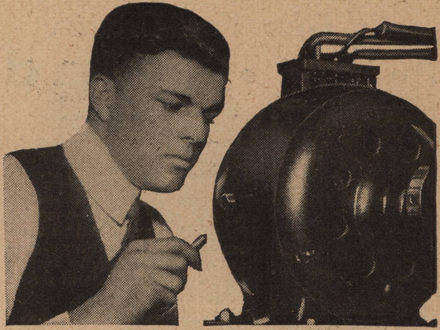

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(*Continued from page* 118)

"Listen, kid. Gotta remember I got clients to rub tomorrow mornin'."

Nevertheless, the last train in to the city that night found them in a compartment on the upper deck of a second-class car, a place of cinders, dim lighting, and hard benches crowded with young couples largely intertwined, as young couples are on last trains coming from La Varenne or Coney Island or wherever it is. Nanette held her hat on her lap, leaned a tired head against Whiz's arm, her dark curls covering his shoulder.

From the station at the Bastille in Paris they took a taxicab to a dingy little hotel in the rue Montmartre, where Nanette had a room under the roof, up seven flights of steep stairs. "It is not permitted me to take thee up," she said, "but thou canst attend me at the office while I make my valises."

In half an hour she came struggling down with two heavy suitcases. Whiz took them from her, and she paid her bill.

"This hotel here next door will be safe for tonight," she said, when they reached the street. "Failing to find me here, Milou will abandon the search for the moment."

"That guy ain't gonna be huntin' nobody tonight," predicted Whiz.

Nanette was asleep next morning when Whiz went for his daily encounter with the American obesity. It was after eleven o'clock when he neared the hotel in the rue Montmartre again, bringing with him the noon newspaper containing the dope and the selections for the afternoon's racing at Maisons-Laffitte.

He went up and found Nanette still sleeping. "Snap out of it, kid," he called cheerily, shaking her shoulder. "Yuh gonna sleep all day? I collected two hundred balls this mornin'. Le's put on the feed bag and then get out to Maisons. Mebby I c'n pick a couple."

He sat on the edge of the bed and opened the paper. "See this horse here in the second . . . this Saurien? He's only been picked twice, an' he c'n beat any o' them other hounds he's entered with. He win only two months ago at Vincennes. Oughta pay a good price."

She was awake now, smiling up at him sleepily. "Let me."

SHE took the paper and looked dutifully, if indifferently, at the name of the horse Saurien. Then she turned to the theater and movie page. Nothing there to hold her attention, she examined the front-page news. Suddenly she sat up with a sharp exclamation.

"Read that!"

Whiz looked at the item at which her finger was pointing.

A DRAMA AT A SYLVAN FETE
With a Blow of Fist a Stranger Has Killed an Apache

"Jeez! I croaked him!" He read swiftly through the five lines of text the newspaper could devote to such a trivial affair. "Broke his neck!" he said in a dazed tone. "They think I'm a Pole."

Nanette was up, paddling around in her pajamas.

"Whatcha gonna do?"

"Search a hiding-place. They will not stop me. There is yet time. They will not have followed thy track this far."

"You got it wrong, I tell yuh. I better give myself up."

"To the police? Thou art crazy!"

"He began it, didn't he? He was comin' at me with a knife, wasn't he? They can't put a guy over for that."

"No, no, no," she would not listen, tugging at a comb in her tangle of dark curls. "For people like us the police are not good, even if one is not culpable."

"But they get yuh in the end. Beatin' it just makes it that much worse."

"More softly, Weez. Some one will hear thee."

"But jeez, kid, how c'n I run away? We ain't got no dough. I gotta think o' my clients. . . ."

"It will not be for long-time, my cherished . . . perhaps two weeks. That Milou was a bad type . . . himself an assassin, one believes. The police are not going to inquiet themselves of him too much. After some days, if they have not found thee, they will say, 'So much the worse for Milou.' And that will be all."

"Mebby yo're right," wavered Whiz.

"It is always like that when those people are killed," said the girl. "Promise me, my little one, that thou wilt rest in this room until my return."

"But listen, baby. I got a room of my own. What about that?"

"Ah, so!" She planned quickly. "Well, I will send a taxi to the door down there. When one calls thee, enter it quickly and give the address from inside. Hold it while thou makest thy valise, and come back in the same fashion."

WHIZ gave his promise, and she was gone. When, late that afternoon, she returned, Whiz was ready with his own baggage and hers, which he had packed up in her absence.

"Nothing has arrived, then," she cried in relief. "I have found a place. Dispatch thyself . . . a taxi attends. All is paid."

In the machine, with three suitcases and Whiz's satchel of liniments, she gave an address on the Quai de Javel. It proved to be a blank factory corner on the river at the southwestern outskirts of Paris. They set the baggage out on the sidewalk, nor would Nanette permit Whiz to touch it until he had paid the chauffeur and watched him out of sight on his way back to the city.

"It is not of advantage to leave our track with him," she said. She picked up Whiz's valise and liniment case. "Now it is safe. It is yet far to walk."

Whiz struggled along with her two heavy suitcases. It was a warm evening, and at intervals he had to set the baggage down to wipe the sweat from his eyes.

"Where yuh goin'? To Bordeaux?"

"Good courage, my Weez. It is far yet . . . on the other side of the river."

They crossed the Seine by the Auteuil Viaduct, and then followed the quay past the city gate. Just beyond, between two apartment buildings, there was a vacant space closed by a billboard. At the farther end of this Nanette stopped, gave a quick look up and down the thoroughfare, set down the baggage she was carry-

ing, and took a large iron key from her handbag. Whiz saw that there was a gate in the Joseph's-coat façade of the billboard.

Nanette opened it. They set the baggage through. She closed and locked the gate again. Whiz saw an anciently pitted lot, full of mossy boulders, sundry deposits of rusty tin cans, and other rubbish, but grassed over and green withal. There was a central depression in the field at the bottom of which was a tiny garden—tomatoes growing and lettuce ready to be plucked. In the high front corner, between the billboard and the blank wall of the fa thermost building, was a cabin, or lean-to. Though built neatly enough of boards, it was evidently of amateur construction. Its chief exterior feature was a porch running its length—a roof over a beaten dirt floor. Under this shelter was a small iron kitchen stove, its pipe bent to exhaust the smoke outside the covering of the roof. Here also was a blackened table, a chair scaling in the weather, a row of iron pots hooked to the wall by their handles, a bench with a tall metal pitcher and a wash basin upon it, and to the thin supports of the roof were tied reclaimed and painted tin cans with plants growing in them.

"Just like out West on a ranch," marveled Whiz.

They tugged their baggage into the cabin. It was a single room, with a low chuck-hole for storage built out at the garden end. There was a low bed—a mere mattress on a floor frame—a table with a lamp on it and a small mirror attached to the wall behind, a thin carpet on the floor, a shelf screwed to the wall with hooks below and curtains to surround and make a clothes closet.

"Not chic," said Nanette, looking around, "but safe. It will suffice until one can risk to go out."

"Aw, say," Whiz protested against her faint praise, "what's the matter with it, anyhow. How'd yuh happen to find it?"

"By hazard." She sat down on the bed. "This place is the most far from those quarters where they will search first. So I have come here. At the café back there one has informed me of the old woman who inhabits this cabin. If she could find a renter of it, she could go to visit her daughter in the country. She has demanded me one hundred francs per month, and one could enter Saturday . . . after tomorrow. For us that was too late. I have offered one hundred fifty, three months all paid in advance, if one could enter this afternoon. And now I have not more of silver."

"I'm gonna pay yuh back. I told yuh before I wouldn't take none o' your dough. That still goes."

"If thou wishest. But it was only to tell thee that one must make the economy. Thou hast something?"

"Eighty francs mebby. I paid my room."

"That is not much. Still, if it is all, it is all. One must contrive. It is necessary to rest here long-time . . . more long than I have told thee, Weez. One month, at least . . . perhaps more. All streets will be dangerous. . . ."

"I gotta pitcher o' myself stayin' in that long."

Concluded in the March issue of PHYSICAL CULTURE. *On the news stands February 15th.*

¶ "*Anything but Golf,*" Says Glenna Collett

Continued from page 39

time in detailing to you the exact manner in which he managed to break a hundred. And if he failed the story will be even longer. You do not need to be a golf addict in order to qualify as a conscript for one of those interminable discussions beginning, "So I says to the caddy, I think it's an iron shot. You see up till now I was even sixes."

If the lowly of the game are so much concerned with what they did and what they might have done, think of the flood of comment which surrounds every meeting of the stars. No big match has ever been played in which the principals were not compelled by their friends and admirers to go over the course again step by step in verbal summary. And sometimes the principals needed no urging. Nothing but the sternest of repressive measures can ever send a dead round of golf to oblivion or posterity—wherever it belongs.

And these undoubted facts may explain the reply of Miss Glenna Collett when I asked her, "What do you like to talk about?"

"Anything but golf," answered the champion.

But she was not stern enough to force complete banishment of the subject. As a matter of fact Miss Collett answers in her own person many of the accusations which have been levelled against the woman athlete. It is customary for men to discount the challenge of female stars and champions by asserting that these exceptionally gifted folks are not truly feminine. But no such answer will suffice in the case of Miss Collett. She is no wide and husky girl but a slim and extremely personable young woman who can step from the eighteenth green to the dance floor and still remain a champion.

ALTHOUGH I have said that golf such as that which Glenna Collett plays must serve as propaganda for the come-out-of-the-kitchen cause, I have no evidence that Miss Collett is in any sense a conscious propagandist for geminism or anything else. Even so far as golf goes I could find no special philosophy as to games—their reason and their value. We did talk about the factors which make for going stale. The dread state of being over-trained is known in every game, but I think the variation between the top and bottom of a performer's capacity is greatest in golf. In spite of Miss Collett's 71 there have been one or two days when she was up in the high eighties. In fact I fear that on occasion she has touched 90.

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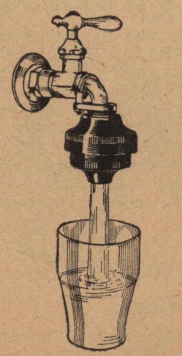

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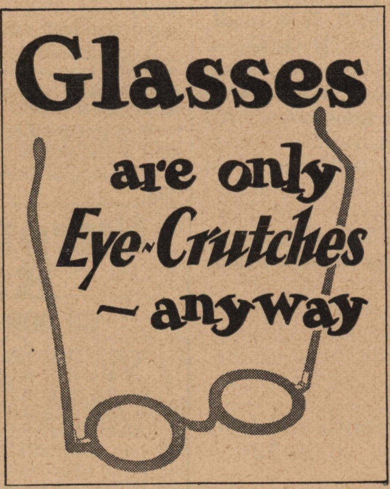
The world today is full of Toms—men and women whose features and appearances are marred—who endure unnecessary suffering because of poor eyesight. They think that glasses will cure or eliminate the conditions responsible for eye troubles! But glasses are nothing more than eye crutches. The real help must come from other sources. In the case of the eyes, it is exercise.



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Physical exhaustion has little to do with it. The strain of a succession of tournaments lies largely in the perpetual insistence upon the subject of golf which pervades the atmosphere of every country club during the days of competition. As a rule the player who has been too close to the game for too long a period weakens in only one department. He will find himself perhaps driving as well as ever, but the putting touch is gone. Or perhaps he has mislaid his former crispness with his irons. In such circumstances certain players will go out and practise over and over again the particular sort of shot in which the marks of mildew have appeared. Occasionally it is possible to lift yourself out of a slump by doing more rather than less. I suppose this follows the old familiar formula of taking a freezing man and rubbing him with snow.

BUT it seems to me that the method of Miss Glenna Collett is sounder. When her game begins to slip and slide she drops the whole business if such a procedure is feasible. After too much golf she goes out and plays a little tennis. There is, I believe, nothing in the record books about Miss Collett's tennis. "Pretty bad" is her own estimate and yet she finds fascination in the pursuit of a sport in which she performs at least indifferently. Naturally that suggested a question to the interviewer.

"Didn't you maybe have more fun out of golf before you were so good at it?" I wanted to know.

But this she would not admit. And I judge that she was correct in clinging to the excitement, the prestige and the general jubilation which comes to a champion. Miss Collett likes crowds. She enjoys the tumult of a tournament. At any rate she stated, "All my best rounds have been played under competitive conditions. I just can't quite key myself up when there is nothing at stake."

And Miss Collett prefers the American galleries in spite of the fact that a player

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Despite these safeguards, there are some people bold enough to deliberately copy stories from other publications and submit them as their own.

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runs the risk of having a camera click just behind him as he is about to putt or swing. And with us the loud shout of approval for a good shot is well within tradition. English galleries, according to Miss Collett, treated her with scrupulous politeness. There was never a hint of any partisan exclamation. Golf is taken seriously by English spectators—seriously and in silence. Applause and approbation are reserved until the final putt has been sunk on the last green. But the silence disturbed Glenna Collett. She was more accustomed to the decidedly articulate American throng which goes whooping along on the heels of the players.

"Really," she said, "their manners were perfect and they were very kind in England but I would rather have had them root a little even if they rooted against me. It just doesn't seem natural to have so many people clustered around making so little noise."

Although I'm without any personal experience in competitive golf I can see Miss Collett's point. A tournament from her account is pretty grim business. "What do you talk about to your opponent during a match?" I wanted to know.

"Generally you don't talk about anything," she explained. "You see, except at the tee and on the green, you aren't together very much."

Glenna Collett's driving insures her a high degree of privacy when she is pitted against women opponents. She is one of the longest and most consistent of hitters. Generally she can slap the ball out anywhere from two hundred and twenty to two hundred and thirty yards and on one occasion a particularly long tee shot was measured with a steel tape and yielded the magnificent distance of three hundred and seven yards.

NEVERTHELESS Miss Collett is of the opinion that men's golf is still several strides ahead of that played by women although she grants that the gap is closing. I asked her to estimate what she thought her handicap rating would be if she were a man. She set it at eight. I think that's a big high. Glenna Collett has played a good deal of golf with men and on her best days has beaten ranking players. Her 71 was scored in a woman's tournament in Canada but a pace like that would give a chance for victory over anybody. Still, she feels that even a woman champion is under a severe handicap when pitted against a good male golfer. As long a hitter as Miss Collett is not up with the men when it comes to driving.

"You see in a match like that," she said, "I can hold my own only if everything come off just right. I'm constantly under the necessity of using a wooden club for my second shot while he's using an iron."

I suggested that there was no reason why women should not putt just as well as men. This the champion admitted but she added that just the same they didn't.

"Why?" I asked.

"Maybe men have better nervous control," she ventured.

But this brought us into the field of temperament and suddenly Glenna Collett turned feminist on me.

"You mean," I said, "that women go into tears and hysterics and all that more often than men."

"I don't mean anything of the kind," she said. "In fact I think men cry about games a good deal more than women do. When a player is taken out of a college football game he's almost supposed to cry. Particularly if his team's getting beaten. I've only seen one woman cry because she lost a golf match."

"Do you cry?" I asked rudely.

"I do not," said Miss Collett.

But even if Glenna Collett did cry to signalize defeat, it wouldn't obligate her to any great amount of weeping. Although intent on defending women golfers as a clear and dry-eyed set, Miss Collett was equally eager to deny the charge sometimes brought that athletic sports tend to rob women of their "feminine charm." As a matter of fact, it was wholly unnecessary for the champion to answer that in words.

The precept set by Bobby Jones for match play is not a good rule for women to follow according to Miss Collett. Bobby has stated on many occasions that he strives against par and pays no special attention to what his opponent is doing. Medal play, save in the qualifying round, is seldom used in women's tournaments and Glenna Collett and half a dozen others have small fear of failing to get in among the elect. Accordingly hole by hole competition is more in order.

"I like to know just where my opponent is before I play a shot," said the champion. "Driving I take more or less for granted. It doesn't bother me a great deal to be compelled to play the odd after the drive. But if out in front I do watch the second shot. If my opponent drops an iron on the green within fifteen feet of the hole I make my mark. It isn't enough just to get on. I try my best to get closer."

UNLIKE most leaders in athletics, Glenna Collett got a comparatively late start at the game. Bobby Jones, for instance was swinging clubs when he was eight or nine but Miss Collett did not take up golf until she was fourteen. But she seems to have spent a very short time in the apprentice class. Within two years she was an expert and at eighteen she began to win tournaments. Several teachers have molded her game but she thinks that Alec Smith helped her most.

In addition to golf and tennis, her favorite recreations are dancing and swimming. And naturally dancing brought up that one impertinent query which almost every interviewer feels bound to ask.

"Assuming," I began, "that you were going to a dance with a young man would you pick out a golfer in preference to anyone else?"

"Heavens no," said Glenna Collett, "I'd pick out a dancer."

"I mean," I added more timidly, "if you were going to feel, let's say romantic, about somebody, would he have to be somebody who played golf well and knew all about golf. Somebody that you could talk golf with?"

Again the champion shook her head, "Anything but golf," she said.

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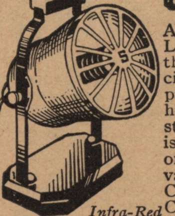

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Two years ago I had a backache continually and I got so bad about nine months ago that I simply had to do something, so went to a specialist. He told me I should be operated on right away or I would have serious trouble. One evening while looking over one of your magazines I happened to see about the Encyclopedia so decided I would at least give it a trial since there was no money to lose. That is five months ago now and after following a few of the simple rules in three months I had completely cured my babies of constipation and they are now normal healthy children. I have also cured myself of chronic constipation and headaches and have no more backaches. I can truthfully say I have never in years enjoyed the good health that I do now and I expect to keep on enjoying same. My one regret is that I did not know of Encyclopedia years ago so that I could have been spared the misery not to mention the money I have gone through. Your Encyclopedia is my best friend and I tell my friends the wonders it has done for my children and myself."

Every mother and prospective mother should know these books. Mrs. Kennedy regrets she never knew of them earlier. Turn to page 107 of this issue where these books are fully described.

¶ The Manliness of Lincoln

Continued from page 26

for political office was more than overbalanced by the direct way in which he sets down what he feels to be his handicaps. He tells the voters that he is poor; that he was born in the most humble ranks of life; that he hasn't wealthy or popular relations or friends to back him —nothing to go on *but himself*. He set his views on the question of the day down clearly and having explained them says: "Upon the subject which I treated I have spoken as I have thought," but adds, lest they think him too opinionated for one so inexperienced, "as soon as I discover my opinions to be erroneous I shall be ready to renounce them." Thirty years later he was to tell the people of the United States the same thing in regard to his position on slavery, to say to them after stating painstakingly his views: "I shall adopt new views so fast as they shall appear to be true views." Here was a case certainly where the boy was the father of the man.

(Hal Phyfe—Permission of Delineator)

As a biographer of Lincoln, Ida M. Tarbell ranks high in the field of American letters

BUT Lincoln's frank and sensible address did not win him the election. He was defeated. He had shown how he took a victory in his first introduction to his community—the fight of which I have spoken. It was without boasting. His attitude toward defeat was what you would expect from a man who took a victory the way that he had done. *He did not swagger then, nor whimper when defeated.* And he made ready for the next campaign, that is, he proved to his friends at once that he was not a quitter. *There is manliness for you.*

Twenty-two years were to pass before anybody outside of Illinois was to ask himself about the quality of Abraham Lincoln's manliness. Through these twenty-two years he had remained a local character, trusted by his friends, trusted for the same kind of qualities that had made him a hero in New Salem in the earlier days. They knew that he was a man who was not afraid—that he spoke his mind—kept his promises —worked persistently—never boasted—was never downed by a defeat. But all of that would never have been of any importance to you or me if it had not been for something that happened in the United States in 1854, when Lincoln was forty-five years old—out of politics and on the road to becoming a prosperous and honored lawyer.

IT WAS something which he regarded as a challenge to his manhood. Not to accept this challenge would have been to show himself something less than the man he had always tried to be. It would cost him heavily in his professional life and possibly among his friends to take up the challenge, but as a man he must do it. And he went into the fight in the same way that he had tackled the champion of the New Salem gang twenty-four years before. But while he had thrown Jack Armstrong in ten minutes or thereabouts, it took him six years to throw the opponent who now faced him.

This opponent was Stephen A. Douglas, one of the most talented and successful politicians in the United States. He and Lincoln had started out together in public life. But while Lincoln had been side-tracked some years before, permanently so it looked, Douglas had had everything he wanted from Illinois, having been one of its United States Senators for eleven years and now its favorite candidate for the Presidency. Rather against his will and only because he felt it a political necessity, if he was ever to become President of the United States, Douglas in this year of 1854 proposed to Congress that certain parts of the country, which had been set aside as forever free, be opened to slavery. This proposition caused a terrible uproar in the north. It both alarmed and angered Lincoln. If this could be done, how long would it be before Illinois, New England even, would be opened to slaves? The thing must be stopped there in Illinois by defeating Douglas' ambitions—Douglas, the author of this unholy proposition. And he must be one of those who helped in the defeat. And he threw himself into the fight.

Lincoln did not deceive himself about the undertaking. He knew that the odds were all against him.

Douglas had always been, as Lincoln said, a "splendid success," while he

had been what he called a "flat failure." He knew the politicians expected all sorts of favors from Douglas. "They see in his round, jolly, truthful face," said Lincoln, "post offices, land offices, cabinet positions, etc., etc. But in my poor, lean, lank face nobody has ever seen any cabbages sprouting."

Nobody expected him to win—he knew that. Nevertheless, as he told his friends, he meant to win or "die trying."

If he was to attack Douglas' arguments he must do it solely on principle. His appeal must be to men's intelligence—their sense of justice. He could employ none of his talents as a stump speaker. He could not tell stories now—he could not ridicule—could not appeal to prejudice. He must convince the people of Illinois that if they yielded to Douglas' plea and gave slavery an inch it would soon take an ell and then another ell, until the whole country was slave—not free.

HE knew that he could only do this by developing an argument so strong that Douglas could not evade it, twist it or crack it and that was not going to be easy, because Douglas was a brilliant, magnetic speaker who had learned how to make white look black—black white.

No one knew better than Abraham Lincoln that his challenge of Douglas meant continuous and arduous work for weeks, months; as it turned out it meant such work for six years. Six long years in which he gave the bulk of his time and strength to what seemed a hopeless fight, as far as any rewards to himself were concerned. Yet he never gave up. He had some terrific falls. He had to leave the political party he loved—the old Whigs—and join a third party—one of those protest groups that sober people jeer at—the Republican it was called. In 1856, joining the Republicans was a good deal like becoming a Socialist today. But he did it.

In 1858 he ran against Douglas, who was seeking re-election to the United States Senate, and was defeated. His friends mourned. "Cheer up," Lincoln told them. "It is a durable struggle that we are in. I do not pretend that I would not have liked to go to the United States Senate, but compared with the mighty question at issue it is of very little matter whether I go or not, whether I am ever heard of again, indeed. The struggle will go on whatever becomes of me."

He was right; it did go on, but he had to go on with it. The quality of manliness that he had shown in the four years that he had been challenging Douglas' position, forcing Douglas to battle, had made the country feel that it wanted to know more about him, that perhaps here was a man who could be trusted with larger things. And in 1860 he was so trusted, when running for the Presidency against Douglas, that he was elected.

His manliness had done it. Would that manliness carry him through the Presidency? He was going into a ring where he would be under the gaze, not only of a nation, but of the whole world. For four years he was to be buffeted, pounded by enemies and friends, suffer defeat after defeat. How would he conduct himself under the knock-downs which were to be his? Well, he was the same man in the face of defeat in the Presidency that he had been all his life so far. The enemies who watched him and jeered at him, seeking to confuse and turn him from his purpose, were never able to disturb his poise. He held on—whatever their attacks, his discouragements—to the single purpose with which he had started out when disunion was "threatened" and that was, that his business was to save the Union. Whatever the defeat he suffered, he always got up and went at it again. And that is what you would expect of Abraham Lincoln from what he had done in his youth and in his long fight against Douglas.

But there was another sort of test that he had to stand while President for which he was certainly unprepared. It came from a source where he had a right to expect support, encouragement—not further trials of his patience, his courage, his magnanimity, even of his self-respect. The severest of these unexpected tests came from members of his immediate official family, men whom he had called to aid him in his task of saving the Union. Almost without exception, these men came to their positions with a feeling of superiority to Lincoln, sometimes they even bad more or less contempt. He was not educated, had not been to college—they had. He had little or no experience in political life—they had had much. His clothes hung on him—theirs fitted. He told funny stories and they were so self-consciously proper that they did not recognize the wisdom in these funny stories. Lincoln was sensitive to men's opinions of him, sensed them without being told, but he rarely gave a sign that he knew that he was being looked down upon. He always had the courage to ignore superciliousness. Why should he have done so? Why, because he knew that he needed these men to carry out his big purpose. No matter what they thought of him or how they treated him, if they would do the work he gave them to do, he would ignore their lack of respect, their poorly concealed contempt.

William H. Seward, Lincoln's Secretary of State, honestly enough no doubt, believed that Mr. Lincoln was not fit to run the Government. Mr. Seward felt entirely able to run the Government—and the world for that matter. So from the start he gave people in and out of Washington to understand that it was he who was to decide things. They could come to him and he would tell them what was going to happen. He was so sure of himself that a few weeks after the Administration was formed he offered in writing to Mr. Lincoln to run things. Lincoln slipped the paper, in which the Secretary of State had so given himself away, into the drawer, told nobody about it, but wrote to the Secretary that he, Mr. Lincoln, had been elected President.

MR. CHASE, Secretary of the Treasury, had the same feeling of superiority that Mr. Seward did, but he concealed it less well. He was bitterly jealous of Lincoln, intrigued against him in and out of Washington. Lincoln knew all this and let it pass. These men were valuable assets to the Administration. If they would do the work of their Cabinet

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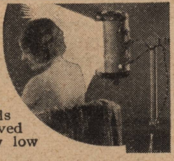

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positions properly that was all he asked of them.

It seems incredible today, that this sense of superiority should occasionally in men of great importance take the ugly form of insolence. If it were not written down in our records beyond the possibility of doubt, one could hardly believe that a West Point man, the General that Lincoln had placed at the head of the Army of the Potomac, would keep the President of the United States waiting without an explanation for half an hour when he had called to consult him. But George McClellan did that. And when Lincoln's friends at the White House, outraged by the insult as they felt it to be, protested to the President he made his historic reply: "I will hold McClellan's horse if he will give us a victory."

He apparently had sunk all sense of self in the great cause of saving the Union; had come to a point where he was willing to sacrifice pride, position, the natural resentment of a man unfairly treated, for the sake of his cause. Men do not often reach such greatness of spirit.

THE patience, the humor, the silent endurance with which Lincoln passed over the contemptuous attitude of men who felt themselves superior to him, is as good an evidence of the superiority of his manhood as we could have. But it was no greater proof of his manliness than the way from first to last he ignored the blackguardism with which the press of this country and of England abused him. It is incredible now, knowing the story, that we should have had great newspapers in the United States that took out their opposition to his political policies by calling him grotesque names, ridiculing his appearance. But the opposition papers of the United States never equaled the English in the coarseness and vindictiveness of their attacks. Lawrence Godkin, an Englishman, who through the War was here as a correspondent of the *London Daily News*, said that he believed that Lincoln was the first public man, native or foreign, with regard to whom the English papers had thrown aside certain restraints on which they had always prided themselves. As a matter of fact, one is almost ashamed to record now the malignity and blackguardism of these papers. And yet through it all Godkin says that he never heard of Lincoln writing or saying one word to show that he was angry or had lost his restraint under attack. Few indeed are the public men who suffer attacks far less than those Lincoln suffered without open resentment or retaliation. It shows him to have been what one realizes he was the more he studies him—a great gentleman as well as a great man.

But there were other and more subtle attacks on his courage. He could measure these men that despised him. Whatever humiliation, extra burdens, they put upon him, he accepted and carried them without complaining. In the long run he either unloaded the man when he had found some one better for his place or won him over as he did Seward who came to the point of saying, "the President is the best of us." But these other attacks were of a different nature, something that he could not measure, even see, and they dogged his spirit from the time he was called to the Presidency.

In the beginning of his fight against the extension of slavery, back in 1854, Lincoln had been overwhelmed at times by the conviction that in forcing the issue of the right and wrong of slaves he might be helping to drive the country to war, and war for a man of his temperament of spirit was horrible, unthinkable.

After his election and up to his death, his suffering over the war, itself, was always keen and all through this suffering ran a sense of possible doom for himself. Lincoln was superstitious. He has told us so himself. He believed, or at least considered dreams, signs, portents. He saw in certain of those which came to him in the War possible warnings of death. His associates, disturbed by the threats and plots they were continually unearthing, kept the idea of possible assassination before his mind. But however startling the warnings, he always refused to let them change his daily life, hamper his mind, weaken his spirit. His attitude seems to have been, "Well, what if they do kill me? The Union is saved and slavery wiped out. Why should I fear death? I have secured the things for which I have lived and worked—nothing else matters." It was a nobler form of the same spirit in which he had taken his defeat in 1858, when he told his friends that he was satisfied to have had a chance to do his part in the greatest of all human struggles, the one for justice and freedom. And having that chance it did not matter now what happened to him—the work would go on. I don't know where you can find a higher type of spiritual manliness.

AND how fine a man Lincoln was in his attitude towards the Confederacy when the War was won! There were a host of lesser people about him, most of them thinking themselves greater than he, whose spirit against the South was poisonous—they demanded punishment, retaliation. Lincoln's whole idea was the very opposite. He would not hear of hanging leaders, of punishing seceders. "Send the soldiers back to their farms," he said, "give them their horses and guns, help the Southern States to set up new Governments in harmony with our old form, restore the Union to what it was—forget the War." Looking back now, who will deny that this would have been the most practical as well as the most righteous policy.

Abraham Lincoln's manliness was never so fine, never so high, as at the end when he put his hand to the problem of reconstructing the broken Union. He had proven himself again and again from youth up to be unafraid under attack; cool—patient—resourceful in struggle; not to be separated from a purpose, forgetful of self when it was a question of that purpose, able to take defeat and go at it again to triumph and not boast. But when he saw the War was coming to an end, his two great purposes sure, he set himself heart and mind to an attempt to control the ugly vindictiveness that was showing itself particularly in Congress and to convert the people of the North by acts as well as words to his noble preachment. "Malice towards none—charity to all"—he put a splendid crown on his manliness.

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If your appetite is poor and digestion disturbed,
If you have pain, dizziness, nausea,
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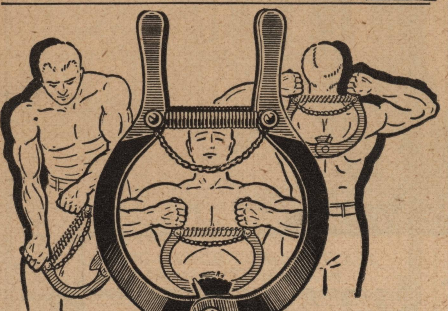

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¶ *And I Was Going to Be a Gangster!*

Continued from page 54

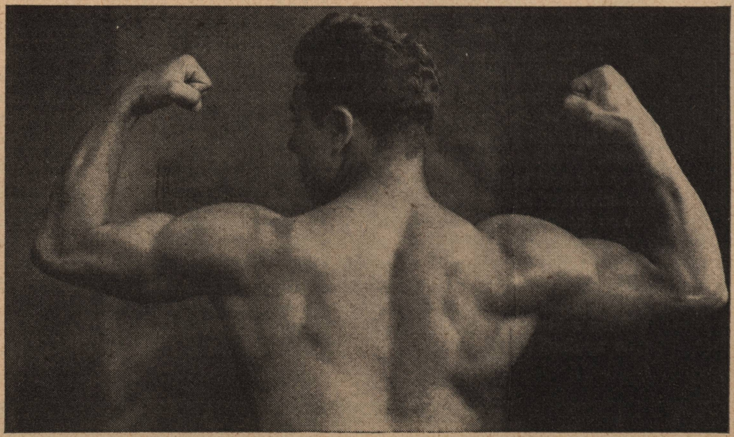
and spiritual power. Do you know where health comes from? Merely from clean living and thinking, correct diet, sunshine and air, exercise—this constitutes health! And health is physical culture!

We must have health! Only through the medium of physical culture can we have it. This generation has not fully awakened to the possibilities of physical culture. Physical culture does not merely mean a beautiful body and muscular development—it is our second life! Why? Because health is derived from it. Can't an individual be perfect? Why can't he? God has provided us with the materials. Is it because of heredity or environment? Perhaps so, but every man should endeavor to be as perfect as he can and physical culture is the right source! It carries us over the average span of life. It provides for everything we do, because health is derived from it. Physical culture has so broad a scope of thought, and so infinite is that thought, that one can hardly realize its full meaning. But there is no mystery. Merely clean living, clean thinking, correct diet, exercise, sunshine and air will eventually and inevitably give you a specimen of real manhood and womanhood. God's noblest work is man; and from man, woman! The future of our nation is absolutely dependent upon such species. We want healthy citizens—citizens who are physically fit, whose morals, ideals, and character are beyond reproach, who can carry on; and only through right living can we have such citizens!

What physical culture has done for me I leave to your judgment, because I can't thank the good Lord enough to have allowed me to steal an old copy of a health magazine! Was it fate? I do not know, but it was the turning point of my life and career. It was wrong to steal, but I still think that God sanctioned my action in stealing the magazine; consequently it was justifiable stealing.

When I was a youngster I lived in an environment of vice, an environment that was capable of corrupting an angel! My comrades were of the worst type and older than I. I thought them symbols of real men, because of their boldness, toughness, and other qualities that would have won them success if they had striven toward the good. I neglected or didn't know the difference. The well-bred fellows were commonly known as "sissies," and all "sissies" were supposed to be effeminate and consequently lacking in manliness. I managed to pull the wool over my parents' eyes. I had become a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde! I was becoming a successful thief. I went to school regularly, so as to give a good impression. I succeeded wonderfully well. When I was graduated from elementary school, I was an honor student. Furthermore, I had won the American Legion Medal Award for leadership, honor, athletics, scholarship, and sportsmanship. This all aided me materially to fool everyone. Can you imagine what a rascal I was? I had the necessary qualities to bend my efforts toward the good, and didn't know until a copy of a health magazine revealed the truth to me. I also had qualities that were an asset to an excellent thief. Poor fool that I was! My ideal of a man seemed to be found among the degenerate and I didn't know they were degenerate! Ignorance of the right ideals are still making boys and girls tread the downward path. I can see the proof of this in the environment that I live in at present. However, stealing had first become an obsession and finally a passion with me. How could I have been so blind as not to see the terrible truth — the penitentiary sooner or later? I shudder to think what a character I should have become, had it not been for that health magazine.

I had now entered high school as a dual character. I was developing rapidly to the stage where I was getting in among the "Big Shots" of the underworld. Of course they considered me as a "kid," but I observed



To clean living, diet and exercise, Carl Cataio attributes his splendid muscular development and physical perfection

and learned more than met the eye. The life of an underworld character appealed to me, because of its seemingly physical element. I thought I had found physical force, bravery, and manliness and I followed blindly. I was becoming an underworld character. Thank God I got hold of that magazine at that moment!

I had just reached my sophomore year in high school, when I came in "contact" with a health magazine. The pictures of men and women manifested to me my ideal of physical perfection and power.

I would become a real man, a man who was morally, mentally, and physically fit! I would hitch my wagon to a star.

THE next issue of the health magazine gave me an idea. I would try to plan a system of my own. The libraries afforded me much information about food materials, how to acquire the maximum nutritional value of foodstuffs, what to eat, and other problems. The Y.M.C.A: afforded me the apparatus on which to exercise and all I needed to do was to get to work. Being poor, I did not always get what I desired in the way of food, but I did my best.

Meanwhile, I was reading the health magazine every month. The simple exercises given in the magazine were absorbed by me. From books on calisthenics, which described many exercises to develop the various muscles of the body, I gained much knowledge in developing my muscles. As I matured, my body underwent a change also. I had become so intent upon my work that I wasn't aware of the physical change taking place; I had become superior to my classmates.

After completing high school with a feeling that I had attained real manhood, I determined to become a teacher in physical training and health education. I was well equipped, physically, mentally, and morally; all I needed were the finances. For a full year I worked hard and saved, and at the end of the year I had enough to begin my college career.

I entered Slippery Rock State Teachers College where physical culture and health education were the major courses. I went directly to the President of the college and told him my circumstances. I told him what I had done, where I was living, and he assured me that he would aid me. Physical culture had given me such a bearing and poise that the President told me he knew instinctively that I was a real man. On one occasion he even remarked that I had the finest poise and posture of body that he had ever seen.

Today, I am a junior and have been working my way through college since I began. Physical fitness has made it possible for me to work my way, and God has been good to me. I can truly say that I believe I am today as well balanced a person mentally, morally, and physically as can be found.

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¶ *The Outdoors Girl of 1931*—— Continued from page 37

generations even as we owe to the pioneer woman what President Hoover characterized as "all that is good in us today."

Out in Hollywood there lives a woman who has been called "The Amazing Mother of Hollywood" because of her clean outlook on life and the fact that she has kept her skirts and those of her daughters free from the vices that surround them. That woman is Mrs. Peg Talmadge, mother of Norma, Constance and Natalie Talmadge, motion picture stars.

Mrs. Peg Talmadge has a philosophy. It is: "We must try to take the advantages of civilization without permitting them to weaken us, without losing our primitive virtues." There it is again—those primitive virtues. And to fortify herself in this respect Mrs. Talmadge and her daughters seek their pleasures in clean, outdoor recreation while Hollywood stages its scandals without them.

On one occasion when Constance spoke of the growing ennui of some of her friends, Mrs. Talmadge replied: "Boredom is an admission of mental inferiority. Don't forget that, my girl. No one with half their brain cells working can possibly see and hear and do all the interesting things in this world in the number of years allotted to one for one's lifetime. People who are bored are simply lacking in the mental capacity to understand, the emotional capacity to enjoy."

SUCH philosophy could never have been born indoors. It springs from the soul that has learned to know "the sermon that is in trees and stones," the temperament that has eluded boredom by finding the contentment that is in the silent places, the variety of interest with which the outdoor abounds—in fact, one who has brought the outdoors in with them to destroy the indoor monotony of the average feminine existence.

Mary Roberts Rinehart is another woman who has found her inspiration and the road to health and happiness outdoors. Glacier National Park, that area of mountain trails and wild scenic grandeur that adjoins the Canadian boundary

Have You These Symptoms of NERVE Exhaustion?

Do you get excited easily?
Do you become fatigued after slight exertion?
Are your hands and feet cold?
Do you suffer from constipation or stomach trouble?
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Have you spells of irritability?
Are you often gloomy and pessimistic?
Do you suffer from heart palpitation, cold sweats, ringing in the ears, dizzy spells?

These are only a few of the signs of weak, unhealthy nerves that are steadily robbing thousands of people of their youth and health.

What Causes Sick Nerves?

WOMEN In women this is largely due to over-active emotions, and to the constant turmoil in their domestic and marital relations.

MEN In men, these signs of nerve exhaustion are produced as a result of worries, intense concentration, excesses and vices. The mad pace at which we are traveling is wrecking the entire Nervous Organization.

How to Strengthen Your Nerves

No tonic or magic system of exercise can ever restore the health and vigor to weak, sick, unbalanced nerves. To regenerate lost nerve force, to build up strong, sound nerves, requires an understanding of the action and abuses of nerves. It needs a knowledge of the natural laws of nerve fatigue, of mental and physical relaxation and nerve metabolism. And it is only through the application of these laws that stubborn cases of Nerve Exhaustion can be overcome.

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line in the northwestern corner of Montana, has been a favorite field for Mrs. Rinehart's outdoor activities. During that period of her life when she had her boys growing up around her, never a summer passed that she didn't have them with her in a private camp of their own in the Rocky Mountain region, hiking over the trails with her and together absorbing the health, interest and clean inspiration that comes from an intimate contact with the out-of-doors.

The fact that she has had a successful career and has always been a busy worker in the literary field never prevented Mary Roberts Rinehart from performing her duties as a *real* American mother, and one of these duties that she considered the most important was to rear her sons to know the healthful interest in the outdoors that she herself had learned to know. They have taken their vacations together, and still do—always outdoors. The Rinehart family is one family that a career hasn't come between.

"Women more than men," says Mrs. Rinehart, "should learn to know the health and variety of interest that lies outdoors, beyond where the pavement ends—out over the hills to far horizons. Woman's interest is too frequently confined within the four walls in which she lives and those of the homes in which she plays bridge, and the monotony of her indoor life breeds boredom and domestic discord. Man gets variety in his daily contacts—woman's indoor duties are one continuous round of sameness. Therefore, to be healthy in both mind and body and acquire the spirit of contentment that is sure death to ennui, women should cultivate an interest in outdoor activities."

Mrs. F. Y. Dalziel, New York society woman, turned to outdoor life in the Rocky Mountain region of Colorado to regain strength after an operation and became so fascinated with outdoor life that she had been following wilderness trails in all parts of the world ever since.

Things move in cycles, and today more and more women are turning to outdoor activities and finding surcease from indoor monotony in doing those things that the pioneer woman had to do from force of necessity. The woman of today still on occasion "turns her face toward the horizon with her feet marching on," and she, too, will mother a better race for having done so. There are those wise enough today to safeguard future generations by devoting their charitable efforts to the promotion of girls' outdoor societies, hiking clubs, camps, etc., to perpetuate in the feminine soul that urge to the outdoors that is her heritage from the pioneer woman.

THE Camp Fire Girls has a membership of 250,000 girls in this country alone and chapters in seven other countries besides. The New York Council of the Camp Fire Girls alone has over 2,000 members, in addition to which this largest city of the nation, where interest in the outdoors might well be expected to be at a minimum, has an endless chain of girls' hiking clubs whose members make a practise of spending their week-ends and leisure hours hiking over the trails that lead over the Ramapo Mountains in New Jersey or along the breast of The Palisades that tower above the lordly Hudson.

Over on Lake Tiorati in the Ramapo Mountains, the Camp Fire Girls maintain a camp where its 2,000 members from the congested districts of New York City can indulge in outdoor activities, and nine hiking trails ranging from a few miles in length to the twenty-five-mile long Ramapo-Dunderberg Trail and the twenty-four mile stretch of the Suffern-Bear Mountain Trail have been laid out over the hills and valleys of the 40,000-acre Harriman State Park.

Out in the West Miss America is taking to the hills with the Colorado Mountain Club, of Denver; the Omaha Walking Club, of Omaha; the Sierra Club, of San Francisco; the California Mountaineers, of Los Angeles and San Francisco; the Mount Baker Club, of Bellingham, Washington; the Seattle Mountaineers, of Seattle; the Olympians, of Hoquian, Washington; the Spokane Mountaineers, of Spokane; Berkeley Hiking Club, of Berkeley, California; the Desert Ramblers, of Phoenix, Arizona; and a hundred other outdoor organizations with women members who roam the wide open spaces west of the Mississippi.

WOMEN are at the head of every one of the chapters of the Appalachian Mountain Club in New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Connecticut towns. Women are the executive heads and women members predominate in the Blue Mountain Club, of Pennsylvania, the Allegheny Field and Trail Club, of Buffalo, The Wanderlusters, of Baltimore, the Green Mountain Club with chapters in seven towns in Vermont, the Westchester Trail Association, Ohio Valley Hikers' Association, Prairie Club, of Chicago, Smoky Mountain Hiking Club, of Knoxville, Trails Club, of Spokane, and hundreds of other outdoor organizations from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Canadian boundary line to the Gulf.

Several years ago I was at Lake Louise, in the Canadian Rockies, when I saw four girls clad in knickers and hiking shoes and with packs on their backs trudging up the trail toward the hotel. They presented such a picture of outdoor freedom and healthful enjoyment that I took their photograph, then I asked them where they had come from.

"New York," all the girls replied in unison, and then all of them laughed. They seemed to enjoy my look of surprise and wonder at their statement that they had hiked from New York to Lake Louise, a distance of approximately 2,000 miles.

That evening I saw them again in the dining room of the Chateau Lake Louise, dressed in evening clothes—the best dressed women in the room. This interested me, and I managed to be introduced to them and got their story.

They had worked as stenographers and at secretarial work indoors until their health had become undermined from the confinement, and when two of the girls had been advised by their doctors to take to the outdoors and get more fresh air, all four of them decided to emulate the Pioneer Woman and turn their faces toward the western horizon."

They had left New York City on June 5th of that year—which was 1922—to hike to San Francisco by the way of the

Canadian Rockies. They had gone by way of Buffalo, Cleveland, Chicago, Duluth, Winnipeg, Calgary and Banff to Lake Louise, and from there they intended to hike through to Vancouver and then down the Pacific Highway through Seattle and Portland to San Francisco. Furthermore, they had earned their own way enroute, working as stenographers and secretaries or at such employment as they could get in the various cities until they had saved up enough money to tide them along their way for a period, then they would "jack" their jobs and hike westward until their general fund needed replenishing again.

If one of the girls got a job she supported the others until they also found employment at something. In Cleveland two of the girls had turned "newsboys" and sold newspapers for two days—and their sales were heavy because of the novelty of two such healthy looking girls selling papers on the street. They had arrived in Chicago on a Saturday, "dead broke." On Monday morning one of the girls secured employment as secretary, and before the day was over all four had found work at something. The money they earned here kept them going as far as Winnipeg, where again they went to work. As they left each point along their route they would ship their dress clothes on ahead to the next stopping place, packed in a trunk, so they could "doll up" and look respectable when they arrived there. What they required for their daily needs between stopping places was carried in knapsacks on their backs.

And here they were, 2,000 miles from their starting point, healthy, happy and "having the time of their lives" according to their own words, with not a trace of their former indoor ills to mar the joy of living. They had acquired a new interest in life, had learned that the world outside of the cities and away from the nerve-racking subways and the sordid strife for the baubles that men call wealth is not a bad world in which to live. I don't think I ever have seen four girls who radiated so much of the joys of living.

On another occasion, at Banff in the Canadian Rockies, I encountered a Canadian girl working as a guide—a ruddy-faced, solid picture of health and clean wholesomeness. Her name is Madeline Turnor, and among her duties is that of making other women who come up there to ride the trails on vacation feel at home on the trail and in camp—and I'll venture to say that she makes many of them feel envious of her clean outlook on life and her confident capability.

Up beyond where the railroad ends in the Peace River Country I found two American girls running a tea room in a log cabin—probably the record for the farthest north among tea rooms. Furthermore, they were making a "go" of it. There had been a gold strike and the miners and prospectors were coming in—rough men who found something elevating and inspiring in the mere presence of these two girls, a presence and association that brought to life within them again those things that had been taught to them at their mothers' knees. And who can say that, in bringing back to life those virtues in a breed of men in whom they had been buried for so long that they were in danger of becoming extinct, these two girls who had taken to the outdoors weren't performing a greater service to God and civilization than the army of their more conventional sisters who would subject such impropriety to social ostracism?

These two girls had been waitresses in Buffalo, and they had served as nurses during the war and absorbed so much of the outdoors and the confident courage that goes with it that they couldn't return to humdrum indoor duties again—so they had turned their faces toward the north and nature in the raw.

Contact with the outdoors is good for the soul as well as the physical health of woman. Woman's place may be in the home, as many critics of the modern emancipated woman have asserted—but she is narrowing her life and shriveling her soul and working a permanent harm on that home if she puts in *all* of her time there.

She doesn't need to go the extremes of outdoor life related in some of the cases herewith. She doesn't need to hike across the continent, or go big-game hunting, or isolate herself in the wilderness. Outdoors is just what the word implies—outside of your own door. And out beyond the limits of the town in which any woman lives there are hills and valleys and fields and woodland paths and running streams where there is abundant health and variety of interest at every turn of the road, and where ideals that have died of malnutrition indoors are reborn in the soul. Municipal governments, wise in this generation when the spreading out of the cities has encroached on the open country, have brought the outdoors within the city limits in the form of city parks that present breathing places and hiking stretches within the reach of all.

An hour each day outdoors—not shopping or strolling or gossiping with a neighbor, but in a good, brisk walk into the country or the most secluded woodland sections of the city park—will pay big dividends to any woman. It will give her thoughts that she never had before, a contentment that she never knew, a beauty that comes from the healthy vigor and quickened bloodstream within her instead of from the corner drugstore.

Get the outdoor habit, girls—and then keep it. Get your feet out of your high-heeled shoes once in a while and get them into a pair of good, stout, broad-toed moccasin hiking shoes and get out into the country and learn the joys of living. Know what it means to feel the blood coursing through your veins, bringing color to your cheeks and luster to your eyes until you stand out from the faded, burned-out indoor girls like a rose blooming on an ash heap.

Subject your wardrobe to a revision upward. Add a pair of neat but comfortable hiking shoes to your stock of ring-lizard kids and two-strap pumps. Get a pair of knickers or riding breeches or a divided skirt for your outdoor vacations, and learn what it is to live in comfortable clothes. Get a neat-fitting suede jacket for a "windbreaker" when the weather is cool. Then go out and bring the outdoors in with you to make the indoors a more enjoyable place in which to live.

Did You Ever Take an INTERNAL Bath?

By M. PHILIP STEPHENSON

THIS may seem a strange question. But if you want to magnify your energy—sharpen your brain to razor edge—put a glorious sparkle in your eye—pull yourself up to a health level where you can laugh at disease and glory in vitality—you're going to read this message to the last line.

I speak from experience. It was a message just such as this that dynamited me out of the slough of dullness and wretched health into the sunlit atmosphere of happiness, vitality and vigor. To me, and no doubt to you, an Internal Bath was something that had never come within my sphere of knowledge.

So I tore off a coupon similar to the one shown below. I wanted to find out what it was all about. And back came a booklet. This booklet was named "Why We Should Bathe Internally." It was just choked with common sense and facts.

What Is an Internal Bath?

This was my first shock. Vaguely I had an idea that an internal bath was an enema. Or, by a stretch of the imagination, a new-fangled laxative. In both cases I was wrong: A real, genuine, true internal bath is no more like an enema than a kite is like an airplane. The only similarity is the employment of water in each case. And so far as laxatives are concerned, I learned one thing—to abstain from them completely.

A bona fide internal bath is the administration into the intestinal tract of pure, warm water, Tyrrellized by a marvelous cleansing tonic. The appliance that holds the liquid and injects it is the J. B. L. Cascade, the invention of that eminent physician, Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell, who perfected it to save his own life. Now here's where the genuine internal bath differs radically from the enema.

The lower intestine, called by the great Professor Foges, of Vienna, "the most prolific source of disease," is five feet long and shaped like an inverted U—thus ∩. The enema cleanses but a third of this "horseshoe"—or to the first bend. The J. B. L. Cascade treatment cleanses it the entire length—and is the only appliance that does. You have only to read that booklet, "Why We Should Bathe Internally," to fully understand how the Cascade alone can do this. There is absolutely no pain or discomfort.

Why Take an Internal Bath?

Here is why: The intestinal tract is the waste canal of the body. Due to our soft foods, lack of vigorous exercise and highly artificial civilization, nine out of ten persons suffer from intestinal stasis (delay). The passage of waste is entirely too slow. Result: Germs and poisons breed in this waste and enter the blood through the blood vessels in the intestinal walls.

These poisons are extremely insidious. The headaches you get—the skin blemishes—the fatigue—the mental sluggishness—the susceptibility to colds—and countless other ills are directly due to the presence of these poisons in your system. They are the generic causes of premature old age, rheumatism, high blood pressure and many serious maladies.

Thus it is imperative that your system be free of these poisons. And the only sure and effective means is internal bathing. In fifteen minutes it flushes the intestinal tract of all impurities. And each treatment strengthens the intestinal muscles so the passage of waste is hastened.

Immediate Benefits

Taken just before retiring, you will sleep like a child. You will rise with a vigor that is bubbling over. Your whole attitude toward life will be changed. All clouds will be laden with silver. You will feel rejuvenated—remade. That is not my experience alone, but that of 900,000 men and women who faithfully practice this wonderful inner cleanliness. Just one internal bath a week to regain and hold glorious, vibrant health! To toss off the mantle of old age—nervousness—and dull care! To fortify you against epidemic, cold, etc.

Is that fifteen minutes worth while?

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It is entirely FREE. And I am absolutely convinced that you will agree you never used a two-cent stamp to better advantage. There are letters from many who achieved results that seem miraculous. As an eye-opener on health, this booklet is worth many, many times the price of that two-cent stamp. Use the convenient coupon below or address Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute, Inc., Dept. 12, 152 West 65th Street, New York City—Now.

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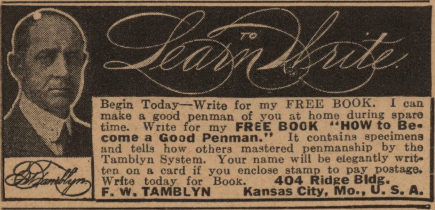

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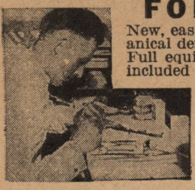

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¶ *Angler's Hands*

Continued from page 45

forest guards. The only building for miles up the river on the farther bank was Mr. More's cabin. And down the river there was only a deserted shack two miles below. Here was another means of crossing the river. Or, rather, it had been a means when the shack was inhabited years before. A cable stretched from bank to bank, and on it, depending for a pulley, hung a small car. The shack dweller, seated in the car, used to pull himself across, hand over hand. But now the whole contraption had become thoroughly rusted, and unsafe. For years no one had been known to cross by it.

Her mind intent on possible approaches to Mr. More's cabin, Miss White knocked at the ranger's office. In response to a hearty "Come in," she entered to find Kirk Terry poring over forestry maps spread on a table.

He sprang up, offering her a chair. "Miss White, you do me honor," he said.

Hattie White looked at the strong hands on the chair back. They were russet with sunburn, but the right was no browner than the left.

"No," she said, "I come with bad news and an enormous amount of curiosity. Isn't Mr. More a friend of yours?"

KIRK TERRY'S debonair manner slipped from him and his golden brown eyes darkened. "Yes, in a way. Why?"

She asked him another question, "Do you know any one who would profit by his death?"

"His death!" Young Terry hesitated, ran a hand through his curly hair. "Well—yes. But, good God! Miss White, he isn't dead?"

"Mr. More was killed in his cabin about two hours ago." And she informed him of all that she had seen.

"Have you told them at Seaver's yet?" he asked.

"No, the circumstances are so peculiar that I feel suspicious of every single guest at Seaver's except you and myself. Hadn't we better say nothing of it here, and telephone the sheriff?"

Kirk Terry called up the county seat. After a brisk conversation, "Sheriff Wilson will leave at once," he said, "with the coroner and Allyn, the district attorney."

"And now, young man," Hattie White settled herself for conversation, "who was the mysterious Mr. More?"

"He was really Lord Swarthmore."

Miss White nodded, "I'm not surprised. Hardly the habitat of an English lord though, is it?"

"The war did it," Kirk Terry explained, "practically wiped the family out. Three sons and five grandsons. Lord Swarthmore couldn't bear to stay in England. So he took the name More, and came here."

"A strange place for him to come to," Hattie White commented.

"Not in his case. His youngest son had spent a lot of time on the coast tinkering around mines, bought out several in California, and this little placer tunnel up the river. That lawyer, Hallam, you know, put him on to this one."

"Hallam?" Miss White asked.

"Yes, same man."

"That's interesting."

"Hallam was pretty close to Lord Swarthmore, handled this end of his business affairs for him. Big affairs, too: Swarthmore had an enormous income from oil wells in Batum and rubber in Singapore."

"Hallam must get fat fees then," Hattie White mused. "You'd hardly expect him to kill the goose that lays the golden egg."

"I don't know," Kirk Terry hesitated again. "You see, Lord Swarthmore talked a lot about his affairs to me. Just had to talk to somebody, I guess. You asked me a while ago if any one would benefit by Mr. More's death. Well Hallam would. Swarthmore told me that Hallam had been very faithful to his interests. He left him $100,000 in his will."

"It would be a fortune to an attorney in a small country town," Hattie White said. "I suppose Mr. Hallam knew of the bequest."

"Oh, certainly. They discussed everything together."

"We have one beneficiary then, and a huge estate. There must have been others who would profit by Swarthmore's death."

"You don't think it could have been simple robbery? The gold nuggets would be worth a good deal," Kirk suggested.

"I think it was meant to look like robbery, and that's why the nuggets were taken, but a robber, pure and simple, wouldn't be likely to have an imported Hardy line and that special dry fly. Besides he'd have taken the gold with him. No, I think the murderer had his eye on a sum so big that the nuggets didn't interest him. Then, while an ordinary robber might have means of disposing of the gold, a man of some standing in a community wouldn't."

"That brings us back to Hallam again," Kirk suggested.

"Hallam or someone else. Wasn't there any distant connection to inherit the title and estate?"

"Lord Swarthmore had a grandnephew in Victoria, B. C."

"Victoria, B. C.!" Hattie White sat up straight in her chair. "Were they friendly?" she asked in a quiet voice.

"Swarthmore never saw him until this spring when he went up to Victoria just to meet him. You see Swarthmore hated mixed blood; he said all he'd ever known ran yellow instead of blue. And this Colin Campbell's a quarter Indian."

"AND what was his opinion of Campbell when he came back?" Hattie White's interest was so intense that her speech turned quick and staccato.

"He said—I remember the very words—that Campbell was a personable young man; the Indian blood didn't show in him at all. Said he was a wild young spark with the gambling debts of a gentleman. He'd decided to leave everything to him so the title could carry on with suitable dignity."

"Ah!" Hattie White relaxed a little, "that's better. We have now two men who benefit by Mr. More's death. Two

instead of one. And this Canadian connection brings me back to the dry fly. You know that's my business, manufacturing dry flies."

Kirk Terry nodded, "Yes, the famous Backstrom flies."

"The business has been in the family for years," Miss White went on. "It was founded by my grandfather Backstrom, and now it's mine. "You know," she glanced at her supple fingers, "we combine feathers from a Canada wood duck or a South American condor, or a starling, or the under wing of a peacock, with fur from an Australian opossum, or a mole, or from a deer's tail, or a rabbit's face. Well," she laughed, "here I go on my hobby; but you see what rouses my curiosity in this whole affair is the fishing angle of it. I want to find the man who owned that tawny bucktail fly, and that imported Hardy line. And what I'm getting at right now," she went on, "is this: that particular fly I found in Lord Swarthmore's hand was made by Skookum Tumtum, an Indian guide on the Fraser River. He makes them for the men he takes into the upper waters to fish. Only a few men would have those flies. Colin Campbell would be more likely to have them than our small town lawyer, Hallam. But speaking of Mr. Hallam—" she waved a hand toward the window.

Kirk Terry half rose from his seat to see the spare figure of the lawyer emerge from the woods into the open land of the settlement. "He's coming from that way," he said hoarsely.

"YES," Hattie White agreed, "he's coming, and quite openly. But we mustn't forget that there are two other guests at the hotel. Mr. Woodley says that he is from New York. Knoles is a Canadian. I think he might be called personable. Where do you suppose they spent the afternoon? And we mustn't forget, either, that all three of these men have hands like mine, the right burned browner than the left by fly fishing over bright water."

Across the road old Pa Seaver appeared on the back porch, and announced dinner by belaboring with all his might the triangle hanging there.

Hattie White stood up to go. "I forgot my trout for supper," she said, "and it's too late to honor the meal by getting into a skirt like a lady. Come on, Kirk Terry, let's dine with the three suspects."

Nothing of moment transpired during dinner. The three men with Hattie White and Kirk Terry made five at table. They spoke of the thunder storm. Woodley said that it had caught him fishing on the South Fork below Seaver's. In general, the conversation, steered by Hattie White, was on palmistry. All spread their hands on the table. She was appalled to find how much one man's hands looked like the next man's. She could not differentiate among them except that the lawyer's were longer, but not enough, however, to make the fact valuable for evidence.

About nine the sheriff's party arrived, and called her over to Kirk Terry's. Hattie White told what she knew. The three new arrivals left for Lord Swarthmore's cabin. At one o'clock Hattie

Fatal Sins of Diet
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Many foods, harmless in themselves, are actually harmful when taken in combination.

Many ills result from improper food combinations and faulty preparation.

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Cut solid tomatoes into slices a quarter of an inch thick; dip in beaten egg, then in bread-crumbs. Fry in a little hot fat, browning on each side. Poach the eggs, one for each slice of tomato. Put the tomatoes on a platter, and place the eggs on them.

THE really fatal sins of diet are vastly misunderstood. People think of them as only the glaring faults, that cause sudden agony—nausea—or violent ejectment. But aside from these, are the insidious evils of cookery—covering a long space of time. And when they are finally realized—it is often too late. These are the evils that strike to kill!

If women only better understood the effect of food upon health. If they but realized that most of our modern artificial foods, while perhaps pleasing and tasty, are of no value to the human body. And worse than that—paths to failure and disease!

And there really is no reason why every woman should not know more about foods. No reason why every housewife can't cook those healthful dishes that are so delightful and tasty—yet chockful of all those elements so essential to health.

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A Real Cook Book and Guide to Health

Based upon his many years of experience as a Physical Culture expert, Bernarr Macfadden has written this all inclusive cook book. And it is absolutely different from every other cook book ever published. It doesn't merely list a long series of recipes to tickle jaded appetites—or only present all the latest fads of cookery.

Rather it actually teaches the practical art of selecting, preparing and serving foods that will bring a greater degree of health, strength and vitality—yet are just as appetizing as those you have been accustomed to eating. Foods that have even the further advantage of actually costing less money and consuming less time in their preparation. No other cook book was ever so complete or half so helpful!

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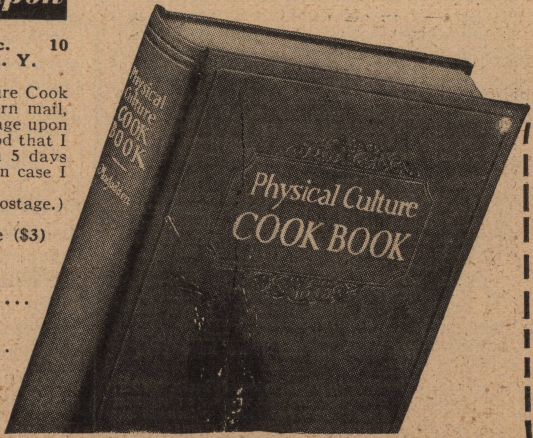

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White heard them return and go, silent except for clattering boots, to their rooms. Nothing had yet been said at Seaver's concerning the murder.

So much nocturnal activity could not, however, go unremarked in that out-of-the-way place. There was an atmosphere of question and suspense when Seaver's guests gathered for breakfast the next morning. And when Attorney Allyn, with the bulky sheriff behind him, entered the dining room the murder was soon out.

Hattie White glanced with quick eyes at the three anglers. Mr Hallam was undoubtedly the most disturbed. His hand shook so that he dropped a half ring of doughnut into his coffee. Woodley exclaimed, "Lord Swarthmore! What! That old miner no one ever saw!" While Knoles burst into voluble explanation of when and where he had last seen the murdered man.

"And one of them must have killed him!" Hattie White thought indignantly.

Allyn concluded, "Merely as a matter of form, gentlemen, I shall ask to interview you one at a time in Terry's office. Mr. Hallam first, please. Will you come too, Miss White?"

Hattie White considered Attorney Allyn. He was a sharp-faced young man, brisk and alert. Too alert, too eager.

AFTER the coroner had departed with Lord Swarthmore's body, and the sheriff had set out to "scour the woods," something like a trial without jury took place in the forest ranger's office.

Mr. Hallam answered his summons promptly.

Thomas Hallam was a thin, tall, sandy-haired man with full lips and a weak chin sheltered by a Van Dyke beard. His eyes were stealthy. They had a way of sliding from one face to another as if he wondered what people thought of him. He was visibly nervous under Attorney Allyn's quizzing. He admitted that he had called on Lord Swarthmore the afternoon before. He didn't remember the exact time, rather early in the afternoon. He had stayed about an hour talking over a business matter.

"What business?" Attorney Allyn snapped.

"I can't see that it is necessary to answer that question," Mr. Hallam objected.

"Oh, yes, it is," Allyn declared. "It's necessary to answer any and all questions put to you. We must know what subject you were discussing."

"We were discussing his will," Hallam answered. "I had drawn it up for him in the spring and he wanted some changes made in it."

"What changes?"

"The first will left the bulk of his estate to a nephew, Colin Campbell, in Victoria. Lord Swarthmore decided to disinherit him and leave it to a war veterans' relief fund in England."

"What made him change his mind?" Allyn quizzed.

"Campbell got into trouble. Lord Swarthmore bought him out of it for the good of the family name. But he decided to disinherit him so that Campbell wouldn't have means enough to make the name notorious."

"You are sure," Attorney Allyn leant across the table and shot the question, "you are sure that Lord Swarthmore didn't threaten to change his mind also about the $100,000 he willed to you, and that you quarrelled with him over that, and struck him and later stole the nuggets from his desk and concealed them?"

Hallam ran startled eyes around the little group.

"I'm certain," he stammered.

"Well, supposing he didn't threaten to leave you out, that $100,000 would come handy, wouldn't it, to a man who wants to run for the legislature, a man who pays his wife big alimony, and who is very friendly with a certain luxurious Dolly Abel?"

The lawyer's face paled. "See here, you young sprig"—he began.

Attorney Allyn relaxed. "Well," he said, "you see the situation you are in, Mr. Hallam. Now, how long did you say you were with Lord Swarthmore?"

"About an hour."

"Where were you during the thunder storm?"

"I was in the mine tunnel. I'd never seen the mine, and I walked up there, and got caught in the shower. When the shower cleared I lighted a lantern I found there, and explored the tunnel and then I came back to the hotel."

"Did you go to the cabin again?"

"I did not."

"Mr. Hallam, I understand that you are an expert angler. Did you ever hear of an Indian guide named Skookum Tumtum?"

"No."

"That'll do, Mr. Hallam. Just stick around the rest of the day, will you?"

Miss Hattie White, knitting with beautifully regular stitches on her fishing sweater, asked in a quiet voice, "Did you ever see this Colin Campbell, Mr. Hallam?"

"No."

"Did Campbell know he was going to be disinherited?"

"Lord Swarthmore had me write him a letter telling him so."

"When?"

"About six weeks ago."

"Thank you," she smiled at him.

The agitated Mr. Hallam left the office.

"THERE," said Mr. Allyn with great satisfaction. "There goes the guilty man. All that we have to do now is to fasten the fly and fishing line on him. Wilson ought to be back this afternoon with the sacks of nuggets, and that line you saw, Miss White."

"I wish I could be as certain as you are, Mr. Allyn," Hattie White said, "but—"

"Miss White," Attorney Allyn's voice was peremptory, "do you realize that you contradict your own evidence? You say yourself that you saw him cross the bridge."

"But," Hattie White objected, "I'd like to suggest that there's a ferry crossing right here at Seaver's, and a trail up the other side, and two men still to question."

"You may trust me," said young Allyn stiffly, "to leave no stone, however useless, unturned, Miss White. Terry, will you ask Knoles to step over?"

The telephone rang.

"It's the answer to that Victoria call we put in last night," Attorney Allyn

informed her. "They say that Colin Campbell is up on the Fraser River and can't be reached."

"Which means that he may or may not be on the Fraser River, but he isn't in Victoria."

"Exactly."

"And the description of him?"

"Around thirty, regular features, smooth-shaven, brown hair, bluish eyes. He's well built, a little over ordinary height. No special distinguishing marks."

Allyn's face lighted up. "Miss White," he exclaimed, "there may be something in this Campbell idea of yours."

"Thank you," Hattie White murmured. "Fits Knoles, doesn't it?"

HATTIE WHITE answered slowly, "It seems to me that it might fit Woodley just as well. It might fit hundreds of men. You know, Mr. Allyn, this crime is getting too complicated for me."

"Oh, we'll agree on the thing yet," Allyn assured her, "when we get down to identifying the dry fly and the fishing line."

Kirk Terry entered with Knoles, the Canadian.

"Ernest George Knoles, dealer in bonds, Victoria, B. C." was Mr. Knoles' reply to Allyn's first question.

"Lived there all your life, haven't you, Mr. Knoles?"

"Well, no, I haven't. I haven't lived there at all, as a matter of fact."

The district attorney eyed him sternly. "A man ought to have a locality he can be pinned down to," he said.

An angry flush mounted to Mr. Knoles' forehead. "See here," he exploded, "I came into the States for a bit of sport, not to be baited myself."

"Sport! Ah! Was that all you came for, Mr. Knoles?"

"What else would a Canadian ever come here for?" Knoles demanded.

"Some of them come on business, business of a personal or financial nature, Mr. Knoles." The district attorney paused.

Hattie White and Kirk Terry exchanged glances.

Mr. Allyn continued, "Then you don't live in Victoria, Mr. Knoles?"

"I am about to. My luggage and household effects were shipped to Victoria from Montreal last month. After a vacation here, I shall settle in Victoria. I shall never return here. A Canadian sportsman can't, apparently, seek a quiet bit of anglin' in this so-called land of liberty without being suspected of murder. It's an outrage."

"The murdered man was an Englishman," Mr. Allyn reminded him.

"Therefore a Canadian must have killed him! Oh, I've heard of your courts of justice before, Mr. Allyn, though why a sportsman here on a visit should be entangled in them, I can't see." Mr. Knoles' whole countenance was now a fiery red.

"There is no reason why you should be entangled in them," the district attorney's voice was suave, "if you can prove that you were not near the cabin yesterday afternoon."

"Near it! Of course I was not. After luncheon I walked up the river a bit on this side. I came back, and spent the rest of the afternoon readin' in my room."

"Did you see anyone?"

"I saw Miss White on the trail ahead of me."

"When you came back to your room did you see anyone?"

"No."

"Did anyone see you?"

"Not that I am aware."

"So we have only your word for it, that you spent the afternoon in your room?"

Mr. Knoles' face went white. "The word of a gentleman," he said, "but it takes another gentleman to believe it."

Then the color blazed in his cheeks again. "Why don't you suspect the forest guards or the sheep-herders in the mountains?" he roared.

"For the simple reason that we know the murderer was an angler."

Mr. Knoles was pale again. "Damn your pryin' American ways," he sputtered.

"You forget," Attorney Allyn admonished him, "we have a lady with us."

"She looks capable of a good round damn herself." Mr. Knoles glared at Hattie White's firm mouth.

"Thank you," murmured Hattie White.

"How far up the river did you go?" Allyn demanded.

"Half a mile."

"Sure it was half a mile?"

"I am. There's a big fish out in the stream there I try for from time to time."

"Oh, got 'em staked out along the river, have you?"

Mr. Knoles eyed him contemptuously. "It's evident you're no angler, Mr. District Attorney," he said, "but Miss White will understand. I have spotted six big rainbow trout up and down the river. From time to time they rise, occasionally they even strike. Eventually I shall hit on the right fly and catch several if not all of them."

Hattie White nodded. "I have three myself. Ever try a Skookum Tumtum fly, Mr. Knoles?"

Mr. Knoles turned to her with visible respect. "That Indian Johnny on the Fraser River?" he said. "Rippin' flies, I hear, but I've never seen one myself. I've been tryin' some of yours. They aren't too bad."

"Did you cross the suspension bridge?"

"I did not."

"How long were you up the river?"

"Half an hour, perhaps."

"Know anything of a chap named Colin Campbell in Victoria?"

MR. KNOLES' ire flamed again. "Of course I do not. Have I not told you I am movin' to Victoria?"

And when Allyn said finally, "That'll be all," Mr. Knoles strode away boiling, sputtering, protesting against the inhospitality of the States to visiting gentlemen from Canada.

"Did you see him on the trail?" Allyn asked Miss White.

"No."

"Could he have crossed the bridge without you seeing him?"

"Yes, he could," she answered, "while I was going down the other bank before I came out on the gravel bar. I was out of sight of the bridge for at least ten minutes."

"Of course," she went on, "I'm sure he didn't recross while I was there, but he

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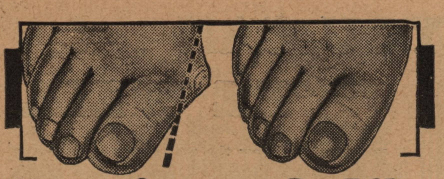

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could easily have come down the other side and let himself over by the ferry."

Allyn frowned. "We must find out about the ferry. I still think Hallam is the guilty party, but the way Knoles protested made me suspicious."

"Well it does begin to look as if we had two murderers and only one murdered man," Hattie White said. "Knoles knew about the Skookum Tumtum flies."

"Well," Allyn's voice was weary, "let's hope that Woodley has a water-tight alibi. We can't use three murderers," and when he came in, it appeared that Woodley had.

Harl Woodley was, as Miss White had said, of the same general outward type as Knoles, the type of many present day athletic young men. Of the two, Woodley was the handsomer. The resemblance stopped with their physical make-up. Where Knoles was argumentative, Woodley was quiet, a man of few words: where Knoles protested that he was a gentleman, Woodley was courteous; Knoles was active to the point of restlessness, Woodley, while he gave the impression of latent force, moved with an indolent ease.

He said that he had spent the entire afternoon fishing on the South Fork.

Hattie White, who had heard the statement at dinner the night before, considered it now anew. The South Fork was not an expert angler's stream. It was smaller and easier to fish. Its banks were open, affording a free back cast, but the chief objection to it was that it was not a glacial stream, its waters were degrees warmer than the icy river, and its trout, in consequence, were not so gamey. They did not put up a rushing fight that the large rainbows in the river did.

"Where is the South Fork?" Allyn asked.

"A mile and a half down the river on this side."

"Anybody see you go?"

"Terry here."

"That's right," Terry nodded. "I was on the hotel porch after lunch and Woodley came up and spoke to me on his way to the down trail."

"Anybody see you come back?"

"I met Pa Seaver about a quarter of a mile down the trail going after the cows."

"Catch any fish?"

"We're going to have them for lunch."

"Well," Allyn pronounced, "that lets you out. You're in luck, Woodley. By the way, you didn't use the ferry yesterday afternoon, did you?"

Harl Woodley looked at him with a puzzled frown. "Pa Seaver had it tied up to the bank all afternoon mending the apron until he went after the cows," he stated.

ALLYN cast a triumphant grimace in the direction of Hattie White.

"As a matter of fact," he said amiably, "we practically have the murderer bagged."

"I'm glad to hear that," Woodley answered. "It was a shockingly brutal affair. Please consider me at your service to assist in any way. Any more questions?"

"Nothing more, thank you. We've got him," Allyn grew jocular. "His fate is simply hanging by a hair. Eh! Miss White?"

As the door closed on Woodley, Hattie White, knitting with an indignant click of her needles, said, in a voice cold as the glacial waters of the river, "You left out the statement, Mr. Allyn, that we have a line on the murderer. Shouldn't you have added that if you really wanted him to know our clues?"

Allyn observed her with exaggerated patience. "Miss White," he said, "the ferry being tied up lets out Knoles, Woodley was down the river instead of up, and Hallam, I must remind you, you saw yourself."

Sheriff Wilson's huge bulk loomed in the doorway. He drew the heavy sack of nuggets from beneath his coat and threw it with a thump on the table. "Gosh all fish hooks!" he murmured, sinking into a chair, "took me all morning."

"Did you find any weapon, Wilson?"

"No such luck," the sheriff growled.

Across the road Pa Seaver pounded the gong to announce the lunch hour.

"After lunch, I'll ask the three men to come in together," Allyn announced. "I'll tell 'em they can bring their tackle and leave from here with an afternoon's sport ahead of them. That will give us a chance to go over Hallam's outfit. Wilson, you'll be on hand with a gun to cover and arrest him. I'll call the meeting at two."

HATTIE WHITE ate her meal thoughtfully. The rainbow trout, fried brown and crisp in olive oil, were delicious. She ate three of them and part of a fourth, picking over each of the platters Pa Seaver brought in, in a choosey and even ill-bred fashion. In a moment of abstraction she took a fifth, nibbling a few bites. Then, her plate piled high with heads, tails and backbones, she left the table before dessert. At the same time she lifted Kirk Terry from his chair with a flash of her gray eyes.

"Kirk Terry," she said in a low voice, when they reached the porch, "Allyn is about as useful in this case as a nice young juvenile lead. He's had one intelligent gleam, the idea of bringing them all in with their tackle this afternoon. But if it's ever known which of those two men killed Lord Swarthmore you and I shall have to find out. Take your pony and ride down on this side of the river to that old cable. See if the thing isn't oiled and running.

He went at once to the stable.

Hattie White walked, with due deliberation, back to his office to await developments. Before long the district attorney joined her, and the lumbering sheriff. At a quarter to one, Kirk Terry returned. With his coming the conversation became general. Mr. Allyn still argued his belief in Hallam's guilt, but, in the end, he said, "Of course, Miss White, I'll bear in mind that the cable down the river is in order, and the car was found on this side."

"Which," Miss White added, "makes it possible that either Woodley or Knoles, by tending strictly to the business in hand, could have crossed by the cable, killed Lord Swarthmore, and got back the same way before dinner."

The district attorney was worried. "Three possible murderers now," he grumbled. "This case is beginning to grow too complicated for me."

"And for me," Hattie White asserted,

"it is at last beginning to seem simple."

He favored her with a sour glance. But the sheriff thought enough of her suggestion to arm Kirk Terry as well as himself and post him where he also commanded the door. "If one of these here men," he growled, "is the lord's nephew, we'll put a stop to any more murders."

The three men came in. All were dressed in fishing togs, high boots, and water-proof coats, their pockets bulging with fly boxes and leader cases. And each one wore the angler's favorite headgear, a soft felt hat of venerable age, its crown decorated with fuzzy dry flies. Any friendliness that ever existed among them was gone. Each man eyed the others with distrust, eyed the whole roomful with distrust. The air of the small office became suddenly electric with suspicion.

In this surcharged atmosphere the sharp voice of Attorney Allyn crackled like a thunderbolt. "Gentlemen," he said, "I regret it exceedingly, but justice must be served. Certain aspects of this case make it necessary for us to examine your equipment. We will do so as speedily as possible. The innocent will soon be cleared. But before we begin there is a question I wish to ask. Which one of you put the cable down the river in running order?"

Hallam was visibly astonished. Woodley seemed bored. Knoles' face was flushed with anger.

"More of your American pryin'!" he burst out. "Your silly curiosity. What's a cable down the river got to do with a murder five miles above?"

"Hem!" said Attorney Allyn, "I take it you mended the cable, Mr. Knoles?"

"Right," he sneered, "and why did I mend it? I'll ask the question of myself to save you the trouble, Mr. District Attorney. I mended it because some of the finest fishin' water on the river runs just there, midstream. One of my big trout has a way of risin' there when I cast from the car."

"Rises to a Skookum Tumtum fly, Mr. Knoles?"

"I tell you I never saw that Indian Johnny's flies. Have I to tell you that again?"

"No," Allyn answered, "just hand over your rod and fly box and so on to Miss White."

SOME minutes passed while Hattie White went over his tackle. "Ah," she said, "you tie your own Spanish gut leaders, don't you, Mr. Knoles? And your trout flies all have snells. You don't use the eyed ones at all, do you? The Skookum Tumtum is an eyed fly. That's a beautiful yellow-bodied caddie, Mr. Knoles. Where did you get it?" She made him a little bow. "I'm extremely complimented by the number of Backstrom flies you possess."

She handed back everything but his rod. Her brown fingers closed lovingly around the cork grip. With a flick of her wrist, she tried the balance of the slender split bamboo. "I've one I'll trade you for this," she said, "specially built, isn't it? A rod like this seems to have a brain in its tip. I see you use an American line. Don't go in for imported Hardys, do you?" She smiled at the astounded Canadian.

"Mr. Allyn," she addressed the district attorney, "shan't we let Mr. Knoles off to try for the big rainbow under the cable? Today luck is with—"

"Hallam," Sheriff Wilson's voice rang out like a shot. "Stand aside. Quick, man, for your life. Hands up, Woodley! Stop where you are."

The lawyer jumped, turned ghastly white and collapsed against the wall.

Harl Woodley, his face unreadable as an Indian's, threw up his hands. In the right was his rod. It was not set up. The three joints, bunched together, were held snug by knotted cords. A reel wound with line was attached to the grip of the first joint. Held thus, the lighter end toward him, the fragile bamboo implement, weighted with the steel spool, appeared a dangerous weapon.

The sheriff advanced to Woodley, revolver in hand. "Thought I didn't see you," he laughed, "slipping behind Hallam and making for the door. I'll just go through your pockets, Mr. Campbell."

Hattie White saw the sunburnt fist above the sheriff's head relax and loosen. "Look out, Sheriff," she said quietly, "that reel is heavy enough to stun a man. It's what you killed your great uncle with, isn't it, Colin Campbell? A quick blow behind the ear?"

COLIN CAMPBELL'S expression did not change, but his face turned an unearthly green.

"Bring all his stuff, Kirk Terry," she commanded.

Her flexible fingers ran rapidly through the collection of little aluminum boxes retrieved from the water-proof coat. "Here," she held out a fluffy handful of tawny hairs, "here are the bucktail flies to match the one we found in Lord Swarthmore's thumb. If you'll look in Mr. Campbell's hat you'll see a little tear in the crown where the barb pulled out. I noticed it a while ago. Right in front under that blue upright. And this olive line," deftly she unwound several feet from the steel spindle, "has at least two yards of the tapered end cut from it. You'll find that that piece on the sack of nuggets fits on exactly."

"Anything to say, Campbell?" the district attorney queried.

"No." The taciturnity of his aboriginal ancestors had settled on the man known as Harl Woodley.

Sheriff Wilson and Attorney Allyn prepared to depart with their prisoner. But, before they left Seaver's, the district attorney faced Hattie White with a crestfallen air.

"Why didn't you suspect Hallam?" he asked.

"Oh," she said, "a woman's reason. He didn't look like it. Didn't you notice how weak his chin is under the Van Dyke beard? No, I knew all the time it was one of the other two, and after lunch today I suspected Woodley."

"After lunch?"

She laughed. "I didn't tell you, did I? The fish Mr. Woodley-Campbell caught weren't from the South Fork at all. He must have caught them that morning or maybe the afternoon before. It took him all that afternon to cross the cable, kill his granduncle, and get back in time for dinner."

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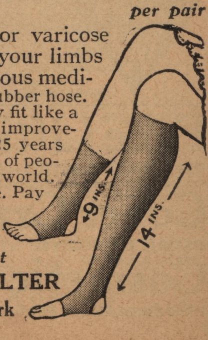

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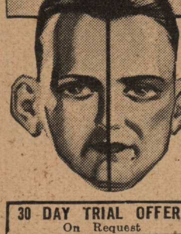

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¶ *Rheumatism*

Continued from page 48

"rheumatic stock," they exhibit what can best be described as an instability of mind and body. Fair-haired and with a delicate complexion, they are generally intelligent and imaginative, possessed of a capricious temperament, excitable, tiring quickly and recovering slowly while subject to emotional outbursts, night terrors, twitchings, grimacing, stuttering speech and general unrest. They are liable to be troubled with cold feet and hands, chilblains and "dead" fingers. Sore throats, attacks of asthma, vomiting and diarrhea are often suffered from and generally such children have considerable difficulty in meeting sudden weather changes. This symptom complex is almost certain evidence of what is technically called the "rheumatic diathesis" and experience has shown that a child exhibiting this "complex" is practically a certain candidate for a rheumatic affection *unless* a very special and rigorous hygiene is adopted.

In most cases, the rheumatism invades the child's system stealthily. It is a treacherous disease, and often irreparable damage is done to the child's heart before the parent is aware that the child is ill, for heart disease is the all too common legacy of rheumatism in childhood. Vague wandering pains, felt more sharply in damp weather, along with stiffness in the neck muscles and "stitches" in the side, are generally the first signs of a rheumatic invasion. Such pains have the misleading name of "growing pains"—this misnomer unfortunately often leading to their neglect by parents. It cannot be too strongly emphasized that the muscular aches and pains of a child must *never* be ignored. Put such a child to bed and call in a physician immediately.

IN older children, rheumatism may show itself in St. Vitus' Dance (chorea), which is simply a form of brain rheumatism, or by an attack of acute rheumatic fever. In this latter condition, the large joints (knee, ankle, elbow and wrist) become enlarged, tender and painful and the inflammation has a tendency to flit from joint to joint from day to day. There is much fever which is accompanied by profuse sweating.

Now, the danger of acute rheumatism—even in its least obtrusive forms—is a variety of valvular heart disease which cripples the child in after life or leads to an early death. Unfortunately the heart disease of rheumatism, serious as it is, is frequently insidious and painless in its onset. Parents are deceived and it may not be till signs of incipient heart failure arise that they realize that the early rheumatism has left its scar upon the heart. The future of these heart invalids is a sad one. They are condemned to an existence of very restricted physical and mental activity—fortunate if they survive to years of maturity.

Once more I utter this warning to parents. *Never make light of rheumatism in your children no matter how apparently trivial the symptoms may appear to be.* Keep such children under constant medical supervision remembering that a heart injury may not reveal itself till months after the initial illness. The doctor can do a great deal if he sees these cases in the early stages but he is powerless to help later on: at the most he can then only retard the weakening of the heart.

Into the category of chronic rheumatism come joint diseases such as rheumatoid and osteo-arthritis, the different kinds of muscular rheumatism such as lumbago or myalgia, and certain inflammations of the nerves as in sciatica and other forms of neuritis. Malnutrition is a common precursor of this form of rheumatism but "focal infection," by which is meant a localized microbic infection distributing poisons into the blood, plays an important part in its production. Chief among the sites of focal infections are the gums and teeth, but the intestine, the tonsils and nasal cavities and the genito-urinary organs may also be indicted in this respect.

EVIDENCE of an infective cause in chronic rheumatism is also to be found in other signs of self-poisoning such as bloodlessness, debility, liver disorders, stomach or duodenal ulcer and chronic appendicitis. Occupational injuries and strains and habitual exposure to damp and draughty atmospheres act as aggravating factors in predisposed individuals but chronic rheumatism is best regarded as a manifestation of chronic self-poisoning.

In rheumatic joint affections there are usually some warning signs in the form of muscular cramps, weakness, wasting and neuralgias and it is imperative that such signs should not be neglected. Once the joint disease is established, it tends to make rapid progress and hence early diagnosis and prompt and sustained treatment are absolutely essential if the distressing deformities and crippling, which so commonly ensue, are to be prevented.

One type of chronic rheumatism in women deserves special mention. Very often at the change of life, women find themselves suffering from stiffness and swelling of the knee joints. Occasionally, the knees seem to "give way" and there are generally pains, as a rule most troublesome at night. If these women are observant, they will notice certain changes in their appearance. Their figures tend to get stout and ungainly, their hair becomes thin and lacks luster and their skin develops a harsh, dry appearance. Such women are suffering from a degree of thyroid gland deficiency in which condition there appears to be a peculiar liability to the development of osteo-arthritis. Early treatment by means of thyroid gland extract, *under the supervision of the physician*, along with strict attention to the personal hygiene, is highly beneficial in such cases, often leading to a complete arrest of the morbid process.

I think I have made it clear that we have sufficient evidence of the causes of rheumatism to enable us with almost complete certainty to prevent the disease. How is this to be accomplished? As we know there is an inherited predisposition to rheumatism, we must start with the child. Children of rheumatic parents,

especially those who exhibit the characteristics already described, should receive special health training from their earliest years. Every effort must be made to harden or de-sensitize the child who as far as possible should live an open-air life exposed to sun and air. All "coddling" is tabu. The skin should be strengthened by a daily warm bath followed by *cold* douching and then by brisk friction with a rough towel.

Physical exercises under supervision are important but the dangers of fatigue are to be avoided. In this connection, remember that mental fatigue is just as harmful as bodily fatigue. Therefore such children should go slowly at school, and on no account be pushed or overworked. Also make sure that their sleep at night is adequate. As these prerheumatic children (as they are called) are emotionally "difficult," restraint in disciplining on the part of the parents is very necessary. Bullying the child into good behavior cannot be too strongly condemned. Diet requires watching. It should consist of foodstuffs rich in vitamins—especially vitamin B and in mineral salts, notably iodine and lime. Strict attention to the state of the teeth, the tonsils and the adenoids is necessary and periodic medical examination is advisable.

If a healthy constitution is thus gained in early life, there is every likelihood of immunity to rheumatism in later life, provided certain precautions are adopted.

OF extreme importance is the avoidance of "focal infection." This necessitates careful attention to the teeth and gums with periodic visits to the dentist. If any doubt about the soundness of a tooth exists, an X-ray photograph should be taken for an abscess in the apex of a tooth may be detected only in this way. Sufferers from frequent colds and recurrent sore throats should seek expert medical advice. Regular functioning of the bowels is very essential and this is best attained by correct dieting and exercising. Every effort must be made to keep the state of nutrition at a high level. Fruit, vegetables, whole-meal cereals and dairy produce should be the staple foodstuffs while meat should be taken in extreme moderation.

Industrial workers, exposed to damp and wet, should wear suitable clothing and should change damp garments as soon as convenient and follow this with a warm bath and a thorough rubbing down. Employers, in their own interests as well as those of their workers, would be well advised to grant facilities for the changing of clothes and for bathing. Sunlight has considerable value in the prevention as well as the treatment of chronic rheumatism and full use should be made of this health-giving influence. The installation of artificial sunlight lamps in factories and workshops under the direction of a doctor would be a great boon to the health of the industrial worker and would undoubtedly help to diminish the ravages of chronic rheumatism. In conclusion, I warn all who come of rheumatic stock to be fully cognizant of the possible dangers which loom ahead and to forearm themselves with a knowledge of the preventive measures which present-day medical science has to offer.

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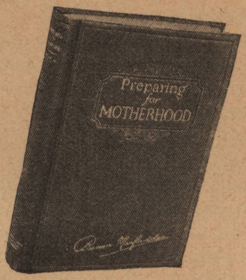

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¶ *Bob-Bob-Bobbing Along!*

—Continued from page 41

guidance and rob tobogganing of many of the exhilarating attributes of the fast, serpentine bob and skeleton runs.

It was among the fashionable resorts of the Swiss and Bavarian Alps that devotees of winter sports, many of them English, first came to take their coasting seriously.

Sled-racing was first organized by one John Addington Symonds. He offered a challenge cup for annual matches over the post-road that dips from Davos to Klosters, finest natural run in the Engadine. From the interest thus crystallized, in 1884, issued the still popular, 1350-yard Cresta Run for skeleton sleds at St. Moritz. Under its impetus, the skeleton monopolized the affections of sledders until L. P. Child appeared in 1887 with a clipper imported from the United States. Presumably, it was the first Yankee clipper seen on the Continent. It quickly demonstrated its superiority over the "schlittli," as the racing sled then was called, and inaugurated the evolution of design responsible for the low and efficient skeleton of today. Skeleton racers play lone hands, prone on their sleds, steering and braking with gauntleted fingers and specially shod feet.

There is no reliable record of exactly where and when the double-runner first took form. No doubt it was born, probably in America, of the desire of a number of youths to go a-coasting at one and the same time upon a too small clipper sled. To gratify this ambition, it required little ingenuity to fashion a pair of strong clippers and a board into an elongated hybrid, the forward runners pivoted for dirigibility and the rearward immovably attached.

SAGGING under its load, we may imagine, it proved too heavy to start down-grade of its own weight and, just a bit irritably, the occupants must have thrown their bodies forward one after the other, coaxing it, by a series of unrelated jerks, into motion. Once under way, by swaying in unison slowly backward and then quickly and forcefully forward, much like a rowing crew in action, they advanced the double-runner's pace and by their "bobbing" created for the pristine contraption the name which still clings to it. Bobbing is a well-practised essential of modern bob-racing.

At any rate, it was not until 1903 that the bob-sled achieved such popularity abroad as to kindle demands for an artificial course. This, also, was built at St. Moritz. Compared to present-day runs, it was as crude as the sleds which endeavored, often unsuccessfully, to take its frequent turns.

If it was nothing more, this original St. Moritz track was at least a beginning for the specialized science of bob-run building with whose development improvement of the sled itself has kept abreast. Beside the original, improvised double-runner, the particularly modeled racing bob of 1930 is much lower, broader, heavier, stronger and more positively controlled.

All metal, or selected wood, elaborately reinforced with steel or iron and with metal runners, are the most satisfactory materials. Three hundred and fifty pounds is a representative weight, unloaded, and pig-iron or lead ballast may, under some conditions, be carried. Olympic bobbing at Lake Placid, under the newly revised championship rules of the International Bobsleigh and Tobogganing Federation, is to be by 4-man and 2-man teams, on bobs weighing no more than 485 pounds and on "boblets" not to exceed 353 pounds, including ballast but not the crew. Tread of the runners had been fixed by the I. B. T. F. at two alternative widths of 17 and 26½ inches.

ORDINARILY a wheel, somewhat smaller than the auto wheel and on a stubby, nearly vertical post, and sometimes a cross-bar and ropes, are the means of steering. A heavy frame, circled around the forward end, serves as bumper. Powerful brakes, consisting of a strongly saw-toothed transverse bar of steel, are fitted to the rear. By two short hand-levers at either side of the body of the bob they may be lightly or vigorously applied to the surface of the run.

Long controversy has raged among bobmen on the relative merits of the sitting and lying positions for racing. Because of its lower center of gravity, greater steadiness and lessened head-resistance, the prone posture is unquestionably the faster. It makes little more than dead weight, however, of all team members except pilot and brakeman and by his recumbency severely embarrasses the latter's function. For these two reasons, the I.B.T.F. has decreed that teams in all future championships must race upright. The bobmen sit inside one another's outspread legs, their insteps on foot-rests, and hold at either side to strap handles which facilitate bobbing on the straightaways and balance on the curves. All are required to wear protective head armor resembling the football helmet and are uniformed in colorful jerseys.

Such are the vivid, half-tone machines, part insentient fabric, part human, streaking winterly down the frozen courses which are Europe's bob-runs. Best known are those at St. Moritz, long since rebuilt, on which the II Olympic races were run in 1928; at Chamonix, France, scene of the I Olympic bob contests; at Davos, Engelberg, Murren and Grindelwald, Switzerland, and Hahnenklee, Schreiberhau, Krummhuebel and Schierki, Germany. Admittedly swiftest is the Garmisch-Partenkirchen course, a hundred miles or so south of Munich, on which a bob piloted by the famous Kilian of Germany attained 70 and averaged better than 45 miles an hour for the two and a half-mile decline.

In general, these runs, cascading like mammoth ticker tapes a half-mile or more down a mountainside, are six-foot paths of ice covered by delicate, snowy mantles and flanked by low guard-rails of snow. A run will vary from 5 to 20 per cent. in steepness and average from 8 to 12 per cent. which is to say that the mean drop is between 8 and 12 feet for

every hundred feet of distance. At the start is a grade accentuated so the bobs may speedily get under way. Winding bends, tamely listed, and sharp hairpin, horseshoe or "S" turns, of severe bank, zigzag the course into ruler-like stretches of diversified length. Beyond the finish is an unobstructed and level or upgraded area strewn with sawdust to help arrest and stop the slowing sleds.

The fewer a run's curves, the higher the average speed and vice versa, for none but veteran and utterly temeritous bob-teams dare not brake as they plunge toward at least some turns on most courses. Braking is permitted only on the readily repaired straightaways because it tears up the curves too much. These curves should be laid out in scientific consonance with formulae evolved by engineers versed in the vagaries of centrifugal force. They are of elliptic or parabolic cross-section and from 40 to 70 feet in radius.

Circular curves have been found practically as well as theoretically unsound for bob-sledding since they entail too sudden and violent a deviation from straight flight. This transition must be gradual so that the bob, even at excessive speed, may have an opportunity to change its line of travel without unavoidable loss of control and sorry consequences. Parabolic easement curves accordingly flank the central section of properly engineered sharp turns.

It is an interesting psychologic oddity that the human organism is said to have a constant right-hand "drift," that arm and brain and instinct coordinate less dependably when the body is turning leftward. It is true that bob spills on left turns are more numerous than on curves to the right. Practise runs are therefore sharply curved only to the right and the novitiate must master these and mild left turns before essaying the stiff curve leftward.

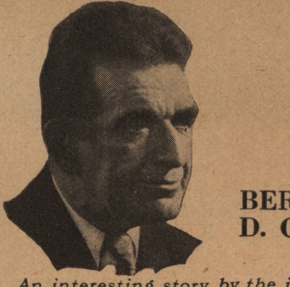
IN regions of plentiful precipitation, curves are each winter reconstructed of ice and snow throughout. For the best results, however, they are built as completely as possible, out of sledding season, of earth, wood or stone properly buttressed with shoring or retaining walls. With winter, they are paved to a depth of four to six inches in ice, top-dressed with snow and finished to the smoothness of a concrete highway.

All the augmented knowledge and experience gained in creating and refining the Continental bob-slide have been brought to bear upon design and construction of America's introductory course and in it find virtually perfect embodiment. Through the enterprise of Dr. Godfrey Dewey, president of the III Olympic Winter Games Committee and winter sports protagonist in the United States, Stanislaus Zentzytzki, Europe's foremost bob-run engineer, was induced to come here to lay out the Lake Placid course.

Funds were provided by an appropriation of $125,000 placed at the disposal of the New York State Olympic Winter Games Commission when the Legislature created that body last April to cooperate with the Committee in making an unprecedented success of the 1932 world

(Continued on page 143)

STRETCH your way to HEALTH



By BERTRAM D. CROPP

An interesting story by the inventor of "The Stretch of Health" Couch, illustrating why 42,000 of these couches have already been sold, 6,000 of them to physicians.

SOME years ago I was Physical Director in a state university in the West. I was in charge of the track and football teams and my job was to keep these chaps in the pink of condition at all times. At this time I began to experiment with the device since known as "The Stretch of Health" Couch. Little did I realize at that time, however, that perfecting this device and introducing it to others would become my life-work—and that 42,000 of these couches would be bought with 6,000 purchased by physicians alone.

All of us have seen how a dog or cat in our own homes or a lion in the zoo will stretch itself thoroughly upon arising. But few of us realize fully how, in the case of human beings, truly amazing physical benefits can be obtained by *mechanical* stretching—*Tension Therapy.*

People who wish to know what the "Stretch of Health" Couch has done for people suffering from Stomach Trouble, Constipation, Colds, Headaches, Poor Circulation, Sciatica, Lack of Energy, Paralysis, Nervous Prostration, Uterine Trouble, Poor Eyesight, Rheumatism, Deafness, Neuritis and all sorts of spinal dislocations, will be intensely interested in reading the many letters from laymen and physicians reproduced in the booklet I am prepared to send without obligation upon receipt of the coupon below. The experiences related illustrate the words of a professor of a New York university—"An examination of the spine will disclose the cause of 95% of all diseases."

As you go through life—doing your daily duties, walking, standing or sitting—you allow your frame to "set." The cartilages, which are the cushions or pads between your bones, spread and become thin. You want to ease up on them—give them a chance to be real cushions again—take the pressure off—in other words STRETCH them to normal.

When you scientifically stretch—first the framework and then the cartilages of the spine—you open the spinal windows. You give the nerve branches and the arteries which exit through them, free passage. You waken up the spinal cord, the trunk line of the nerve current of the body. You stretch every muscle, ligament, sinew of the body, draw the contractions out of them, break up congested areas, which interfere with circulation. Then you loosen up the ribs—give the trunk freedom. You draw sagging organs into natural position and the body into proper posture.

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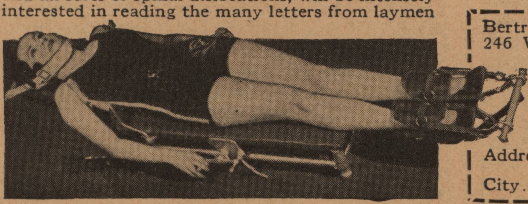
I would like to tell you more about some of the things which users of my "Stretch of Health" Couch have reported—amazing examples of Height Increase, relief of long-standing conditions, and general physical revitalizing. In fact my experience in the sale of 42,000 couches has been so convincing that I prefer to accept orders on the basis of allowing the couch to demonstrate personal benefits within the first ten days or there is to be no cost to the purchaser. I'm sure you will be interested in reading about what others say "The Stretch of Health" Couch has done for them and to judge for yourself what it may do for you. This coupon will bring you these facts without obligation, and no representative will call.
Bertram D. Cropp, Suite 12, 246 West 59th Street, New York City.



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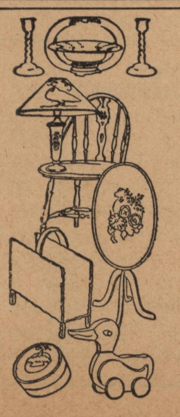

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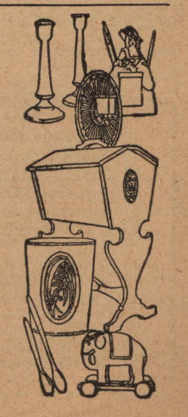

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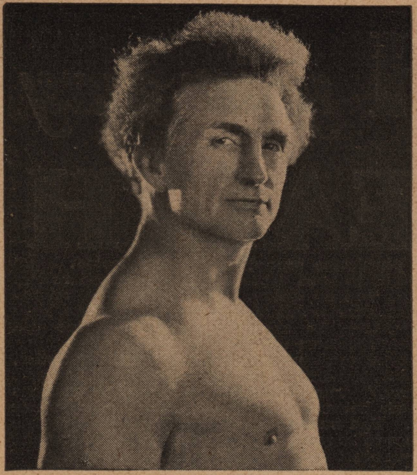

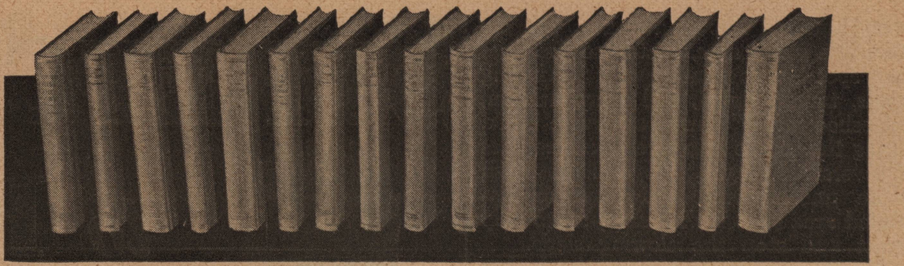

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(*Continued from page 141*)

winter-sport carnival. So that the minute improvements which actual use inevitably suggests may be perfected before the Games and the run officially approved by the I.B.T.F., it has been made ready for this season, and on February 6th, of this year bob-sled teams, racing under the auspices of the New York State Olympic committee and the Snowbirds of the Lake Placid Club, will compete for the Joseph B. Maccabe Memorial Trophy, a $500.00 cup.

Although it is situated on private property, donated when statutory complications rendered proffered State land unavailable, the Commission is to maintain the run in perpetuity as a public convenience. The site is the north face of Mount Van Hoevenberg, rising 2,960 feet to the east of Lake Placid, and is an easy fifteen minutes from the new stadium and the arduous 60-meter Intervales ski-jump where the other Olympic events are to be contested.

FROM the highway, a broad access road leads off a mile rightward to the run's sawdusted finish area, bald among snow-bowed evergreens lying thick along the foot of the slope. Here, the impatient Olympic bob-team, first hitching its sled behind others tethered to the back, will board a tractor *charabanc* which conveys them expeditiously up the return road to the start of the run some distance below the summit of the mountain.

Through the trees, during the ascent, comes an occasional glimpse of the high, ermine shoulders of banked turns on the nearby run and of the race jury's crow's-nest atop a scaffold at that point from which the greatest length of the full course may be observed.

At the top, the return road debouches upon a cleared starting area, alive with multi-hued teams at final inspections and finishing touches to their already well-prinked sleds.

A bugle announces the imminent departure of each sled, drawn up in starting order behind the line. Competition in this international test of daring and courage is in four heats or descents, the lowest aggregate time to determine the victor. If yesterday they were first to run, today the team is last so as to equalize disadvantages of change in the track's condition wrought by the sun's rays and the passage of previous sleds. The bobs are flagged away by a starter in telephonic communication with each hazardous turn and with the finish. He does not count his authoritative "5-4-3-2-1—Go!" until final word that the preceding bob is safely through, that the curves are undamaged, that the run is clear.

If the standing start is in use, the bob is brought up nose to the line with only the helmsman and No. 2 aboard; if it is the flying start, to a designated point back of the line. With the signal, No. 3 and the brakeman, hands on shoulders of the team-mate in front of them, start forward at a run and give the sled an initial impetus up to the last notch which still permits them to leap into their seats—and off they go.

"Bob!" orders the steerman. "One—two—Bob!" counts the brakeman in quickening rhythm as all but the captain comply, backward and forward, with perfect cadence. Thus accelerated, they fly down the steep, unbent pitch to westward which ends in the righthand first of the run's major curves, already nicknamed "Shady Corner."

As "Shady Corner" rushes toward him, the helmsman bears to the left side of the run. He's been 'round this baby before and he knows that it is best overcome by early mounting. But his speed is a mite too great. It could catapult him straight up the bank and over. Probably he will cry "Brake!"—and "Off!" when the pace has slightly abated.

On they come, a bright comet tailed with feathery snow. Up, half-way up toward the forbidding brink the singing runners mount, to poise a moment in obeisance to centrifugal pull. Then down they sweep, gradually at first, now in a steep glide which carries them back to the inner line and away squarely into the straightaway beyond.

Now doubled back in direction, the bob quickly traverses a long stretch to eastward, punctuated with agreeable bends, to the second major curve. This wheels it around leftward, not quite directly down the mountain slope, onto a long level which brings up promptly in the most breath-catching of turns, a loftily banked hairpin.

On the other side of the hairpin, the bob lines out at express train speed and with gentle meanderings toward a stirring "S."

"Brake!—Off!" Early and high he darts into the left-hand first cusp of the "S." Sooner off the bank of this section and back to the inside, the greater the time and distance to prepare for the reverse half into which it twists. Ideal speed, perfect team-work—and through the near half they shoot, to level off for a fraction, then pitch and swing up the other way and whip around onto the final easy reach to the finish line.

ON its icy flight, at from 40 to 65 miles an hour, the bob will have taken eighteen turns in all and traversed 7,720 feet, just short of a mile and a-half. Time? About two minutes, perhaps less, as shown by the electric chronometer, splitting seconds into hundredths, whose start and finish tapes the runners tripped.

Bob experts consider the Lake Placid run of length and curvature ideal both for the test of prowess and pluck and initiative which the racing pilot demands and for the fun, stimulation and safety which the pleasure-sledder seeks.

These superior attractions of the Lake Placid run hold forth two specific promises: that America will be most favorably introduced to bob-sledding as a popular pastime and that there will be record-breaking bob entries for the 1932 Olympics (the 25 teams of 14 nations at St. Moritz in 1928 represented the greatest proportionate increase over contestants in any sport at Chamonix four years before).

And will America fall for the bob? She should. Certainly it has just the recreational "it" to captivate us, notoriously weak as we are for speeds that chill and sports that thrill.

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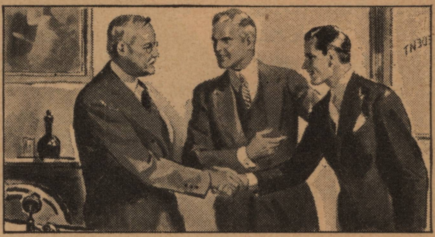

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Why Most Persons Make Mistakes

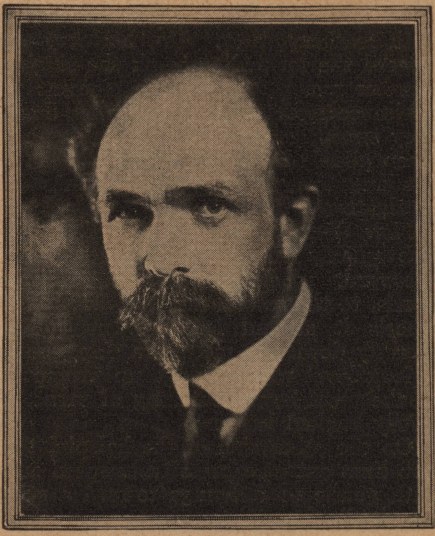
What is the reason so many of us are deficient in the use of English and find our careers stunted in consequence? Why is it some can not spell correctly and others can not punctuate? Why do so many find themselves at a loss for words to express their meaning adequately? The reason for the deficiency is clear. Sherwin Cody discovered it in scientific tests, which he gave thousands of times. Most persons do not write and speak good English simply because they never formed the habit of doing so.

What Cody Did at Gary

The formation of any habit comes only from constant practice. Shakespeare, you may be sure, never studied rules. No one who writes and speaks correctly thinks of rules when he is doing so.

Here is our mother-tongue, a language that has built up our civilization, and without which we should all still be muttering savages! Yet our schools, by wrong methods, have made it a study to be avoided—the hardest of tasks instead of the most fascinating of games. For years it has been a crying disgrace.

In that point lies the real difference between Sherwin Cody and the schools! Here is an illustration: Some years ago Mr. Cody was invited by William Wirt, author of the famous Gary System of Education, to teach English to all upper-grade pupils in Gary, Indiana. By means of unique practice exercises, Mr. Cody secured more improvement in these pupils in five weeks than had been previously obtained by



Sherwin Cody

similar pupils in two years under old methods. There was no guesswork about these results. They were proved by scientific comparisons. Amazing as this improvement was, more interesting still was the fact that the children were "wild" about the study. It was like playing a game!

100% Self-Correcting Device

The basic principle of Mr. Cody's new method is habit-forming. Any one can learn to write and speak correctly by constantly using the correct forms. But how is one to know in each case what is correct? Mr. Cody solves this problem in a simple, unique, sensible way.

Suppose he himself were standing forever at your elbow. Every time you mispronounced or misspelled a word, every time you violated correct grammatical usage, every time you used the wrong word to express what you meant, suppose you could hear him whisper: "That is wrong, it should be thus and so." In a short time you would habitually use the correct form and the right words in speaking and writing.

If you continued to make the same mistakes over and over again, each time patiently he would tell you what was right. He would, as it were, be an everlasting mentor beside you—a mentor who would not laugh at you, who would, on the contrary, support and help you. The 100% Self-Correcting Device does exactly this thing. It is Mr. Cody's silent voice behind you, ready to speak out whenever you commit an error. It finds your mistakes and concentrates on them. You do not need to learn anything you already know. There are no rules to memorize.

Only 15 Minutes a Day

Nor is there very much to learn. In Mr. Cody's years of experimenting he brought to light some highly astonishing facts about English.

For instance, statistics show that a list of sixty-nine words (with their repetitions) make up more than half of all our speech and letter writing. Obviously, if one could learn to spell, use, and pronounce these words correctly, one would go far toward eliminating incorrect spelling and pronunciation.

Similarly, Mr. Cody proved that there were no more than one dozen fundamental principles of punctuation. If we mastered these principles there would be no bugbear of punctuation to handicap us in our writing.

Finally, he discovered that twenty-five typical errors in grammar constitute nine-tenths of our everyday mistakes. When one has learned to avoid these twenty-five pitfalls, how readily one can obtain that facility of speech which denotes the person of breeding and education!

When the study of English is made so simple, it becomes clear that progress can be made in a very short time. No more than fifteen minutes a day are required. Fifteen minutes, not of study, but of fascinating practice! Mr. Cody's students do their work in any spare moment they can snatch. They do it riding to work or at home. They take fifteen minutes from the time usually spent in profitless reading or amusement. The results really are phenomenal.

FREE—Booklet on English

It is impossible, in this brief review, to give more than a suggestion of the range of subjects covered by Mr. Cody's new method and of what his practice exercises consist. But those who are interested can find a detailed description in a fascinating little booklet called "How You Can Master Good English in 15 Minutes a Day." It can be had by any one, free, upon request. There is no obligation involved in writing for it. The booklet is more than a prospectus. Unquestionably it tells one of the most interesting stories about education in English that ever has been written.

If you are interested in learning more in detail of what Sherwin Cody can do for you, send for the booklet, "How You Can Master Good English in 15 Minutes a Day." Merely mail the coupon, a letter, or postal card. SHERWIN CODY SCHOOL OF ENGLISH, 82 Searle Building, Rochester, N. Y.

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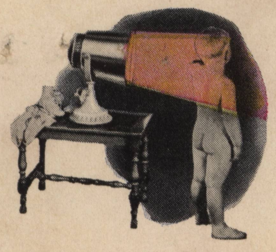

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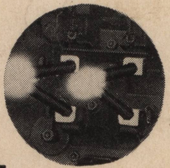

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- 2 cups Pillsbury's Best Flour
- 3½ teaspoons baking powder
- 1½ teaspoons salt
- ⅓ cup sugar
- 1 egg
- 1¾ cups milk
- 2 cups Pillsbury's Wheat Bran
- 3 tablespoons melted shortening

Sift flour, baking powder, salt and sugar together well. Add milk to beaten egg, and add alternately with bran to flour mixture, beating well. Lastly, add melted shortening. Put in warmed greased gem irons and bake 35 to 40 minutes in hot oven (410°).

Sour milk may be used if desired by reducing baking powder to 1½ teaspoons and adding one scant teaspoon of soda.

Pillsbury's Wheat Bran*

* *Pillsbury's Wheat Bran has been tested and approved for purity and nutritional qualities by the Physical Culture Institute of Nutrition.* *See page 9.*